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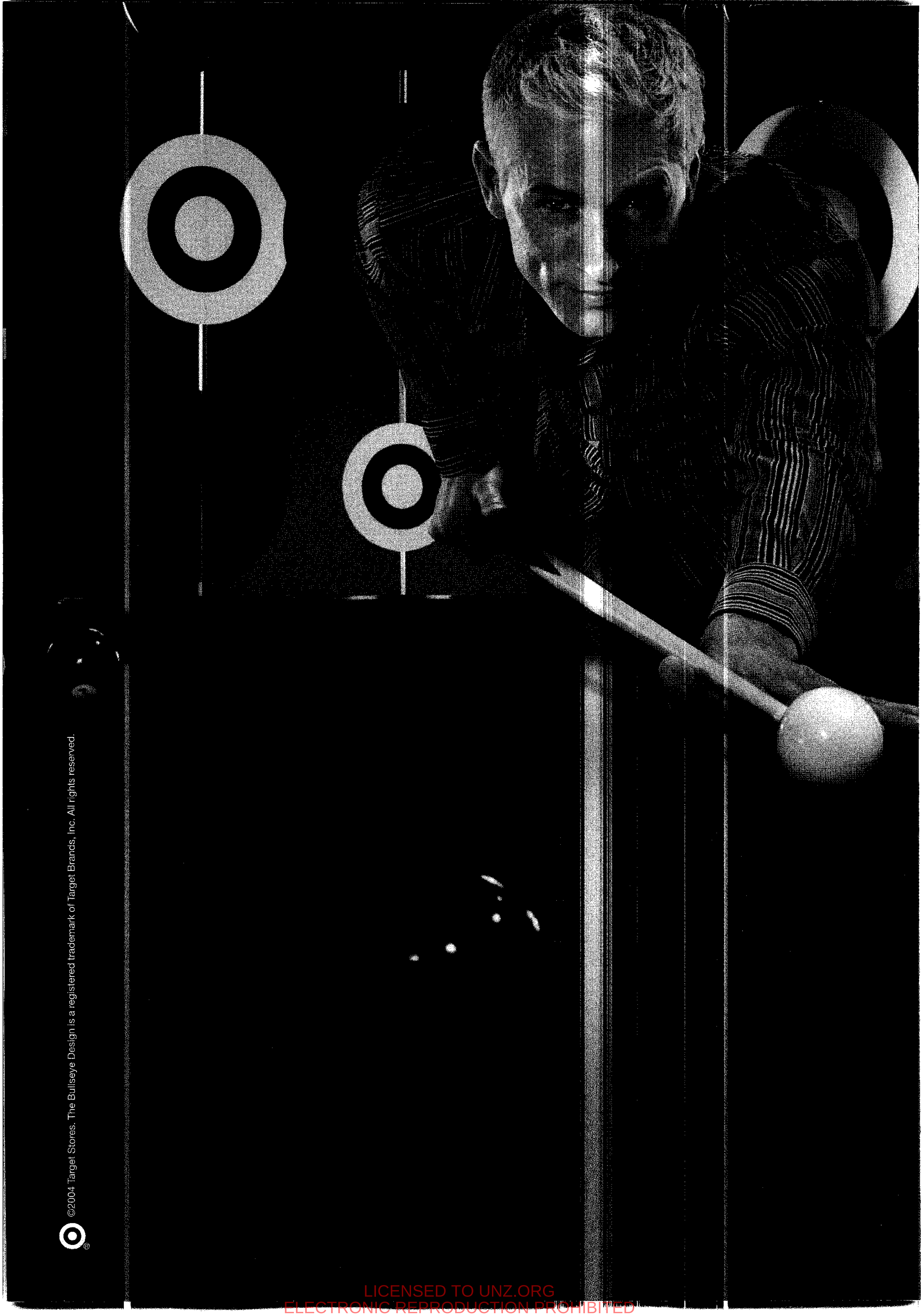

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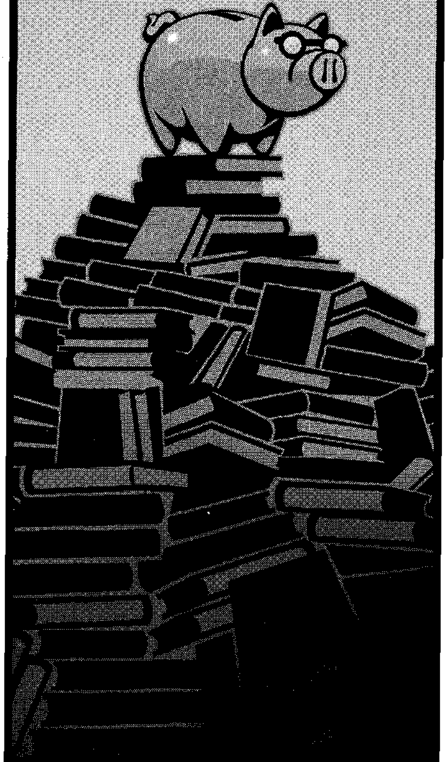

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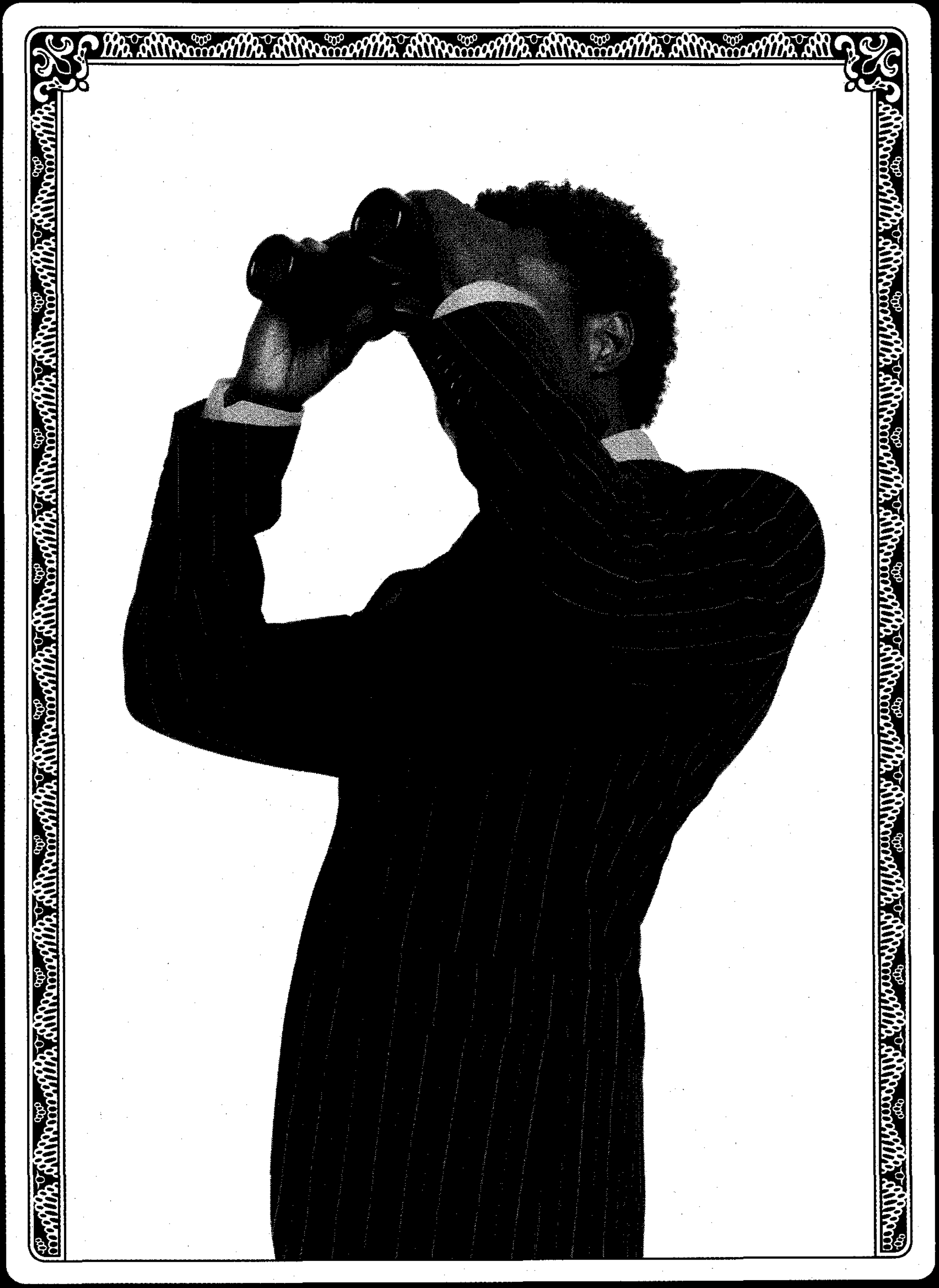

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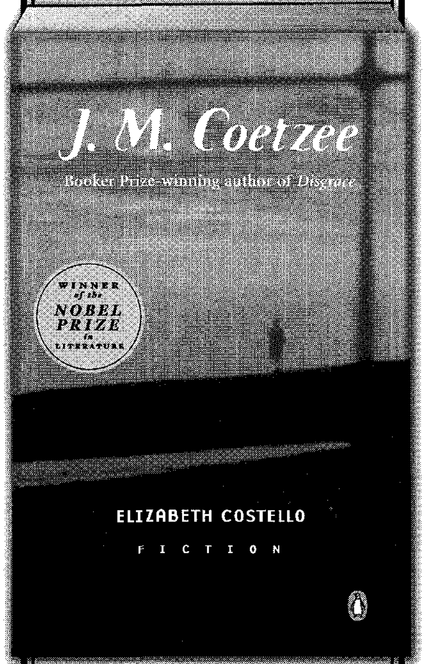
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CONTRIBUTORS

Rachel Cohen ("Can You Forgive Him?," p. 48) published her first book, "A Chance Meeting: Intertwined Lives of American Writers and Artists, 1854-1967," in March.

Margaret Talbot (The Talk of the Town, p. 42) is a staff writer and a Senior Fellow at the New America Foundation.

Ian Frazier (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 66) will publish a collection of his pieces about New York City next year.

Malcolm Gladwell ("Getting Over It," p. 75) has a new book, "Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking," coming out in January.

Elsa Walsh ("Learning to Spy," p. 96) is a staff writer and the author of "Divided Lives." Her last piece was a profile of Prince Bandar bin Sultan of Saudi Arabia.

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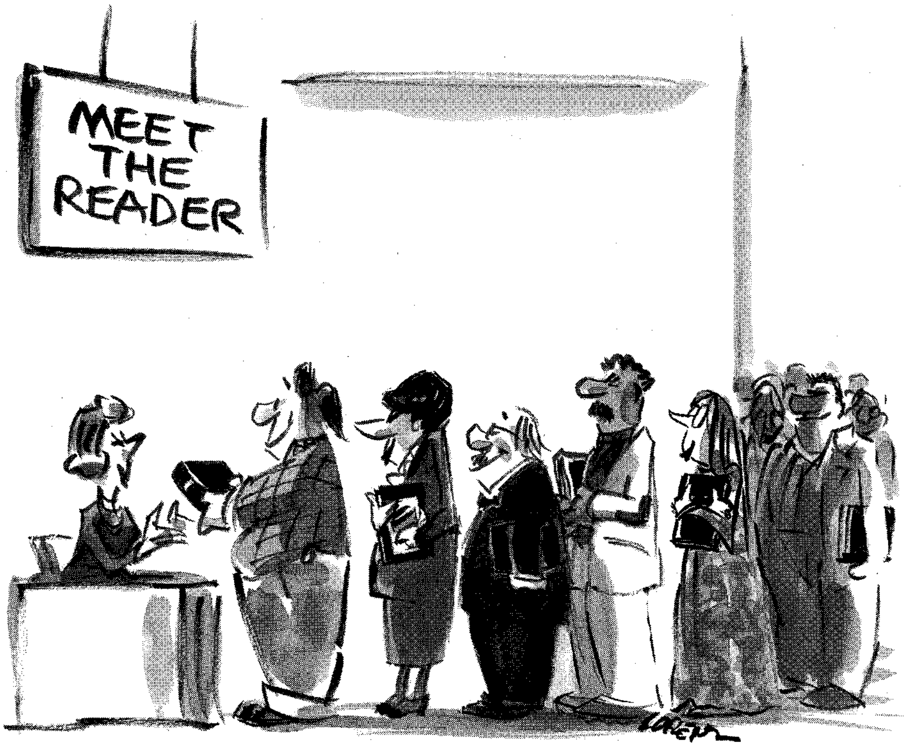
David Friend (The Back Page, p. 148) is an editor at *Vanity Fair*. He is the co-author, with Graydon Carter, of "Oscar Night," which will be published next week. ♦



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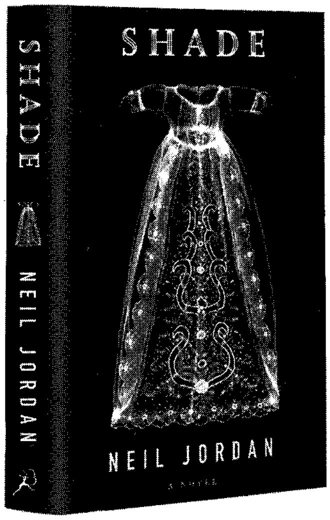

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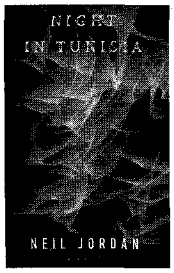

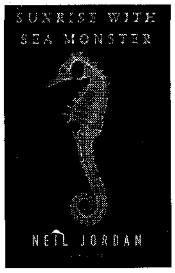

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THE PRICE OF CHARTERS

Katherine Boo notes that the entire Class of 2003 at the Academy of the Pacific Rim, in Boston, passed the Massachusetts Comprehensive Assessment System test on the first try in 2001 ("The Factory," October 18th). But there were only fourteen students in the class. It's clear that charter schools such as Pacific Rim can do wonders with a small number of students; it seems equally clear that, given their skimpy extracurriculars, their lack of services for students with severe special needs, and their overworked staffs, what they do is not replicable on a large scale. It doesn't diminish the achievement of the students Boo met to ask whether the amount of energy and resources going into charter schools is worth it from a public-policy standpoint. At Boston's non-charter public English High School, forty-three per cent of the Class of 2003 passed the English M.C.A.S. and twenty-five per cent passed the math—woeful numbers, except that they represent ninety-five students and sixty-eight students, respectively, dozens more than at Pacific Rim. Which school is sending more educated citizens into the community? Which deserves more attention and help?
Brendan Halpin
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The students at Pacific Rim are mentored and encouraged to be their best selves. This is something we all know must happen if a school is going to be successful. But at Pacific Rim it seems to have been achieved at the expense of idealistic teachers who work days, nights, and weekends for low wages. That cannot be a sustainable model. Charter schools are taking advantage of our nation's young, newly graduated teachers (it's no surprise that the turnover rate at Pacific Rim is thirty per cent), while, under the mandate of No Child Left Behind, the states give millions of dollars to private testing companies. Surely, something is wrong here.
Miriam Morgenstern
Westford, Mass.

Pacific Rim deserves Boo's praise for its accomplishments, but it's worth asking what role self-selection plays in its success. The students, though they come from disadvantaged backgrounds, are distinguished from their peers in regular public schools by their parents' unusual commitment to education—they have sought out this school, after all. Thus it would be wrong to draw sweeping conclusions about bringing Pacific Rim's methods to other schools serving poor minority students. The correlation between parental values and academic performance is not perfect, but it is powerful.
Walt Gardner
Los Angeles, Calif.

REAGAN'S RIDE

Anthony Lane's essay on Ronald Reagan's films and their connection to his later life omits mention of "Storm Warning" (1951), an enthralling, even scary, attack on the Ku Klux Klan, which may be his most political movie (A Critic at Large, October 18th). Reagan plays a crusading D.A. who goes after (and gets) a local Klansman. He's backed by a terrific cast, with Ginger Rogers as the heroine, Doris Day as a shooting victim, and Steve Cochran as the villain. It's curious that Reagan's political operatives never boosted this movie on the national scene, since his character effectively demonstrates real leadership abilities. Perhaps, with Reagan opposing Carter, a Southerner, they weren't sure how it would play. It's a pity, since the film suggests how Reagan might look up against a whole range of bad guys. Fighting Klansmen at home, Communists abroad—now, that would have been a political platform.
Mark G. Epstein
St. Helena, Calif.

•

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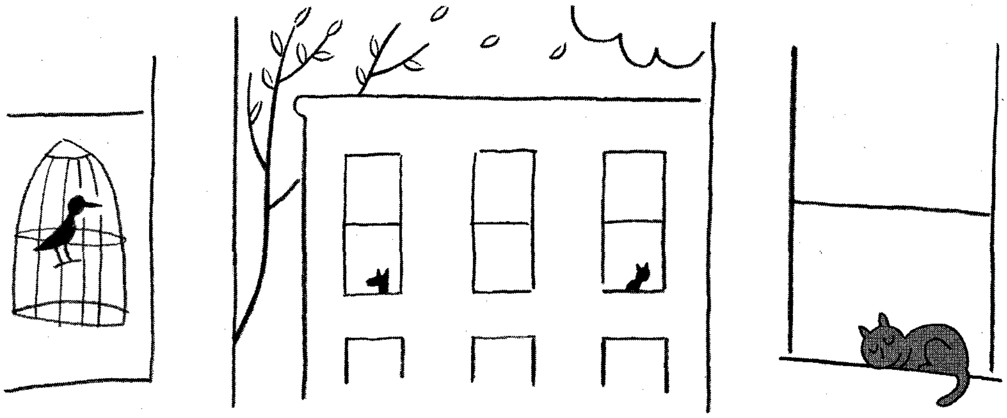

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THIS WEEK
THE OLD LAMPOON

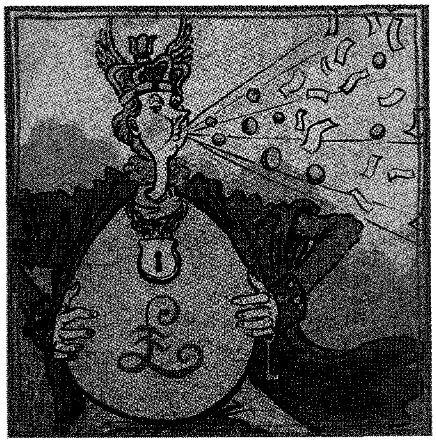
James Gillray published his first caricatures in 1775, and after several attempts to be a "serious" artist—his instincts to exaggerate and mock made even that work a little ridiculous—he embraced a career of populist balloon puncturing. The New York Public Library (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.) has put on display its collection of the Englishman's hand-colored etchings. Napoleon appears as a fierce little Gulliver confronting a Brobdingnagian George III; bodies dangle from lampposts as a revolutionary plays his fiddle at the guillotining of Louis XVI; a married woman laments her lot, remembering the romance that led her into an unhappy marriage. (Through Jan. 29; see Art.)

HEM TRUTHS

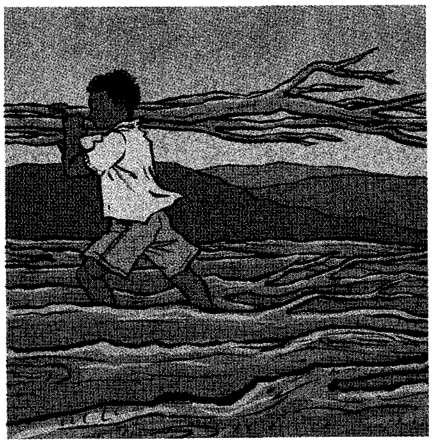
Four years ago, Hem released their first album, "Rabbit Songs." A collection of fairy-tale melodies fleshed out with idiosyncratic instrumentation (glockenspiel, harmonium, mandolin), the record went from being an underground favorite to achieving mainstream success. The Brooklyn-based ensemble's follow-up effort, "Eveningland," inches toward the countrypolitan sound favored by seventies acts as well as recent preservationists like Lambchop, and was recorded, in part, with the Slovak National Radio Orchestra. Hem won't have the orchestra behind them at the Bowery Ballroom, but they'll still have the languid, fetching soprano of their front woman, Sally Ellyson. (Nov. 9; see Night Life.)

RURAL TALES

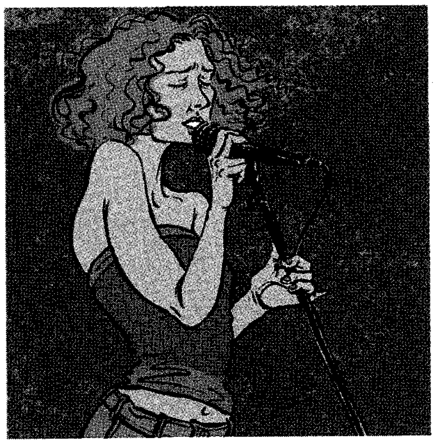
"Still, the Children Are Here," a documentary about rice farmers in northeast India, illustrates how elusive the simple life can be. The Garo people live in self-sufficient isolation, but their concerns are universal—they worry about infidelity, child care, and the meaning of life. The director, Dinaz Stafford, eschewed the digital revolution and shot on film, lending an elegant air to a classic documentary subject. (Film Forum, opening Nov. 3; see Movies.)



Prints by the caricaturist James Gillray, at the New York Public Library.

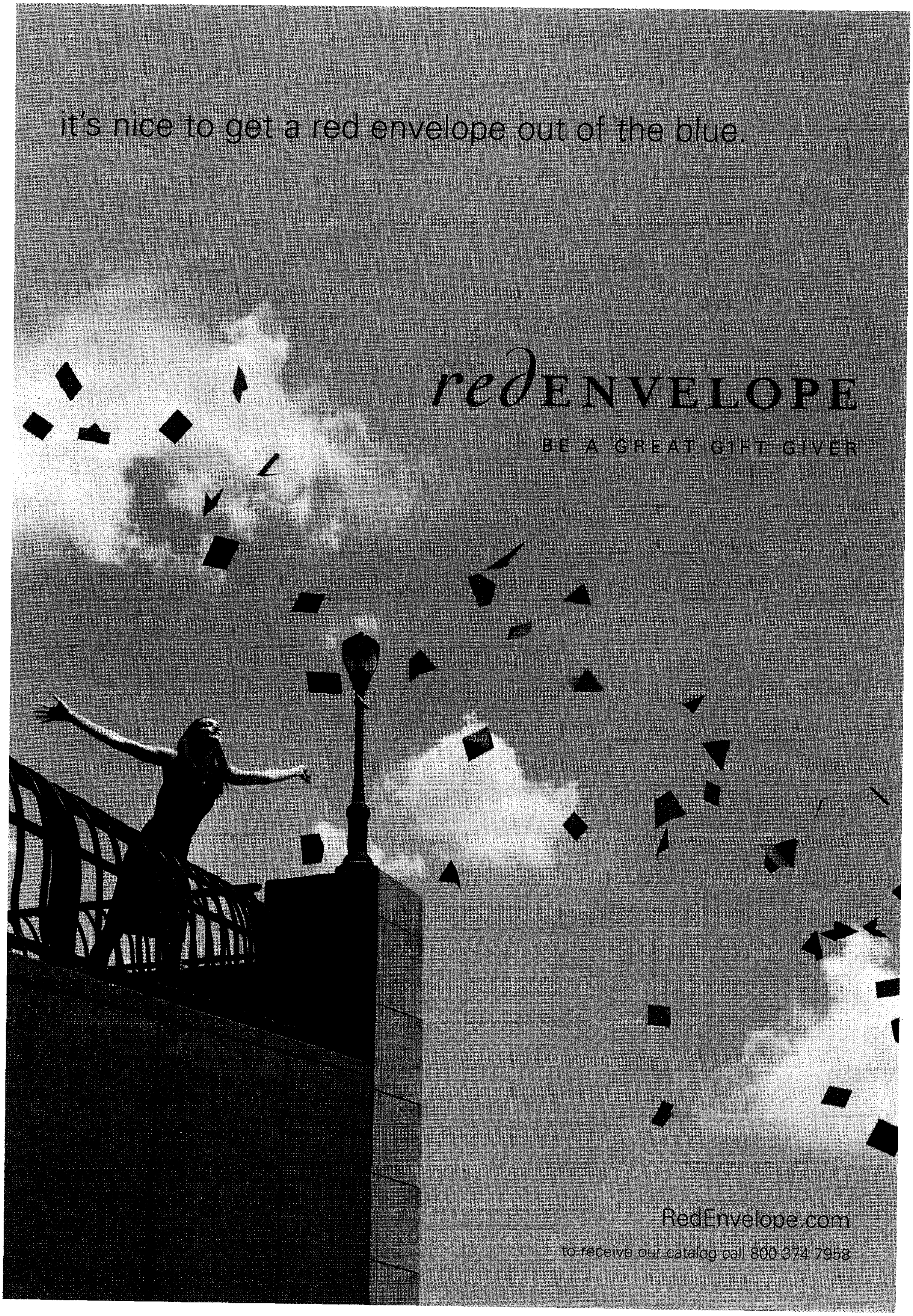


The documentary "Still, the Children Are Here," at Film Forum.



The countrypolitan Brooklyn-based group Hem, at the Bowery Ballroom.

YUKO SHIMIZU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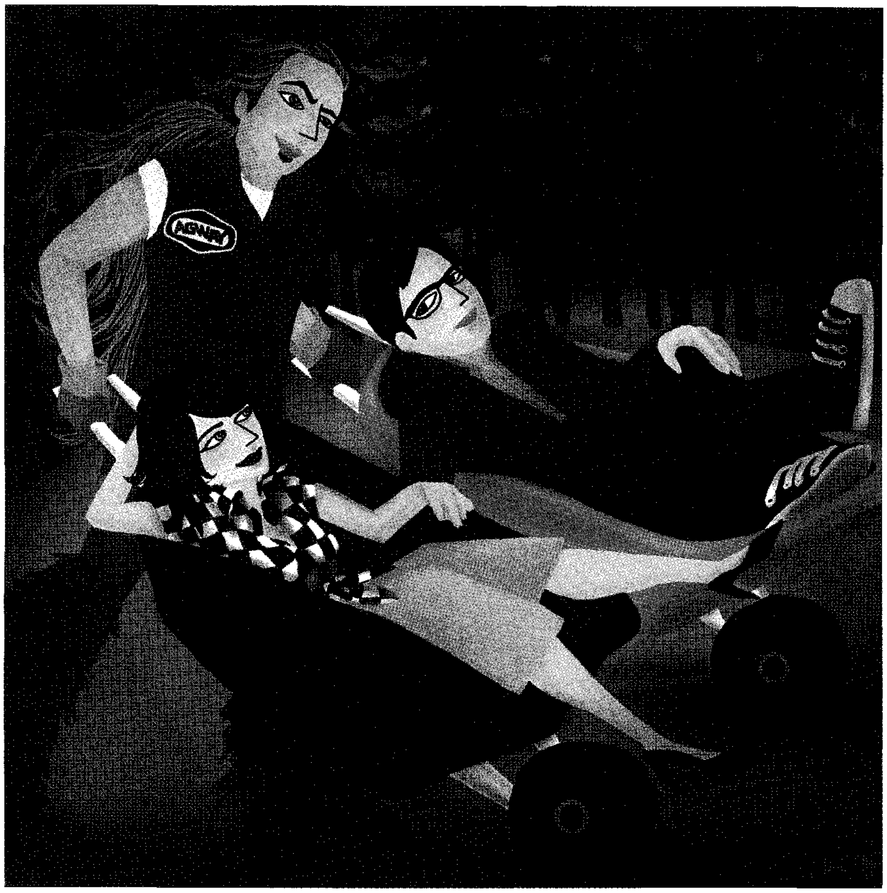

"People Are Wrong!," at the Vineyard, stars Erin Hill and John Flansburgh.

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THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

BELLE ÉPOQUE
A new work by Martha Clarke and Charles L. Mee imagines the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (Mark Povinelli) at the Moulin Rouge and features dance and era-appropriate music—Satie, Debussy, Fauré, and music-hall songs. Directed by Clarke. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

THE BEST OF EDINBURGH
Two prize-winning plays from this year's Edinburgh Fringe Festival travel to New York: "Sisters, Such Devoted Sisters," a dark comedy about a Glaswegian drag queen who witnesses a murder, and "Rosebud (the Lives of Orson Welles)." Nov. 5-9. (Michael Schimmel Center for the Performing Arts at Pace University, 3 Spruce St. 212-868-4444.)

DAME EDNA: BACK WITH A VENGEANCE!
The vivacious and vicious Australian housewife and talk-show host (a.k.a. Barry Humphries) returns to Broadway with a new show that includes psychic readings of audience members. Previews begin Nov. 5. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

DANNY AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA
A revival of John Patrick Shanley's 1984 play about a hard-luck couple, played by Adam Rothenberg and Rosemarie DeWitt, who meet in a dive bar in the Bronx. A Second Stage Theatre production, directed by Leigh Silverman. In previews. (307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)

DEATH AND THE PLOUGHMAN
Anne Bogart and her SITI Company open Classic Stage's season with the first U.S. production of the medieval play (written by Johann von Saaz in 1401), in which a bereaved farmer confronts Death after his wife dies. Translated by Michael West. In previews. (136 E. 13th St. 212-279-4200.)

DEMOCRACY
Michael Frayn's hit London play about politics and Willy Brandt in Cold War-era Germany comes to Broadway. James Naughton and Richard Thomas lead the cast. Directed by Michael Blakemore. In previews. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 212-307-4100.)

DOUBT
In a new play by John Patrick Shanley, set in the nineteen-sixties at a Catholic school in the Bronx, a nun (Cherry Jones) worries that a priest (Brían F. O'Byrne) is too close to a male student. Directed by Doug Hughes. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

THE FOREIGNER
Matthew Broderick and Frances Sternhagen star in the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Larry Shue's comedy about an unsociable Brit who goes on vacation in the American South and pretends that he doesn't speak English. Directed by Scott Schwartz. In previews. Opens Nov. 7 at 7. (Laura Pels, 111 W. 46th St. 212-719-1300.)

GEM OF THE OCEAN
The New York première of the ninth play in August Wilson's ten-play chronicle of the African-American experience. Phylicia Rashad stars, playing a matriarch who sends a man on a spiritual journey to find a city in the middle of the Atlantic. Directed by Kenny Leon. Previews begin Nov. 4. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE GOD OF HELL
In a new play by Sam Shepard directly inspired by the present Administration, a malevolent government official harasses a Midwestern farm couple. Directed by Lou Jacob. In previews. (Actors Studio Drama School Theatre, 151 Bank St. 212-279-4200.)

THE GOOD BODY
Eve Ensler follows up "The Vagina Monologues" with a new play that explores women's body-image issues. Directed by Peter Askin. In previews. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

HELL MEETS HENRY HALFWAY
Philadelphia's Pig Iron Theatre Company brings its absurdist physical humor to the Ohio Theatre in a new show, adapted by Adriano Shaplin from Witold Gombrowicz's gothic novel, "Possessed." Opens Nov. 3 at 8. (66 Wooster St. 212-868-4444.)

THE IMMIGRANT
A new musical, with a book by Mark Harelik, lyrics by Sarah Knapp, and music by Steven M. Alper, tells the true story of a Russian Jewish immigrant who entered this country in 1909—through Galveston, Texas, not Ellis Island. Two previews on Nov. 3. Opens Nov. 4 at 7. (Dodger Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

'NIGHT, MOTHER
Brenda Blethyn and Edie Falco star in a revival of Marsha Norman's 1983 play about a mother and her suicidal daughter. Directed by Michael Mayer. In previews. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

PEOPLE ARE WRONG!
The singer-songwriter John Flansburgh, of They Might Be Giants, makes his stage début, in a musical about the misadventures of a Manhattan couple who move to a house in the country. A co-production of the Vineyard Theatre and Target Margin. With music and lyrics by Julia Greenberg and Robin Goldwasser. Directed by David Herskovits. One preview on Nov. 3. Opens Nov. 4 at 8. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 212-353-0303.)

THE ROSENBACH COMPANY
Ben Katchor and Mark Mulcahy, the creators of last season's "The Slug-Bearers of Kayrol Island," present a new multimedia musical that weaves animation into the drama. This one tells the story of Abe Rosenbach, once the world's preëminent rare-book dealer, and his brother, Philip, a decorative-arts dealer. Nov. 9 at 7:30. (Harry De Jur Playhouse, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. For tickets, visit tickets@katchor.com.)

SAILOR'S SONG
The LAByrinth Theatre Company presents the première of a seaside romance by John Patrick Shanley, choreographed by Barry McNabb and directed by Chris McGarry. In previews. Opens Nov. 7 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200.)

A SECONDHAND MEMORY
A new play written and directed by Woody Allen is set in Brooklyn in the nineteen-fifties and stars Dominic Chianese, Beth Fowler, Elizabeth Marvel, and others. Previews begin Nov. 3. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.)

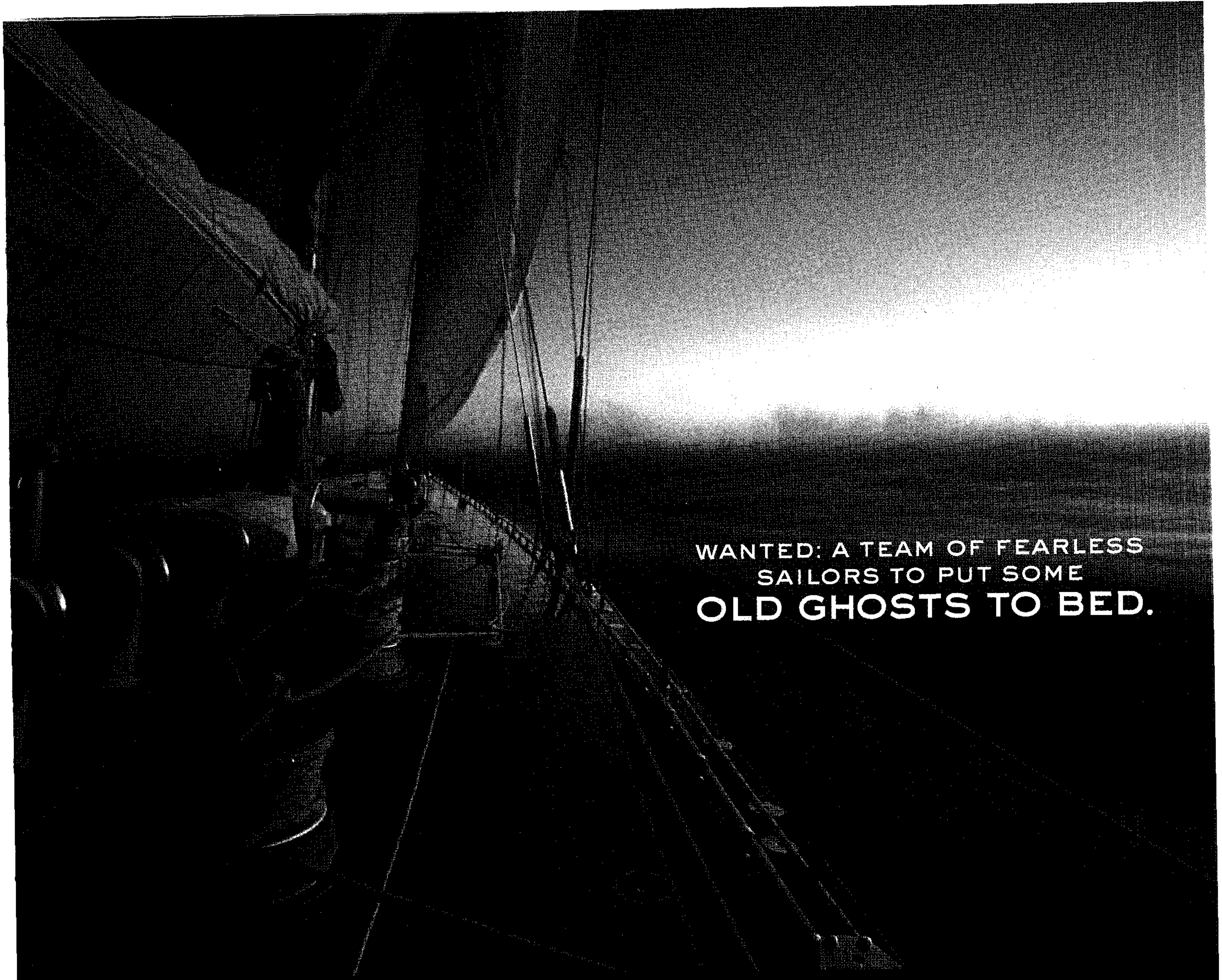
THE TALK OF THE TOWN
The Peccadillo Theatre Company presents a new musical about Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woolcott, and other Algonquin regulars. Book, lyrics, and music by Ginny Redington and Tom Dawes. Directed by Dan Wackerman. Previews begin Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 8 at 8. (Bank Street Theatre, 155 Bank St. 212-868-4444.)

WHOOPI, THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY
Whoopi Goldberg returns to Broadway with a new production of the show that launched her career. Previews begin Nov. 6. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BROOKLYN: THE MUSICAL
This mishmash of Horatio Alger and "Star Search" tells the improbable tale of a Parisian orphan named Brooklyn who comes to New York (speaking Brooklynese, not French) on a quest for fame and the father she never knew and is welcomed by the city's homeless population. Eden Espinosa, in the title role, is gutsy and has a standout voice; it's a pity that the derivative score doesn't give her anything fresh to work with. There's also fine singing by Cleavant Derricks (as Brooklyn's hobo guardian angel) and Ramona Keller, who plays a hooker with a heart of coal. The costumes, like the plot, are assembled from scraps (junk-food wrappers, garbage bags) and are curious to look at, but senseless. Book, music, and lyrics by Mark Schoenfeld and Barri McPherson. Directed by Jeff Calhoun. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

COMFORT WOMEN
In a play by Chungmi Kim, a young Korean-American woman and her grandmother meet two Asian women who were among the thousands of "comfort women" who were abducted by the Japanese imperial forces during the Second World War and



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turned into sex slaves. Directed by Frances Hill. (Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. 212-868-4444.)

CONTRACTS

The personal lives of four first-year law students are contrasted with relevant case studies in an allegorical play set in a contracts course. Written by Justin Deabler and directed by Ari Kreith. (American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 212-868-4444. Through Nov. 20.)

DIMPHO DI KOPANE

The South African lyric-theatre company—whose name means “combined talents” in Sotho—makes its New York début with four repertory productions. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 212-581-1212.)

DIRTY TRICKS

In John Jeter's fine play about Martha Mitchell—the flamboyant Arkansan wife of John Mitchell, Nixon's attorney general during the Watergate scandal—Judith Ivey brings the “mouth of the South” vividly to life and shows that Mitchell's outbursts to the press at that time weren't fuelled just by her taste for whiskey. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200.)

EVE-OLUTION

A play by Hilary Illick and Jennifer Krier (based on their experiences) interweaves the stories of two women who are struggling to retain their sense of self while raising a family. This show knows its audience; it has no surprises, but plenty of heart. Directed by Carolyn Cantor. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 212-239-6200.)

THE GOSPEL AT COLONUS

Charles S. Dutton joins the Blind Boys of Alabama, the Legendary Soul Stirrers, and local choral groups in a revival of the Obie-winning 1983 musical, created by Lee Breuer and Bob Telson, which sets Sophocles' Oedipus drama in a Pentecostal gospel service. (Apollo, 253 W. 125th St. 212-531-5305. Through Nov. 7.)

JEWTOPIA

Dopey but not unenjoyable, Bryan Fogel and Sam Wolfson's comedy about religious identity chronicles the romantic trials of two friends: Chris (Fogel), a Catholic who wants to marry a Jewish girl, and Adam (Wolfson), a Jew who *doesn't* want to marry a Jewish girl. Packed with old and new Jewish jokes, the show has abundant visual humor, including a “Judaism for Dummies” manual and a Top Ten list of telltale Gentile traits that Chris should avoid (No. 1: “Be in perfect health”). Jackie Tohn, playing a series of disastrous J-dates, enlivens the proceedings with her Gilda Radner-esque gift for caricature. Directed by John Tillinger. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 212-239-6200.)

JOHN BROWN: TRUMPET OF FREEDOM

Norman Thomas Marshall plays the abolitionist John Brown in a drama set on the last day of his life. Written by Marshall and by George Wolf Reily, who directs. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 718-784-0905.)

NINE PARTS OF DESIRE

The Iraqi-American playwright Heather Raffo transforms herself into a series of Iraqi women and girls whose lives she researched over the past eleven years. Directed by Joanna Settle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Ensemble Theatre, 55 Mercer St. 212-239-6200.)

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

The London company Shared Experience comes to BAM with Martin Sherman's stage adaptation of Forster's classic novel. A co-production with the Nottingham Playhouse. Directed by Nancy Meckler. (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100. Through Nov. 6.)

TINY NINJA THEATRE PRESENTS HAMLET

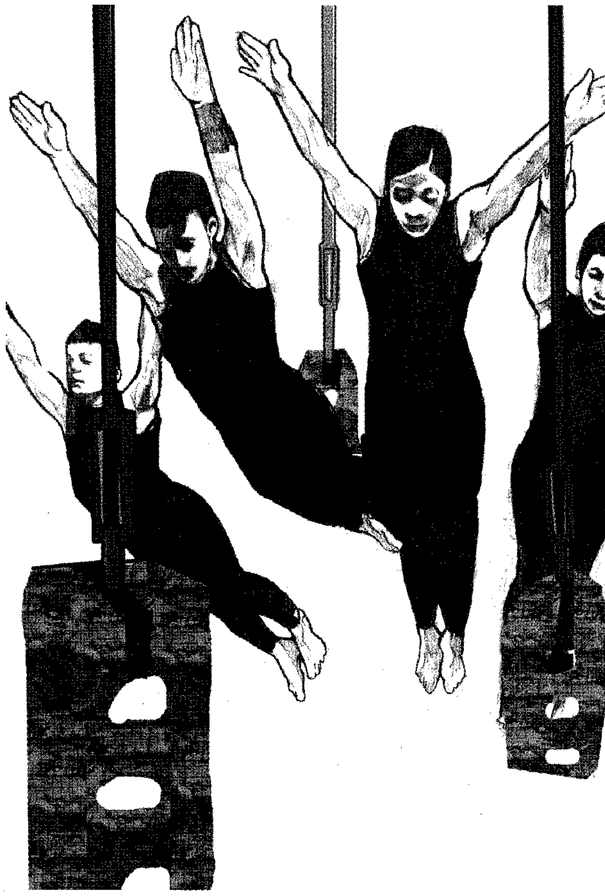
A miniature plastic action figure is the Danish prince in this multimedia production of the tragedy, in which all the roles are played by figurines. Directed by Dov Weinstein. (P.S. 122, First Ave. at 9th St. 212-477-5288.)

TRYING

In a touching, traditional drama by Joanna McClelland Glass, a determined young Canadian secretary (Kati Brazda) with a passion for Wallace Stevens tries to straighten out the paperwork of a crotchety lawmaker, Francis Biddle (Fritz Weaver). Directed by Sandy Shinner. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 212-239-6200.)

TWELVE ANGRY MEN

The Roundabout Theatre Company revives Reginald Rose's fifties jury drama. Directed by Scott Ellis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)



Elizabeth Streb's “Gauntlet,” at the “Jazz in Motion” festival.

RACHEL DOMM

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

The company's final week at City Center includes several performances of Christopher Wheeldon's fascinating “VIII,” Trey McIntyre's “Pretty Good Year,” and Kirk Peterson's “Amazed in Burning Dreams”—and also affords one last chance (at the matinée on Nov. 7) to catch Herman Cornejo's rapturous performance in Fokine's “Le Spectre de la Rose.” ♦ Nov. 2 at 7:30: “Pretty Good Year,” “Workwithinwork,” and “Sinfonietta.” ♦ Nov. 3 at 7:30: “Les Sylphides,” “VIII,” and “Amazed in Burning Dreams.” ♦ Nov. 4 at 7:30: “Mozartiana,” “VIII,” and “Sinfonietta.” ♦ Nov. 5 at 8: “Les Sylphides,” “Mozartiana,” and “Amazed in Burning Dreams.” ♦ Nov. 6 at 2: “Pretty Good Year,” “Workwithinwork,” and “VIII.” ♦ Nov. 6 at 8: “Mozartiana,” “Workwithinwork,” and “Amazed in Burning Dreams.” Nov. 7 at 2: “Mozartiana,” “Le Spectre de la Rose,” “Swan Lake Act III Pas de Deux,” “Le Corsaire Pas de Deux,” and “Sinfonietta.” ♦ Nov. 7 at 7:30: “Mozartiana,” “Workwithinwork,” and “Sinfonietta.” (131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

"JAZZ IN MOTION"

Wynton Marsalis has long spoken of the intimate connection between jazz and dance. Now, at Jazz at Lincoln Center's stylish new Rose Theatre, he can give form to his fervor. The program includes excerpts from two prior collaborations between Marsalis and Garth Fagan, “Griot New York” and “Trips and Trysts”; Elizabeth Streb's “Gauntlet,” which sets her troupe's acrobatics against a new score by the percussionist Joe Chambers; and two new Marsalis compositions that propel choreography by Peter Martins and Savion Glover. The space, a large theatre-in-the-round with sleek lines, is a sealed box that sits on massive bumper cushions. Glover's hoofing should be a good test of its state-of-the-art acoustics. (Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500. Nov. 3-5 at 8.)

"MANDANCE PROJECT"

A six-member group—five men and one woman, led by Damian Woetzel—performs eleven new dances by Eliot Feld, in three rotating programs. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Nov. 2-6 at 8 and Nov. 7 at 3.)

MARC BAMUTHI JOSEPH

Joseph tapped on Broadway as a child, but lately he's gained renown as a spoken-word artist on the West Coast. In his one-man show “Word Becomes Flesh,” he dramatizes the letters he wrote to his unborn and unexpected son (now two years old), expressing them in rhythm and rhyme. A likable performer, Joseph earnestly confesses his response to fatherhood—he is both euphoric and guilt-ridden—and punctuates the tale with allegory, cultural criticism, some African dance, some Ailey, and a few of the old tap moves in sneakers. A three-piece band supplies the grooves. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Nov. 4-6 at 7:30.)

ALEXANDRA BELLER/DANCERS

As a member of the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company, Beller stood out for her voluptuous dimensions, sensual power, and intelligence. As a choreographer, she tends to stress mental exertions. Her contribution to the 92nd Street Y's “Sundays @ Three” series includes “Why Things Fall” (Beller's response to 9/11), “Moving Men or Telling Left from Right” (which shows how lovers talk past each other), and “You Are Here” (a fractured mélange in which dancers run into walls, tap-dance barefoot, and recite etiquette rules while a telephone rings and rings). (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500. Nov. 7 at 3.)

BALLET PRELJOCAJ

The twelve-member French company, led by the Bessie-winning choreographer Angelin Preljocaj, performs “Near Life Experience,” a collage of otherworldly tableaux inspired by an out-of-body experience Preljocaj had on Mt. Kilimanjaro. Bathed in white light, moving to a score by the electronic duo Air, the dancers depict trance states on the edge of ecstasy or consciousness, arranging and rearranging their bodies with great deliberateness against a sky-blue backdrop. (BAM's Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Nov. 3 at 8 and Nov. 4-6 at 7:30.)

"DRY FLOWER"

In a highly visual new work set to an ambient techno score by Yuki Kato, the dancers of Tokyo's Nibroll group act out urban alienation against a shifting video backdrop by Keisuke Takahashi. Whether thrashing and flailing in solos—like club kids in a selfish music trance—or colliding in tense synchronized duets and trios that include karate chops and hip-hop influences (and, sometimes, stylized screaming fits), the performers demonstrate that, in the modern city, contact does not guarantee connection. Choreographed by Mikuni

Yanaihara. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 212-255-5793, ext. 11. Nov. 3-4 and Nov. 6 at 8 and Nov. 5 at noon and 8.)

"WHOLE-BODY-SEER"

Five sighted dancers from Northampton's Hawley-Martin Dance endeavor to re-create the spatial and tactile experiences of the blind, in a multimedia piece by Dana Salisbury. Reaching toward an imagined object, stroking its contours, the performers force the audience to guess what they are touching. Salisbury's video and audio interludes can be powerful, as when a dancer taps a cane against the gravel in an open field and shuffles her awkward feet, searching for a boundary. With an original score by Michael Wall. (University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St., at Rivington St. 212-929-8145. Nov. 5-6 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

JANE MONHEIT

As a jazz vocalist, Monheit is still a maturing talent. For each lilting phrase on her new album, "Taking a Chance on Love," there's an awkward mannerism. Still, her affecting rendition of one difficult song, "Over the Rainbow," promises better things. (Allen Room, Jazz at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 60th St. 212-721-6500. Nov. 3-4 at 8.)

"HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ"

The chance to hear authentic swing music played by veterans and their inspired followers gets slim-

TABLES FOR TWO

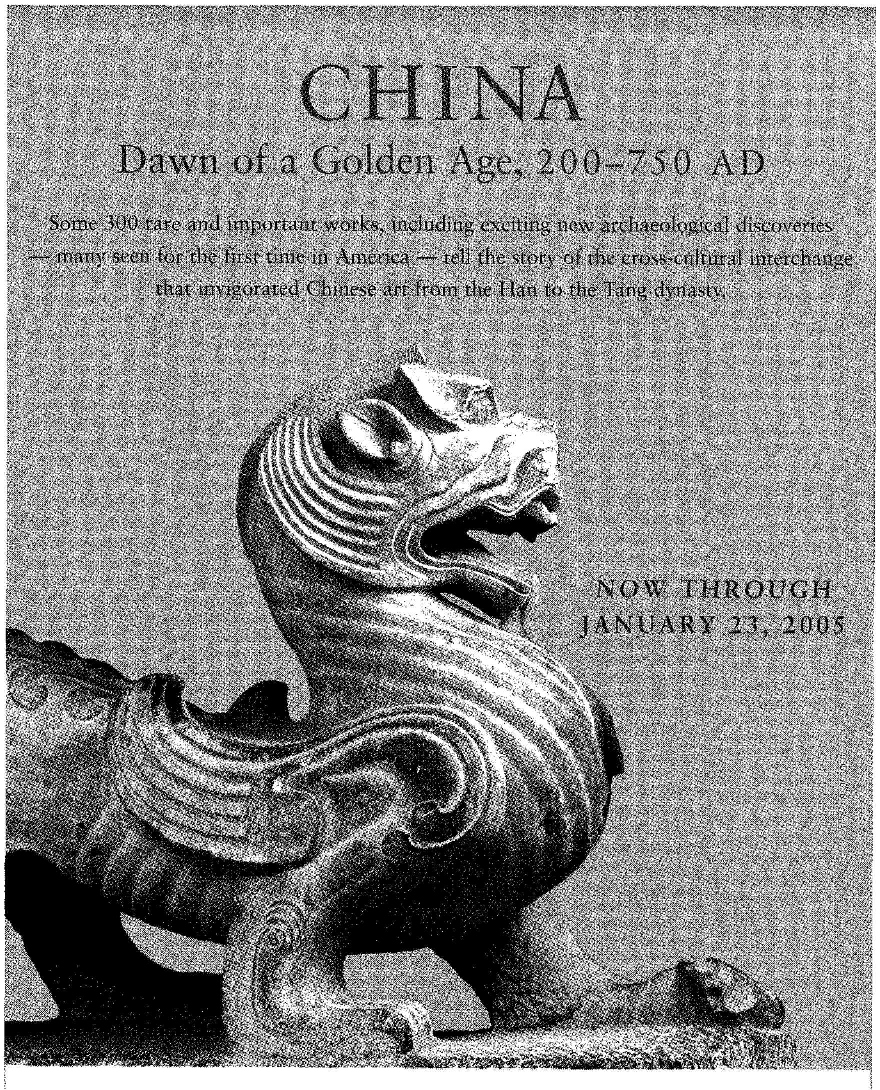
LURE FISHBAR

142 Mercer St. (212-431-7676)—The elaborate yachting theme of this innovative seafood restaurant—formerly Canteen, home of the backache-inducing orange space-pod chairs—is no fishing-net-and-sailfish job: the main floor is more than twenty-five-hundred square feet of simulated caulked boat deck, and chrome grip bars are provided for ladies in high-heeled boots who might lose their footing. There are big squall-proof white vinyl booths and smaller ones made of a blue Teflon-treated material. The best touch is the ceiling, which has a wood-and-plaster vault that exactly replicates the look of a massive Fiberglas yacht cabin, with teak beams and skylights, making the place seem simultaneously more intimate and more luxurious.

The food mainly lives up to the high expectations set by this kind of décor. Josh Capon, the chef from Canteen, stayed on and has created a magnificent raw bar. Japanese red snapper comes with a little square of crisp skin, adding just enough texture to hold up in the foaming *yuzu*-olive-oil dipping sauce. Slices of immaculate arctic char are topped with orange caviar and horseradish; the wild coho salmon, which is cubed, is covered with a basil-soy tea.

Some items, it must be said, are innovative to the point of being unappetizing—the *hamachi* and foie gras on a stick brings to mind a kind of strange surf-and-turf Fudgsicle. Others lack seaworthiness: the crab cakes could have been bought in bulk from Costco. While there are entrées—a Mediterranean-style red snapper served with lemon oil and sea salt, a two-pound lobster artfully eviscerated—many diners opt for the various small plates on the menu. These spare offerings are probably most conducive to big tables where no one is really sure who's paying. But, then again, in surroundings where largesse and ease seem so attainable, who could worry about the price of four such fantastic nibbles of fluke? (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner and weekends for brunch and dinner. Entrées $22-$42.)

—*Owen Phillips*



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Chimera, Eastern Han dynasty (25-220), found in Mengjin, Henan Province, 1992, Luoyang Museum.

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mer every day. This concert, titled "Statesmen of Jazz," features such dependable stylists as the guitarist **Bucky Pizzarelli** and the trumpeters **Joe Wilder** and **Warren Vaché.** (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 212-220-1460. Nov. 4 at 8.)

R.E.M.

The pride of Athens, Georgia, returns with "Around the Sun," the group's third album since its founding drummer, Bill Berry, left the band, in 1997. "Sun" may be disappointing to diehard fans; it has the signature jangle that R.E.M. is famous for, but not much more. (Madison Square Garden. 212-307-7171. Nov. 4 at 8.)

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE

Nov. 5 at 8:30: Sufi songs and ritual dances with the **Al-Kindi Ensemble** and the **Whirling Dervishes of Damascus.** (Zankel Hall, Carnegie Hall.) Nov. 6 at 8:30: **Andy Statman,** a virtuosic clarinettist and mandolin player, has a repertoire that ranges from klezmer to bluegrass. (Skirball Center, New York University, 566 LaGuardia Pl., at Washington Sq. S. For more information about both shows, call 212-545-7536.)

Walker Evans's surreptitiously taken "Subway Passengers, New York, 1941," at the Metropolitan Museum, part of "Few Are Chosen," an exhibit that includes work by Bill Brandt, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Robert Frank, William Klein, and Helen Levitt.

WILLIAM HOOKER

The free-jazz and downtown-rock drummer accompanies a silent abstract film called "Sea Level Inferno." (The Tank, 432 W. 42nd St. 212-563-6269. Nov. 9 at 8.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL

237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Nov. 3: The **Tony Rice and Peter Rowan** quartet. If bluegrass has a guitar god, it's Rice. His graceful playing has left a generation of aspiring guitarists trying to duplicate his clean, high-speed, otherworldly sound. He also had a warm baritone, but a decade ago overuse diminished it. He turned the singing over to Rowan, a master of high lonesome who came of age in Bill Monroe's Blue Grass Boys and went on to record, with Jerry Garcia, Vassar Clements, and David Grisman, the legendary live bluegrass album "Old & In the Way." Rice and Rowan have played together for years, but they have only now completed their first full studio album, "You Were There for Me." Nov. 5: The retro soul of **Raphael Saadiq,** formerly of Tony! Toni! Toné! With **Amp Fiddler,** the longtime P-Funk keyboardist.

BOWERY BALLROOM

6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Nov. 7: The young unclassifiable singer-songwriter **Devendra Banhart.** Nov. 9: **Hem** (see This Week).

DOWNTIME

251 W. 30th St. (212-965-2747)—Nov. 6: **Laibach.** This Slovenian industrial combo has never been easy to accurately quantify. The band has a wry sensibility and a lockstep aesthetic that flirts with fascism, making it an elaborate, arty joke to some and a fearsome, irresponsible threat to others. Their stentorian music gives few clues either way. They specialize in manhandling pop classics (the band infamously covered the Beatles' "Let It Be" in its entirety, save the title track) and a stomping Wagnerian delivery, and their live performances deliver the pomp and circumstance of a military ceremony.

IRVING PLAZA

17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Nov. 3: The country singer **Pat Green** won over his native Texas with hard-partying songs, and he's now in the midst of conquering the rest of the country.

KNITTING FACTORY

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Nov. 3: The prolific and eclectic San Francisco rockers **Deerhoof.** Nov. 8: **Matt Curreri and the Exfriends.** Curreri is a clever and unkempt songwriter whose catchy rock-and-roll tunes capture the warm joys and cold sweats of one's twenties. **Joanie Mendenhall,** a member of the Exfriends, is a San Diego-based singer-songwriter who just completed her own first album, "Secretary Waltz."

MERCURY LOUNGE

217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Nov. 4: The **Soledad Brothers** call Detroit home and play a hard-edged electrified blues. In the late nineties, the guitarist Johnny Walker (né Johnny Wirick) and the drummer Ben Swank (né Ben Smith) came out of Ohio with an intensity that impressed Jack White, the leader of the White Stripes, who produced their first single. A couple of records later, they've added Oliver Henry on saxophone and other instruments; their ever-expanding fan base includes John Sinclair, the manager of the MC5.

S.O.B.'S

204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (212-243-4940)—Nov. 2: In the early nineties, the Columbia, South Carolina, native **Angie Stone** founded the critically acclaimed soul trio Vertical Hold and co-wrote a number of tracks on D'Angelo's début album, "Brown Sugar." D'Angelo returned the favor by helping with a song on Stone's solo début, "Black Diamond." Her third and newest album, "Stone Love," includes one misstep, a duet with the rapper Snoop Dogg, but on balance it's a fine example of contemporary soul. Nov. 3: The smooth and suave R. & B. singer **Kem** wrote, produced, and released his début album, "Kemistry." It proved to be so popular that it was picked up by Motown, and he's now one of that label's rising stars.

SOUTHPAW

125 Fifth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-230-0236)—Nov. 4: **Robin Guthrie** was the force behind the impenetrably lush music of Scotland's enigmatic Cocteau Twins. The guitarist had a gossamer sonic signature that helped define British post-punk

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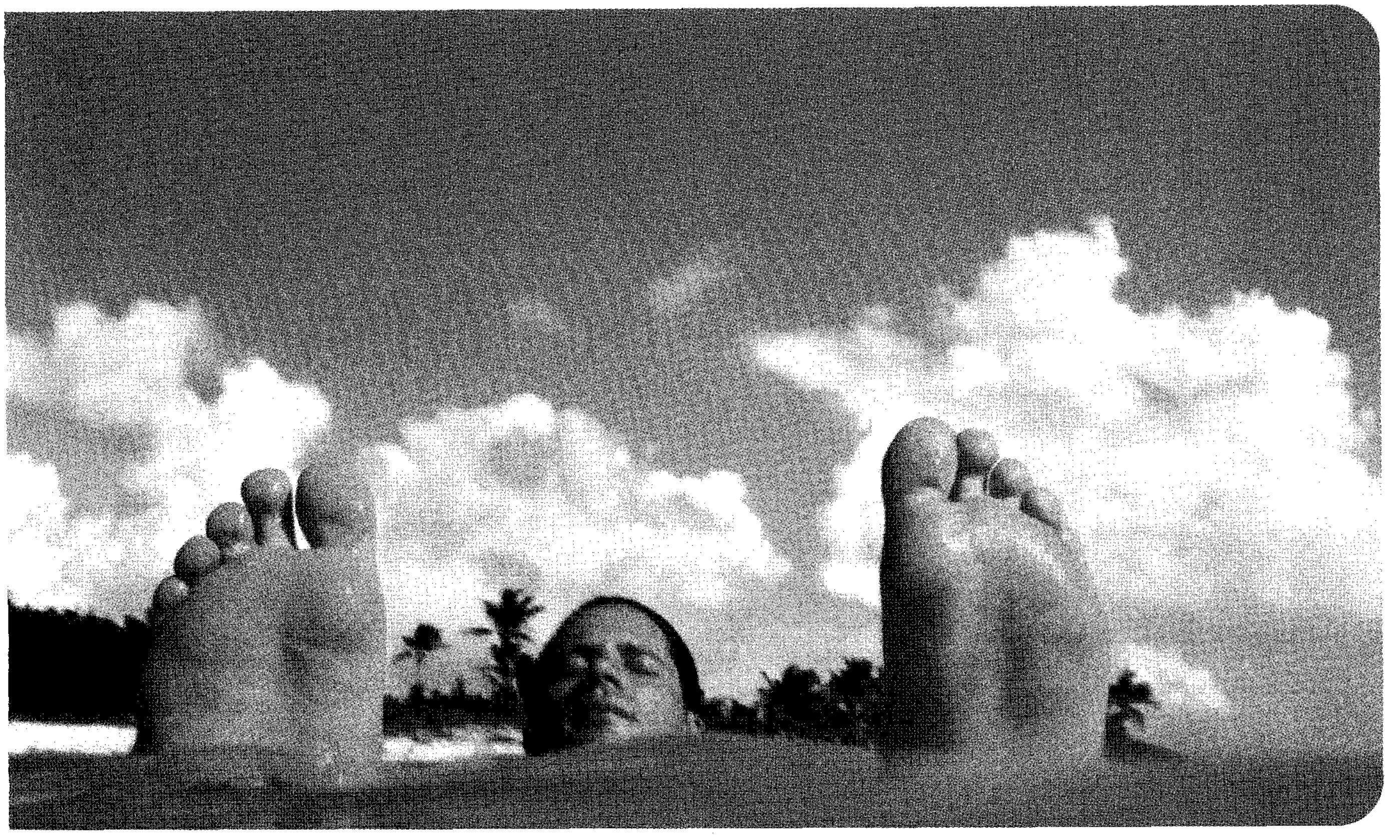

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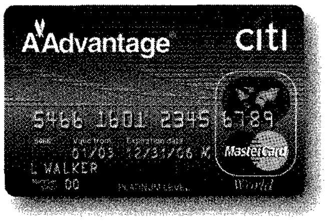

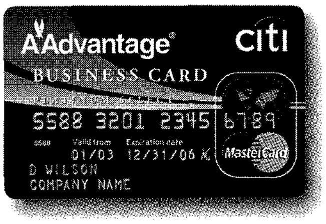

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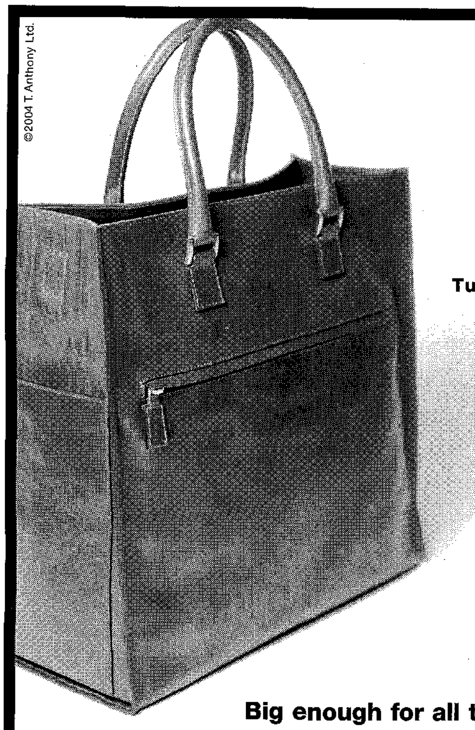

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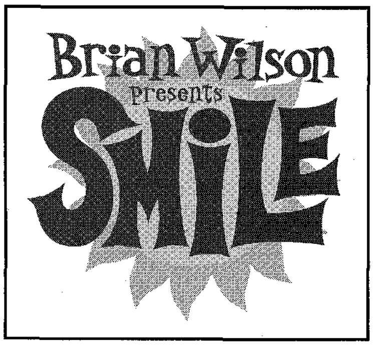

NONESUCH

"★★★★★ – a triumph" – *Rolling Stone* "Wilson's masterpiece" – *Newsweek*

"...likely the most coherent long-form composition in rock" – *The New York Times*

"★★★★★ – a serious contender for the greatest album ever made"
– *The Independent, London*

The abandoned follow-up to the Beach Boys' classic *Pet Sounds*, finally completed in this all-new studio recording, includes "Good Vibrations" and "Heroes and Villains"

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of the eighties. Nov. 5: The **Soledad Brothers** (see the Mercury Lounge).

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—Nov. 8: **Jimmy Eat World,** a group of Arizona boys who traffic in reflective post-punk. Nov. 9: The epic, piano-laden Brit-pop of **Muse.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—Through Nov. 7: The trumpeter **Tom Harrell** and the singer **Carla Cook** join the **Juilliard Jazz Orchestra** in saluting Dizzy Gillespie's pioneering bebop big-band work.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Through Nov. 7: The songs of the pianist, singer, and composer **Mose Allison** drip with caustic wit, and his eccentric keyboard work mixes rural blues with strains of Bud Powell, Bela Bartók, and Jimmy Yancey. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** Tuesdays starting Nov. 9: The **Mingus Big Band.**

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Nov. 4-7: The **Frank Morgan** quartet. An amalgam of Charlie Parker, Johnny Hodges, and Art Pepper, the saxophonist Morgan has a luscious tone and an authentic bebop sensibility. He can be both extravagantly heated and touchingly reticent; his New York appearances are now official events.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Nov. 3-4: Spearheading the new wave of postmodern European jazz, **E.S.T.** (the Esbjörn Svensson Trio) is Scandinavia's answer to our Bad Plus Trio: free spirits willing to go beyond the genre's boundaries.

SWEET RHYTHM
88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (212-255-3626)—Nov. 3: The vocalist and conceptualist **Nora York.** Nov. 4: The saxophonist and composer **Rudresh Mahanthappa,** best known for his association with the pianist **Vijay Ayer,** is a brainy performer of new jazz who keeps his Indian heritage in full view. His new CD, "Mother Tongue," reconfigures subcontinental speech patterns into musical phrases.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Through Nov. 7: **Bill McHenry.** One of last year's most impressive jazz recordings was "The Bill McHenry Quartet Featuring Paul Motian," a cross-generational hookup between the quick-witted young tenor saxophonist McHenry and the open-minded septuagenarian drummer Motian. The two reunite here along with the other musicians on the album, the bassist **Reid Anderson** (of Bad Plus Trio fame) and the guitarist **Ben Monder.** The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—A wealth of art and artifacts recovered from the tombs of ancient luminaries are on view in **"China: Dawn of a Golden Age, 200-750 A.D."** The exhibition begins in the waning days of the Han dynasty with items like gold filigree chimeras and a procession of bronze chariots, proceeds through the period when the Xianbei confederation of nomadic tribes came to power (hammered gold hat ornaments, an iron vessel in the shape of a crouching animal), continues on to the Wei and Sui dynasties (beatific Buddhas, painted screens, and carved stone panels from a sarcophagus), and ends with the early years of the Tang dynasty (nested reliquaries in carved stone and gold, guardian warriors made of gilt bronze). The Silk Road's influence is evident throughout, whether in the form of Roman glass objects that travelled to the region with traders, or in the Arabian- and European-style patterns that turn up in textile fragments. Through Jan. 23. ♦ **"Princely**

Splendor: The Dresden Court, 1580-1620." Through Jan. 30. ♦ **"Few Are Chosen: Street Photography and the Book, 1936-1966."** Opens Nov. 5. ♦ **"Gilbert Stuart."** Through Jan. 16. ♦ **"Romare Bearden at the Met."** Through March 6. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
The museum is closed until Nov. 20, when it will reopen in its renovated and expanded building, at 11 W. 53rd Street.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"The Aztec Empire."** Through Feb. 13. ♦ **"Kandinsky Gallery: An Inaugural Selection."** Through May 11. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—**"Isamu Noguchi: Master Sculptor."** Through Jan. 16. ♦ Jennifer Pastor's **"The Perfect Ride."** Through Jan. 2. ♦ **"The Art of Romare Bearden."** Through Jan. 25. ♦ Jacob Lawrence's **"War Series."** Through Jan. 31. ♦ **"Memorials of War."** Through Nov. 28. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Great Expectations: John Singer Sargent Painting Children."** Through Jan. 16. ♦ **"Infinite Mobility: Paintings by Kehinde Wiley."** Through Feb. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

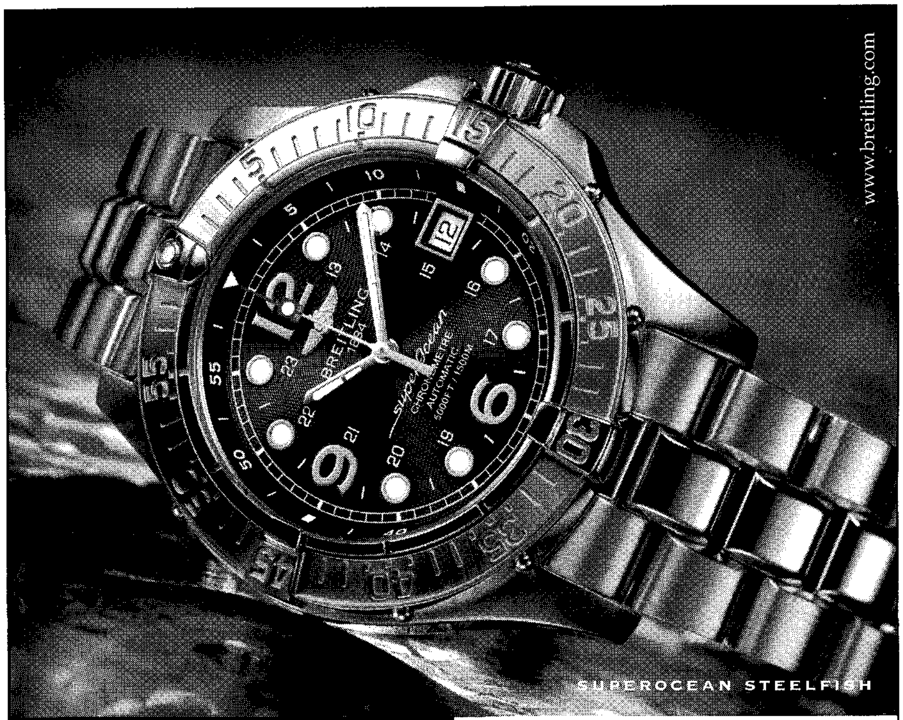
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5100)—**"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter."** Through May 30. ♦ **"Totems to Turquoise: Native North American Jewelry Arts of the Northwest and Southwest."** Through July 10. ♦ **"Frogs: A Chorus of Colors."** Through Jan. 9. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-869-8089)—**"James Gillray."** Prints and drawings by the English caricaturist. Through Jan. 29. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—"This is not debris," warns a trompe-l'oeil handwritten note in one of Manny Farber's busy tabletop still-lifes. "Each of the items means something." Indeed, the candy bars, flowers, eggs, vegetables, toys, tools, postcards of famous paintings, and so forth that crowd Farber's bird's-eye-view arrangements are rendered with the intensity of purpose of items in a rebus. A film critic and an academic, Farber has been quietly but seriously painting on the side for forty years. The work in **"Manny Farber: About Face"** ranges from abstractions on shaped and collaged papers from the nineteen-seventies through increasingly gestural still-lifes of recent years. Through Jan. 16. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

SCANDINAVIA HOUSE
58 Park Ave., at 38th St. (212-879-9779)—Louisa Matthíasdóttir was born in Reykjavík in 1917 and moved to New York in 1943, eventually settling in the Bronx. The brilliantly colored, calmly monumental paintings in **"Louisa Matthíasdóttir: A Retrospective"** partake equally of the elemental wildness of one place and the urban domesticity she found in the other. Icelandic harbor villages with purple seas, green headlands, and red rooftops appear like scenes from children's books (which she also illustrated), while kitchen-table still-lifes and portraits of friends and family conjure up a crowded, jolly city life in the U.S. It's a fundamentally sunny world, but Matthíasdóttir's hot palette and interlocking-puzzle compositions keep it from being cloying. Through Nov. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—A show of Kerry James Marshall's recent work, **"One True Thing: Meditations on Black Aesthetics"** augments the artist's signature canvases (which recast nineteenth-century-style history paintings with



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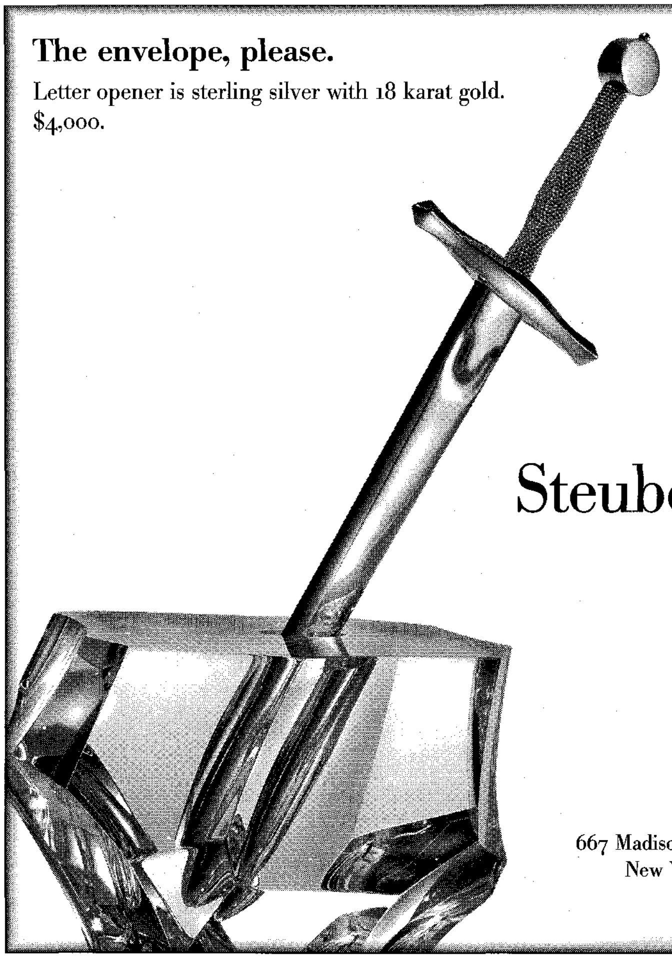
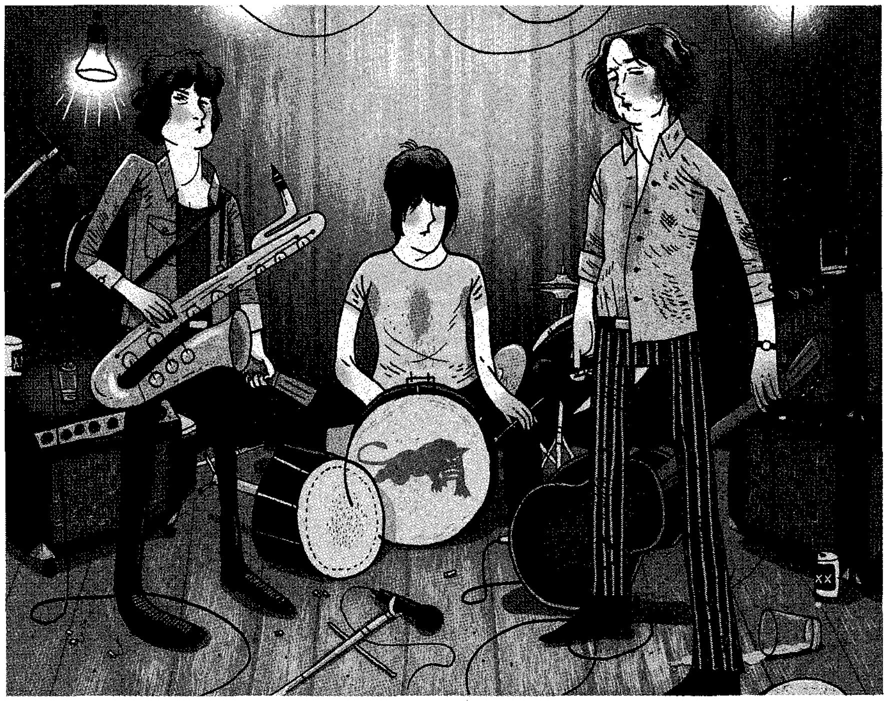


African-American figures) with sculptures, drawings, video, and installation work. "Grocery Circular" paintings substitute food specials with artists' names and auction prices, demonstrating how all worth is market related. A series of light-box sculptures bear long, convoluted names of African-American churches. The laminated medallions in "First" commemorate landmarks in African-American history, like the first birth in the U.S., the first *Vogue* cover, and the first Nobel Prize in Literature. It's a fine history lesson, but few of the objects reach the heights of his excoriating history paintings. Through Jan. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)



The Soledad Brothers, at the Mercury Lounge and Southpaw (see Night Life).

JILLIAN TAMAKI

GALLERIES-UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

ANT FARM

A rare chance to view films by the pioneering collective. Their signature work, "Media Burn" (1975), sends a tricked-out white Cadillac crashing through a burning wall of television sets. It's preceded by a mock political speech delivered by a J.F.K. impersonator and followed by clips of actual television news reports of the event, in which baffled anchorpersons declare "Now, *that* is weird." Kennedy's stand-in makes another appearance along with a drag version of Jackie in the disturbing "Eternal Frame" (1975), which re-creates the assassination in Dallas and critiques the way the media covered the event. Through Nov. 28. (International Center of Photography, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 212-857-0000.)

ANRI SALA

A series of slow-moving videos and black-and-white photographs, many of which meditate on the artist's native Albania. Tirana, the capital, is the setting for in "Dammi i Colori," a video shot after the artist mayor decided to paint the town, literally. Ravaged streets and stray dogs contrast with buildings drenched in bright primary colors while a voice-over proudly notes that no other country in Europe can claim color as the topic of street debate. In "Mixed Behavior," a d.j. takes on a godlike aspect as he plays pounding dance music on a Tirana rooftop beneath a sky filled with exploding fireworks. Through Nov. 13. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 212-977-7160.)

GALLERIES-CHELSEA

ERICA BAUM

An old board game called Physogs is the springboard for Baum's new works, a mix-and-match experiment in which black-and-white panels representing swaths of facial features are assembled into warped fictional portraits. The weirdly unsettling gaps where broad, bright eyes run awkwardly into pinched nostrils, or drawn cheeks meet a full mouth, are like physiognomic statements, declaring "clown," "monster," "automaton," or "fool." Through Nov. 6. (D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 212-352-9460.)

SAINT CLAIR CEMIN

Odd sculptural figures that Cemin has aptly christened "Gods of the People." A tarred cherrywood figure is called a "Monument to Credit Card Debt," and a hunk of wood carved into a strange, abstract looping shape is the "Computer." A corner filled with an army of little figures—some with emerging faces, others barely more than blobs of clay—is dubbed, simply, "We." Cemin calls up the forms of ancient, classical, and academic sculpture but scrambles them into a hybrid that's by turns amusing, puzzling, and bordering on dramatic kitsch. Through Nov. 13. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 212-929-2262.)

CAIO FONSECA

Paintings in which thick, drab fields of paint are scratched and scraped and interrupted by elongated curving shapes in reds, yellows, and oranges. The shapes suggest musical instruments or pages from open books, and are nested so that their curves echo one another like spooning bodies. On closer inspection, one sees that the fields of creamy color were laid over sunset-ish underpaintings, and the brighter shapes start to seem more solid, like scraps of riverbank or islands surrounded by milky water. Mesmerizing. Through Nov. 13. (Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. 212-563-4474.)

DONALD JUDD / ROBERT MANGOLD

Architecture, drawing, and painting are conflated in Mangold's muted series of "Column Paintings." Vertical canvases are divided into grids, then overlaid with lazy serpentine lines in black pencil that curve upward into shapes that recall Brancusi figures or abstract flowers. A sampling of Judd's late work includes two large boxes—one concrete and one rusted Corten steel—that turn positive and negative space into playthings. A series of his signature wall boxes with red Plexiglas interiors glows against a wall and floor, and sets of divided boxes are stacked six high nearby. Together, Mangold and Judd provide effortless demonstrations of how to slip smoothly between disciplines and dimensions. Through Nov. 13. (Pace Wildenstein, 534 W. 25th St. 212-421-3292.)

DAVID WOJNAROWICZ

A show that revisits the work of a pioneering artist and AIDS activist who died of the disease in 1992. Collages and photographs are covered with texts that range from existential musings to expressions of grief and anger; Wojnarowicz the wordsmith may have outstripped the image maker. A silk screen of a U.S. map is configured as a target against a field of stock-market listings; a trio of paintings combines sinuous tropical flowers with text, photographs of X-rayed bodies, movie images, and the American flag. The title of one of these about sums it up: "Americans Can't Deal with Death." Through Nov. 13. (P.P.O.W., 555 W. 25th St. 212-647-1044.)

GALLERIES-DOWNTOWN

"THE VOTING BOOTH PROJECT"

The Votomatic machine, made infamous by the Florida election results of 2000, is a compact aluminum valise, not unlike those carried by specialists in audio equipment or weaponry, which unfolds on spindly legs to make a lectern for marking paper ballots. Here, a squad of designers and architects have reimagined the Votomatic as, among other things, a puppet theatre, a slot machine, a miniature-golf course, and a motorized, oscillating sculpture that exhorts "Votes Count/Count Votes." Participants include David Byrne, Christo, Frank Gehry, Maira Kalman, Richard Meier, Brian Tolle, and Diane von Furstenberg. Through Dec. 5. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. 212-229-8987.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

"3 ON THE SUBWAY"

Three exhibits mounted to coincide with the hundredth anniversary of the New York City subway system. ♦ Camilo José Vergara, a Chilean-born "urban archivist" who won a MacArthur grant, has shot pictures in and of the subway since 1970; the seventy-five color images on display, selected from tens of thousands of pictures, are identified by date and subway line, and include the usual suspects—preachers, mariachis, kids gawking out the front door of the D train on their way to Coney Island—as well as shots of trains approaching, trains receding, trains in the cityscape, trains emerging from underground, trains impastoed with graffiti, and elevated train tracks in the snow. ♦ In "Rebuilding the 1 & 9," Sam Hollenshead has documented the men and machines that rebuilt, within a year, the subway tunnel and platforms at Ground Zero. The industrial framework, the shadows, and the grime make for rugged black-and-white portraits of laborers whose work, when finished, is largely invisible. ♦ Bruce Davidson's "Subway" series was last seen in its entirety at the International Center of Photography in 1981. Flesh—naked, scarred, heavily made up, and squeezing between the closing doors—is the subject of these lush color photographs. One image shows a meticulously turned-out society woman in a red straw hat and jewelry; another is of a flashy young woman riding between cars on an A train over Jamaica Bay. Through Jan. 17. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. 212-534-1672.)

"TOPOGRAPHICS"

Beginning with Henry Fox Talbot's salt print of a stone bridge seemingly lost in the woods, from 1854, and ending with a shot of São Paulo—the frame split only by high-rises and a forbidding gray sky—taken this year by Scott Peterman, "Topographics" shows how photographers have studied landscape for the last hundred and fifty years. Gustave Le Gray made a triptych of the pyramids at

Giza in the eighteen-sixties, whereas Neil Armstrong shot the first footprint on the moon a hundred years later. Ansel Adams is famous for his pictures of seemingly undisturbed natural monuments but here has a picture called "Moon and TV Antennae, Hawaii" that includes not a single mountain or tree. The "New Topographics" group, including Lewis Baltz, Frank Gohlke, and Stephen Shore, is represented by pictures of a wall, grain elevators, and a roadside picnic area, and their conceptual forefathers Albert Renger-Patzsch, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston look more prescient than ever. Through Nov. 13. (Bruce Silverstein, 535 W. 24th St. 212-627-3930.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
In "Looking at *Life*," two hundred prints taken for that magazine between 1936 and 1992 provide both a survey of photojournalism and a capsule history of much of the twentieth century. John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" began as an assignment for *Life* in migrant-labor camps in 1939 with the photographer Horace Bristol. The exhibition is organized by theme: "War" includes Robert Capa's D Day pictures and Larry Burrows's harrowing shots from Vietnam. In "Personalities," a young Cassius Clay trains underwater in a photo-essay by Flip Schulke, and Marilyn Monroe is giddy in portraits by Alfred Eisenstadt. ♦ The digital snapshots in "Inconvenient Evidence: Iraqi Prison Photographs from Abu Ghraib" are small, unframed, and hung with strict simplicity in a small room downstairs. Some of the images first appeared in this magazine. Through Nov. 28. (1133 Sixth Ave. 212-857-0000.)

Short List

TIM DAVIS
Bohen Foundation, 415 W. 13th St.
212-414-4575. Through Nov. 5.
RAGHUBIR SINGH
Sepia, 148 W. 24th St. 212-645-9444.
Through Dec. 30.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Nov. 4 at 7: On his first night in New York, in 1940, Piet Mondrian encountered the vibrant, improvisational world of American jazz, and the experience, a friend later recalled, caused him "to put a little 'boogie woogie' into his pictures." One of Mondrian's most consequential abstractions, "New York/Boogie Woogie," still pulsates with the syncopations of that evening's music, and it is one of the highlights of this landmark sale of Impressionist and modern art. Other works that could hit the thirty-million-dollar mark include Kandinsky's "Sketch for Deluge II" and Modigliani's "Jeanne Hébuterne (Devant une Porte)." ♦ Nov. 5 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: Picasso, amply represented in the evening session, dominates the day sales with works from his bohemian days in Barcelona ("Mateo F. de Soto," an elegant and elusive charcoal-and-pastel portrait) up to his final years ("Nu Assis," an oil on plywood, from 1967). Another prominent figure is Henry Moore, whose many sculptures here include the bronze "Seated Woman" (expected to bring up to seven hundred thousand dollars). ♦ Nov. 9 at 7: The market for modern and contemporary art has not been this hot since the late eighties, and even in this gathering of equals, some works are more equal than others—such as Mark Rothko's "No. 6 (Yellow, White, Blue Over Yellow on Gray)," one of eight works that he selected for his first major museum show, in 1954. Some works, like Warhol's "5 Deaths Twice 1 (Red Car Crash)," from 1963, have a hypersophisticated, detached approach to violence and mortality that is characteristic of the early sixties. Works by major younger artists, including Matthew Barney and Jeff Koons, are also included. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
Nov. 3 at 7: The eyes open wide at this sale of masterworks of Impressionist and modern art, the World Series of the auction season. The centerpieces are two views of the water: Monet's "Londres, le Parlement, Effet de Soleil dans le Brouillard," one of

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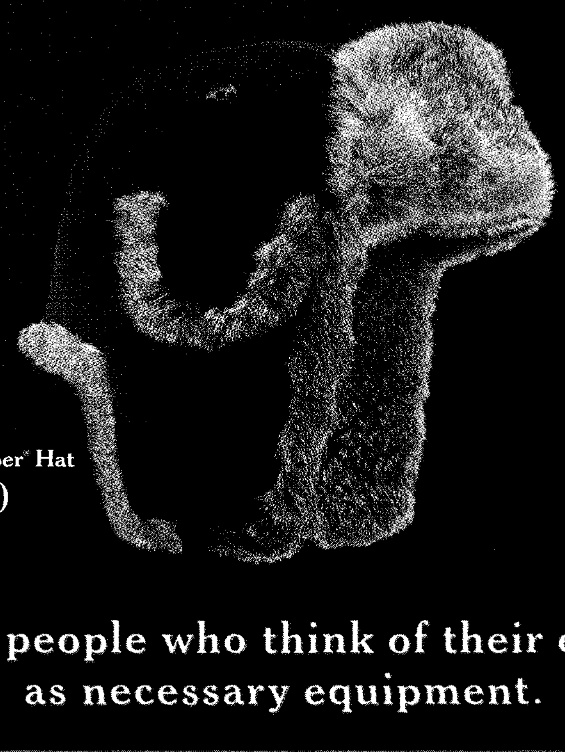
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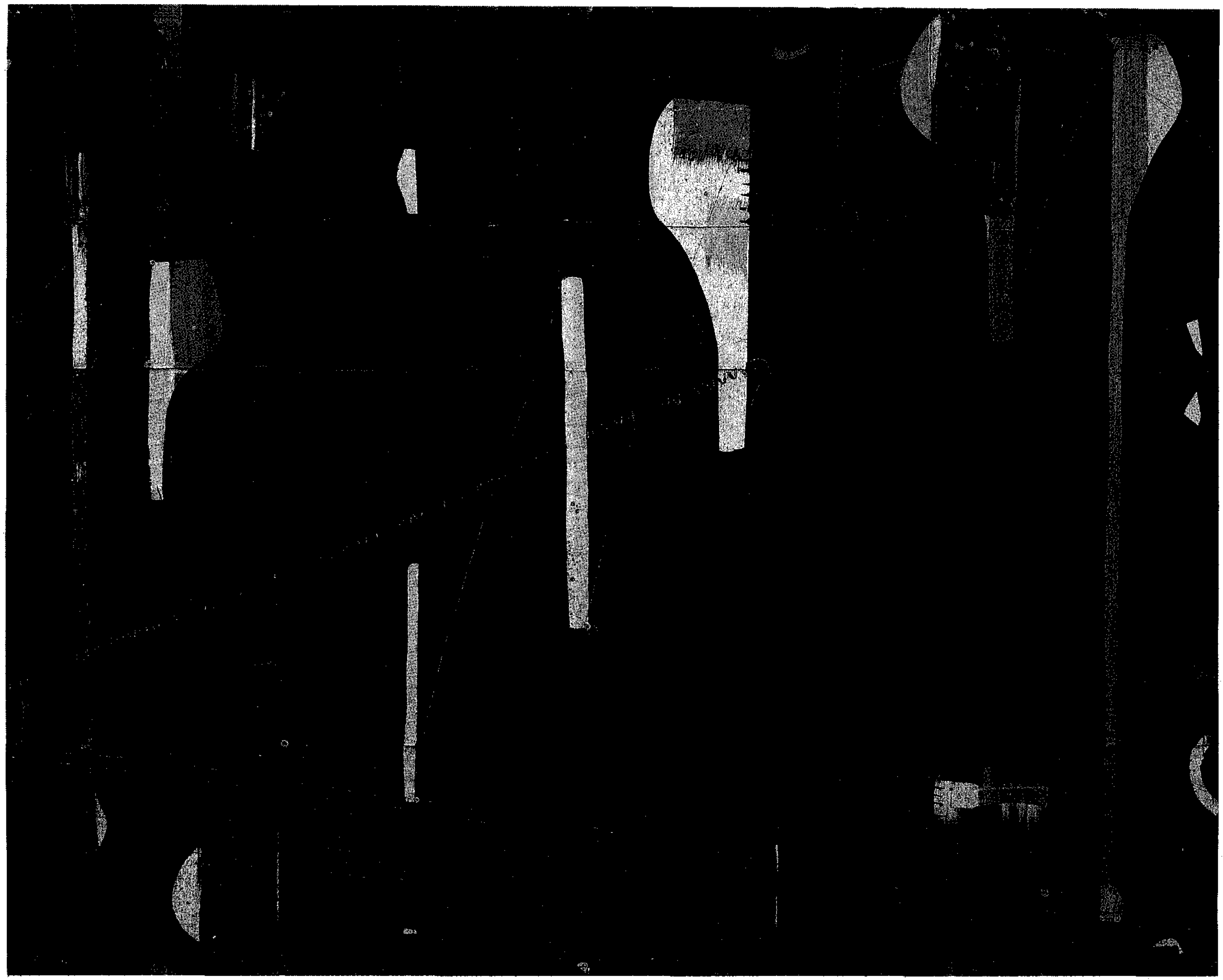


A group of Caio Fonseca's mesmerizing abstract paintings are on view at Kasmin in Chelsea through Nov. 13 (see Art).

only four of the artist's views of the Thames and Houses of Parliament to have remained in private hands (now offered on the open market for the first time), and van Gogh's "Le Pont de Trinquetaille," in which the Rhone has an unbridled intensity. (Each painting is expected to fetch up to eighteen million dollars.) ♦ Nov. 4 at 10 A.M.: This sale of Impressionist and modern works of art on paper is a bracing reminder of how much art owes to war. Klee painted "Mit den 4 Blauen Flecken" (1917), a brutally disturbed landscape, during down hours as an airfield guard during World War I; the manic "Mordbrenner" (1930) is an even more direct cogitation on catastrophe. The sale also serves up that great antidote to war and death—sex—with Picasso single-handedly balancing the scales. "Deux Dessins Érotiques," from early in his career, would be difficult to describe in polite company; as for "Homme et Femme," a brazen scene drawn when Picasso was nearing ninety, the title says it all. ♦ Nov. 4 at 11:30 A.M. and 2: The sale of Impressionist and modern art continues as a study in contrasts: Picasso the classicist ("Tête de Communiante") vs. Picasso the Cubist ("Femme Assise"); the taut compression of Rodin's "Le Penseur" vs. the showy bawdiness of Matisse's "Nu Campé, Bras sur la Tête"; Soutine the bold colorist ("Les Gorges du Loup") vs. Soutine of the classic still-life ("Nature Morte aux Poivrons et aux Carottes"). (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.)

SWANN

Nov. 4 at 10:30 A.M.: An almost Byzantine aura surrounds a fifteenth-century print of the Virgin and Child from the German School, Lot No. 1 in an auction of a hundred Old Master prints. (104 E. 25th St. 212-254-4710.)

DOYLE

Nov. 9 at 10 A.M.: Books, autographs, and maps, including a selection of Americana. ♦ Nov. 9 at noon: A sale of Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. (175 E. 87th St. 212-427-2730.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

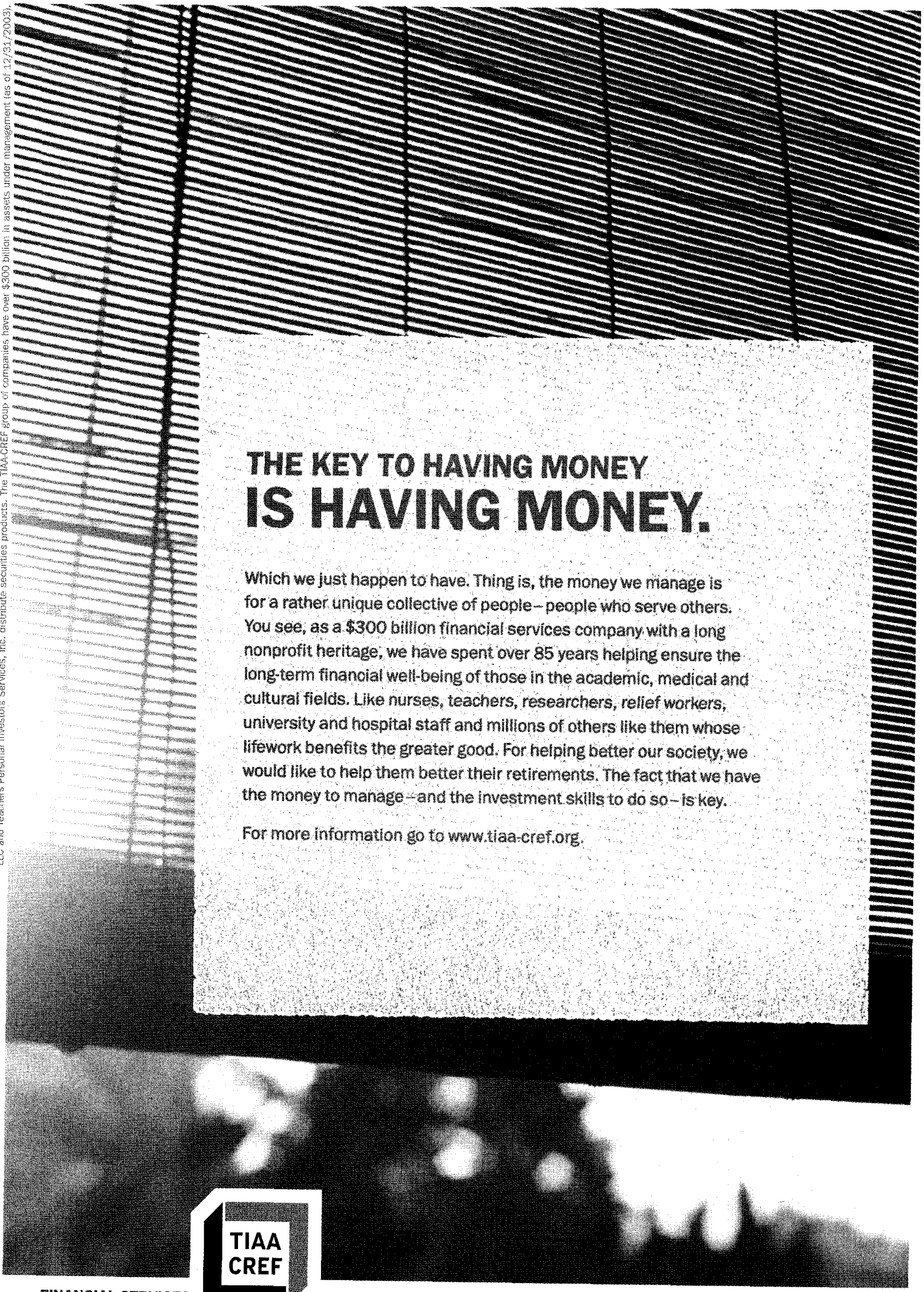
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA

Nov. 3 and Nov. 6 at 8: The Met entrusts a revival of Franco Zeffirelli's colorfully conservative production of the **"Cavalleria Rusticana" / "Pagliacci"** double bill to Dennis Russell Davies, a literal-minded conductor most admired for his work in contemporary music. Mascagni's "Cav" features Eva Urbanová (Santuzza), Jossie Pérez, Jane Shaulis, Fabio Armiliato (Turiddu), and Frederick Burchinal; Leoncavallo's "Pag" includes Daniela Dessì, Vladimir Galouzine (a formidable Canio), Juan Pons (a veteran Tonio), Mariusz Kwiecien, and Philippe Castagner. ♦ Nov. 4 at 8 and Nov. 9 at 7:30: **"Carmen,"** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Irina Mishura (in the title role), Fabio Armiliato (as Don José), and Ildar Abdrazakov; Paul Nadler conducts. ♦ Nov. 5 at 8: **"La Bohème,"** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Ainhoa Arteta, Marcelo Álvarez, and Peter Mattei; Daniel Oren. ♦ Nov. 6 at 1:30: **"Aida,"** featuring Fiorenza Cedolins (in the title role), Dolora Zajick, Eduardo Villa, Anooshah Golesorkhi, and Kwangchul Youn; Marcello Viotti. ♦ Nov. 8 at 8: **"I Vespri Siciliani,"** the sprawling and uneven opus that Verdi reluctantly fashioned for the Paris Opera in 1855, has more than a few moments of genius in it, and John Dexter's 1974 production, designed by the formidable Josef Svoboda, cast them in a stark and unforgiving light. (The story, which concerns the thirteenth-century domination of Sicily by the Normans, is as bloodthirsty as grand opera gets.) Not seen in twenty-two years, its signature staircase set returns to the house with a cast lead by Sondra Radvanovsky, Francisco Casanova, Leo Nucci, and Samuel Ramey; Frédéric Chaslin. (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

Nov. 3 and Nov. 9 at 7:30 and Nov. 6 at 1:30: Salman Rushdie wrote his novel **"Haroun and the Sea of Stories"**—which the composer Charles Wuorinen has made into a new opera—while in hiding after the Ayatollah Khomeini issued his death warrant for the author, in 1989. The story, preserved in James Fenton's libretto, uses the language of children's literature (its characters have names like Princess Batcheat and Butt the Busdriver) to tell a serious story about the importance of creative freedom. Mark Lamos directs the New York City Opera's world-première production, which features Heather Buck (as the young boy Haroun), Peter Strummer, Joel Sorensen, James Schaffner, Ryan MacPherson, Wilbur Pauley, and Michael Zegarski; George Manahan conducts. ♦ Nov. 5 at 8 and Nov. 7 at 1:30: **"La Traviata,"** with Maria Kanyova, Eric Fennell, and Grant Youngblood; Atsushi Yamada. (These are the final performances.) ♦ Nov. 6 at 8: **"The Marriage of Figaro"** returns, with Sharon Rostorf-Zamir, Orla Boylan, Jennifer Rivera, Joel Sorensen, David Pittsinger, Paulo Szot, and Jan Opalach; Steven Mosteller. (New York State Theatre. 212-870-5570.)



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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK VIRTUOSI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Kenneth Klein leads his players (along with the soprano Camellia Johnson) in music by Barber ("Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance"), Gershwin, Gould, and Copland ("Quiet City" and the second volume of "Old American Songs"), as well as a selection of spirituals. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Nov. 4 at 8.)

DRESDEN PHILHARMONIC
Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, a colorful veteran, leads the distinguished ensemble in a pair of Brahms programs. Nov. 7 at 3: The Violin Concerto (with Julia Fischer) and the First Symphony. ♦ Nov. 8 at 8: Brahms's "German Requiem," one of the most inclusive (and deeply moving) religious works in the repertory, is a highlight of Lincoln Center's fall Brahms series; de Burgos and his orchestra are joined by the soprano Twyla Robinson, the baritone Nathan Gunn, and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-721-6500.)

RECITALS

BARGEMUSIC
Nov. 4-5 at 7:30: The violinist Mark Peskanov and the pianist Katya Mihailova team up for an all-Schubert program. ♦ Nov. 6 at 7:30 and Nov. 7 at 4: Mikhail Kopelman, once of the Tokyo String Quartet, leads his Kopelman Quartet in a slate of Russian works by Prokofiev, Myaskovsky, and Tchaikovsky (the richly emotive Quartet No. 3 in E-Flat Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

ESART TRIO BERLIN
The group, as part of Carnegie Hall's "Distinctive Débuts" series, offers piano trios by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 70, No. 2), Dvořák, and Wolfgang Rihm. A reception follows. (Weill Recital Hall. 212-247-7800. Nov. 5 at 7:30.)

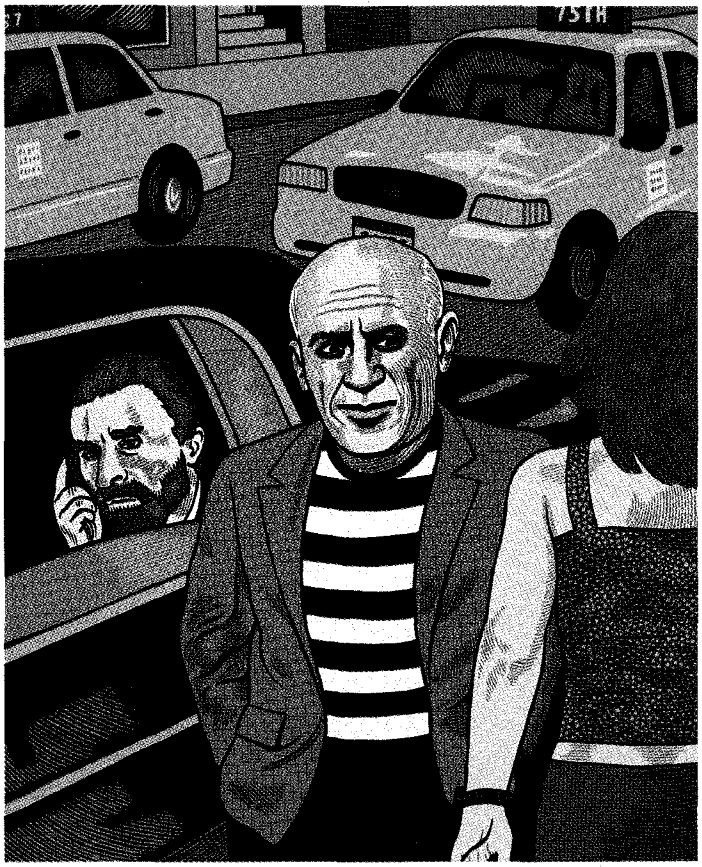
NEW YORK COLLEGIUM
An all-Charpentier program from the early-music collective, marking the tercentenary of his death, includes the motets "The Death of Saul and Jonathan" and "The Prodigal Son." (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. 212-717-9246. Nov. 5 at 8.)

PARTHENIA AND PAUL O'DETTE
The New York viol group joins the world's foremost lutenist to perform Dowland's complete "Lachrimae," published four hundred years ago. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 212-358-5942. Nov. 5 at 8.)

MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Nov. 5 at 7: It was with the music of Scriabin, among others, that the pianist Ruth Laredo made her name back in the nineteen-seventies, and a selection of Scriabin's works (including the Piano Sonata No. 9, "Black Mass") will grace the first of three concerts-with-commentary devoted to the Russian classics. In this concert, Laredo is joined by the soprano Courtenay Budd for a clutch of Rachmaninoff songs, and by members of the St. Petersburg String Quartet for a performance of Shostakovich's Piano Trio No. 2. ♦ Nov. 6 at 8: This season's Czech cavalcade continues, courtesy of the Guarneri String Quartet and the bassist Orin O'Brien, who perform Dvořák's bumptious String Quintet in G Major on a program that also includes the dulcet Terzetto in C Major, as well as Ravel's String Quartet. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 212-570-3949.)

MILLER THEATRE: MUSIC BY TANIA LEÓN
George Steel's latest "Composer Portrait" concert is devoted to the rhythmically volatile music of this gifted Cuban-American composer, who came roaring out of the nineteen-eighties but whose profile has been quieter since. The ensemble Mosaic (featuring the percussionist Daniel Druckman) performs six of her pieces, including the New York première of "Azulejos." (Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 212-254-7799. Nov. 6 at 8.)

TRULS MØRK
Kathryn Stott accompanies the versatile cellist in sonatas for cello and piano by Chopin, Prokofiev, and Prokofiev's obscure friend Myaskovsky (who's having a good week), along with Janáček's "Fairy Tale." (Alice Tully Hall. 212-721-6500. Nov. 7 at 2.)



Erotic drawings by Picasso, along with a major work by van Gogh ("Le Pont de Trinquetaille"), are on auction at Christie's this week.

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

AN DIE MUSIK
Bruce Adolphe's "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" (complete with narration) leads off a lovely program of Beethoven (including the Piano Quartet in E-Flat Major) and Martinů (the "Madrigals," for violin and viola). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Nov. 7 at 4.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
The violinist Jennifer Frautschi, the cellist Fred Sherry, and the pianist Anne-Marie McDermott field favorite piano trios by Beethoven, Mendelssohn (in D Minor, Op. 49), and Brahms (in B Major, Op. 8). (Alice Tully Hall. 212-875-5788. Nov. 7 at 5 and Nov. 9 at 7:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

BARD MUSIC FESTIVAL: "SHOSTAKOVICH AND HIS WORLD"
Leon Botstein's massive summer festival devoted to the music of the twentieth century's most popular composer finally winds up, with a weekend that includes performances by the Emerson String Quartet and the American Symphony Orchestra (playing the Symphony No. 7, "Leningrad"). (Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. 845-758-7900. Nov. 5-7. For details, see www.bard.edu/bmf.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

CURRENT EVENTS
Fishmongers have been hawking their products in lower Manhattan since the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1869, they moved into a permanent building at the edge of the East River, where schooners could unload their catch. Over the years, airplanes and tractor trailers have replaced the boats, but if you happen upon the market before dawn it's easy to get the feeling that, despite the fluorescent lighting and motorized forklifts, you've stepped back in time. By the end of the year, though, this bit of Manhattan waterfront life will be history—the market is moving to a new, state-of-the-art home at Hunts Point, in the Bronx. The South Street Seaport Museum, the market's neighbor, marks the occasion with a special series of events. On Nov. 10 at 7, the museum presents a reading of works by Joseph Mitchell, that great chronicler of the fishing trade. Naima Rauam, an artist who's had her studio in the market for many years and has made it the subject of her painting, talks about her watercolor techniques on Nov. 17 at 7. Best of all, the museum is extending its early-morning tours of the market through the end of the year. They take place on the first and the third Wednesdays of the month, from 6 to 7:15 A.M. (For more information, call 212-748-8786.)

"EDITIONS/ARTISTS' BOOK FAIR '04"
The downtown musicians Thurston Moore and DJ Spooky perform at the opening of this year's gathering, which features more than forty dealers of prints and artist's books. (601 W. 26th St. Nov. 4 from 5 to 8, Nov. 5-6 from 11 to 7, and Nov. 7 from 11 to 4. For more information, call 212-925-0325.)

READINGS
Nov. 4 at 7:30: The Poetry Society of America's "Acclaimed/Emerging" series presents Rae Armantrout, Franz Wright, and Katy Lederer. (Wollman Auditorium, New School, 65 W. 11th St. For more information, call 212-254-9628.) ♦ Nov. 8 at 8: John Ashbery, Arden Corbett, Anne Dunne, and other poets read from the letters of James Schuyler, a selection of which were just published by Turtle Point Press. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) ♦ Nov. 8 at 8: The director André Gregory, the writer Janet Malcolm, and the actor Larry Pine mark the centennial of Anton Chekhov's death with a reading of selections from his plays and short stories. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500.)

TALKS
Nov. 3 at 6:30: Louis Begley, Wayne Koestenbaum, Judith Thurman, and other contributors to "The Proust Project," a new book in which writers reveal their favorite parts of "In Search of Lost Time," meet with the compilation's editor, André Aciman, to discuss the French master. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For more information, call 212-930-0855.) ♦ Nov. 3 at 7:30: The *New Yorker* cartoonist David Sipress interviews his colleagues Barbara Smaller, Victoria Roberts, and Huguette Martel. (Dixon Place Veteran Series at the Marquee, 356 Bowery, at Great Jones St. 212-219-0736, ext. 106.) ♦ Nov. 6 at 8: Dick Cavett joins the veteran political satirists Shelley Berman, Bill Dana, Irwin Corey, Dick Gregory, and Mort Sahl for an election-season postmortem. (Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, Lehman College, the Bronx. 718-960-8833.)

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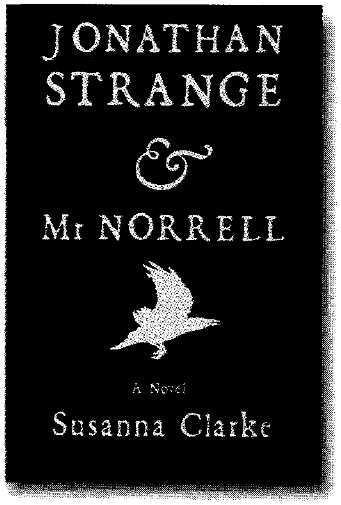
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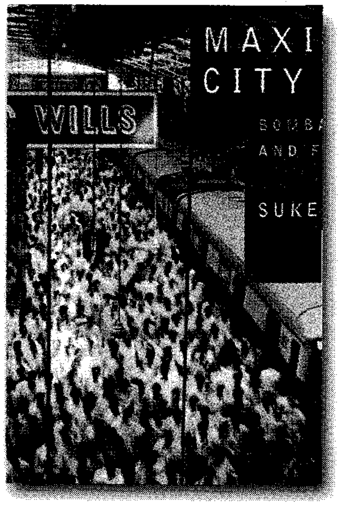
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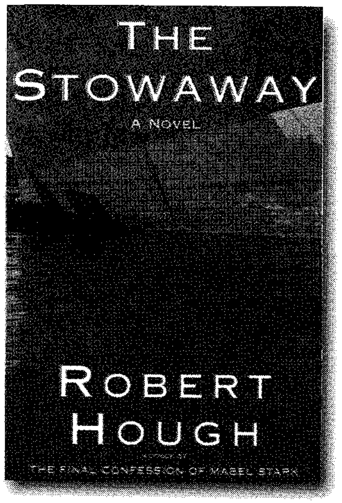
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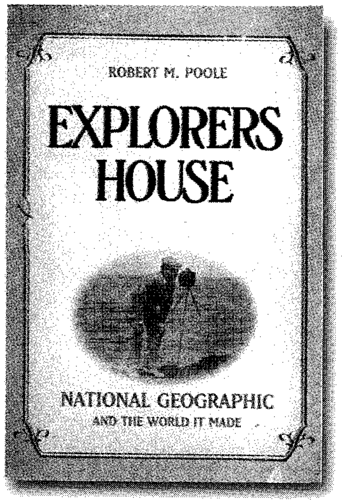
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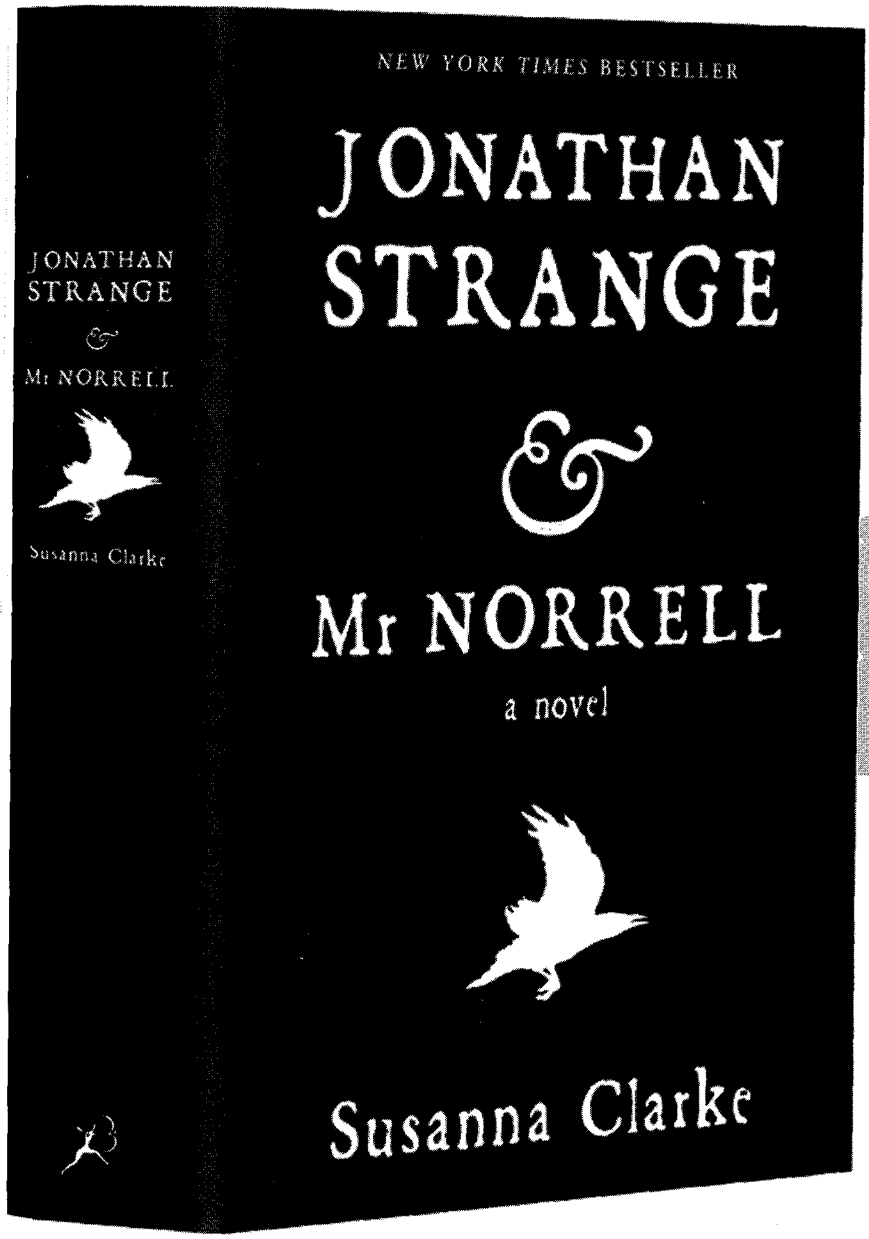
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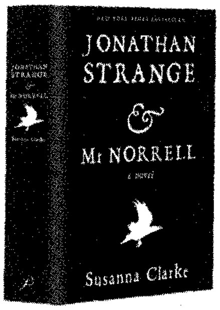
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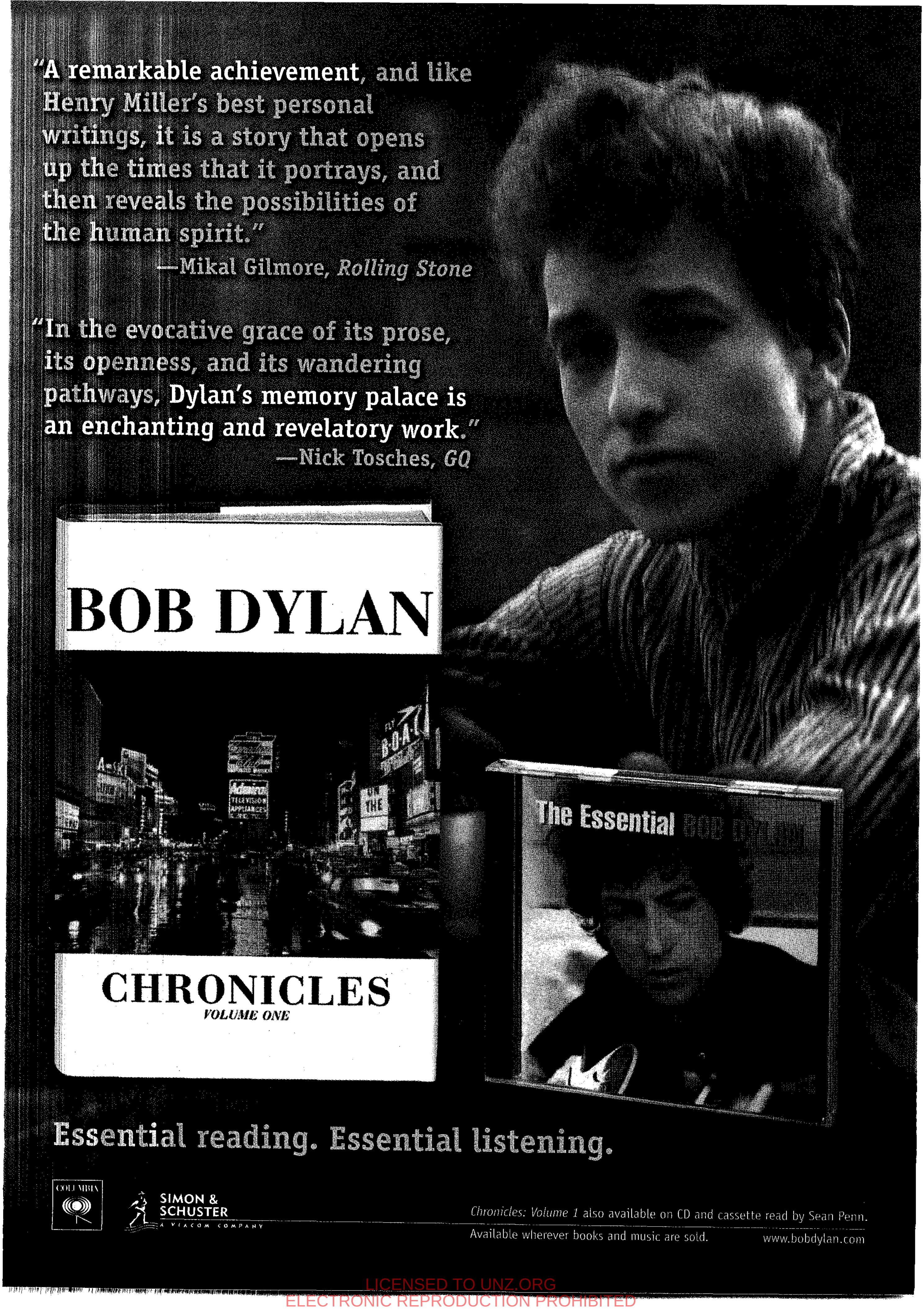

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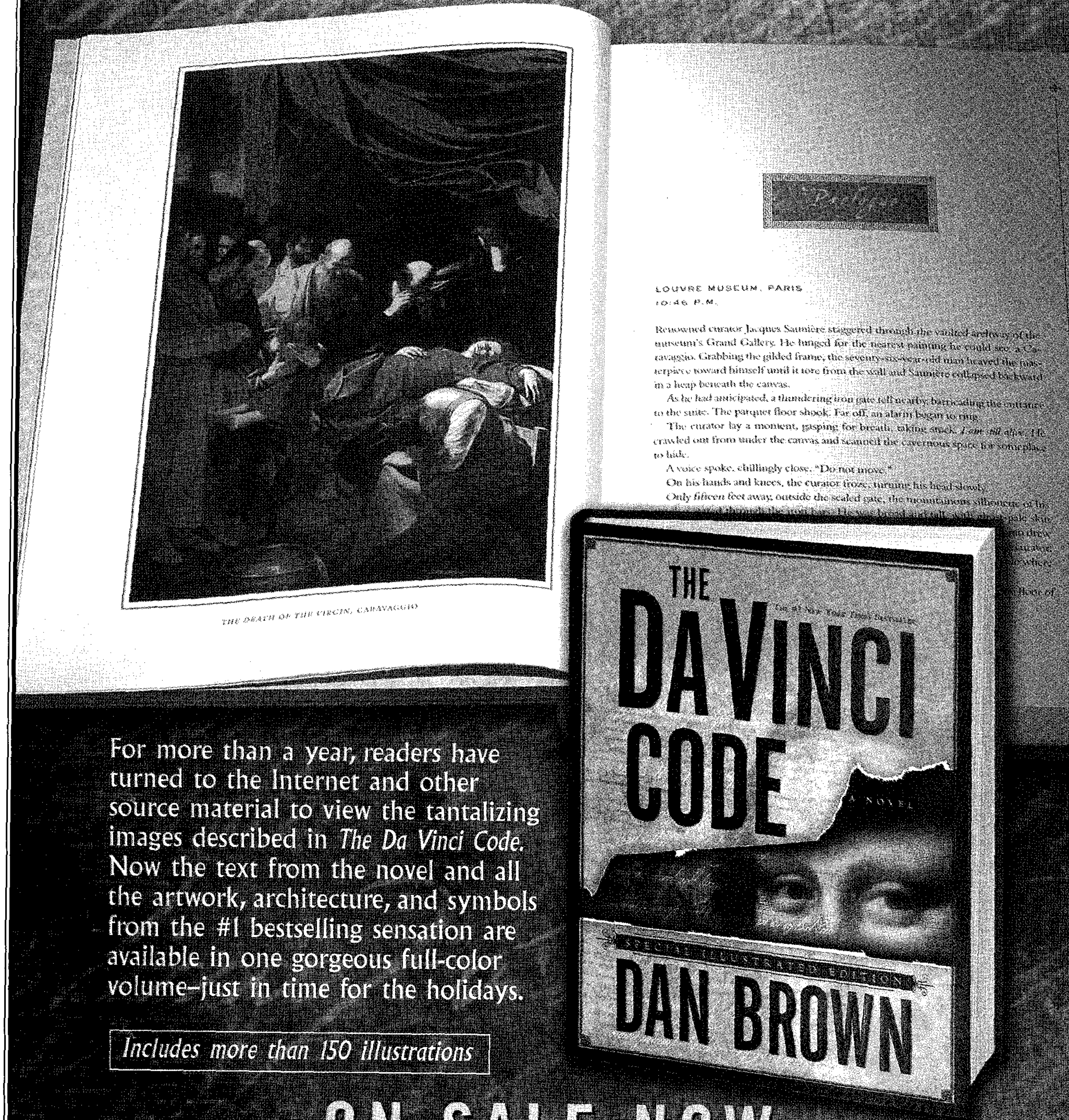

LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS
10:46 P.M.

Renowned curator Jacques Saunière staggered through the vaulted archway of the museum's Grand Gallery. He lunged for the nearest painting he could see, a Caravaggio. Grabbing the gilded frame, the seventy-six-year-old man heaved the masterpiece toward himself until it tore from the wall and Saunière collapsed backward in a heap beneath the canvas.

As he had anticipated, a thundering iron gate fell nearby, barricading the entrance to the suite. The parquet floor shook. Far off, an alarm began to ring.

The curator lay a moment, gasping for breath, taking stock. *I am still alive.* He crawled out from under the canvas and scanned the cavernous space for someplace to hide.

A voice spoke, chillingly close. "Do not move."

On his hands and knees, the curator froze, turning his head slowly.

Only fifteen feet away, outside the sealed gate, the mountainous silhouette of his

For more than a year, readers have turned to the Internet and other source material to view the tantalizing images described in *The Da Vinci Code.* Now the text from the novel and all the artwork, architecture, and symbols from the #1 bestselling sensation are available in one gorgeous full-color volume–just in time for the holidays.

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MOVIES OPENING

ALFIE
Jude Law plays the titular English playboy, in a remake set in New York City. With Marisa Tomei, Nia Long, Sienna Miller, and Susan Sarandon. Directed by Charles Shyer. Opening Nov. 5.

BEAR CUB
Miguel Albaladejo's comedic drama is about a homosexual dentist who takes care of his nephew. In Spanish. Opening Nov. 5. (Angelika Film Center.)

BROTHER TO BROTHER
Rodney Evans directed this story of a young gay black artist who learns about the Harlem Renaissance through the recollections of an elderly poet. Opening Nov. 5. (Cinema Village.)

THE INCREDIBLES
A Pixar animated movie written and directed by Brad Bird ("The Iron Giant"), in which a family of superheroes try to live a quiet life in suburbia. With voices by Samuel L. Jackson, Sarah Vowell, Holly Hunter, and others. Opening Nov. 5.

STILL, THE CHILDREN ARE HERE
Dinaz Stafford directed this documentary about the Garos of Meghalaya, a society of isolated rice farmers living in northeastern India. In Garo. Opening Nov. 3. (Film Forum.)

FILM NOTES

BEING JULIA
It's easy to forget about the talent of Annette Bening—she makes a movie and then disappears for a while to take care of the Beatty clan (four children, plus Warren). Those who seek out this film can revel once again in her actorly grace. It's a thirties period piece, in which Bening plays a limelight-loving actress who is having an affair with a selfish youth (Shaun Evans). Jeremy Irons shines in the role of her stage-manager husband, and the story, based on a Somerset Maugham novel, brims with sardonic humor. István Szabó's direction may lack the spark to ignite the story's true histrionics, but Bening delivers such joie de vivre that the lacklustre camerawork hardly matters.—*Bruce Diones* (Paris and Union Square.)

BIRTH
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 1, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

ENDURING LOVE
Ian McEwan's 1988 novel has been freely adapted by Joe Penhall, and the result is directed with customary grace by Roger Michell; whether their efforts were worthwhile, or well advised, is seriously open to question. Nobody can doubt the perilous verve of the opening, in which Joe (Daniel Craig) and his girlfriend, Claire (Samantha Morton), witness a fatal balloon accident in an English field. From here on, though, the drama deflates, and we are left with the grinding, post-traumatic account of a relationship on the skids, set in a London that feels sickly with rain and spent light. Also on hand, like a bad angel, is Jed (Rhys Ifans), who was there as the balloon crashed and who subsequently makes it his mission to stalk the unfortunate Joe, apparently in the name of love. We are meant to ponder the various facets of passion, from the creepy to the domestic, as they glint throughout the film, yet one's overwhelming response is irritation—even at the climax, Joe seems either too stunned or too reflective to act as he should, and his stone-faced antiheroism is hard to take. Possibly the unfunniest movie of the year. With Corin Redgrave and Bill Nighy.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 11/1/04.) (Lincoln Square and Union Square.)

KAREN CALDICOTT

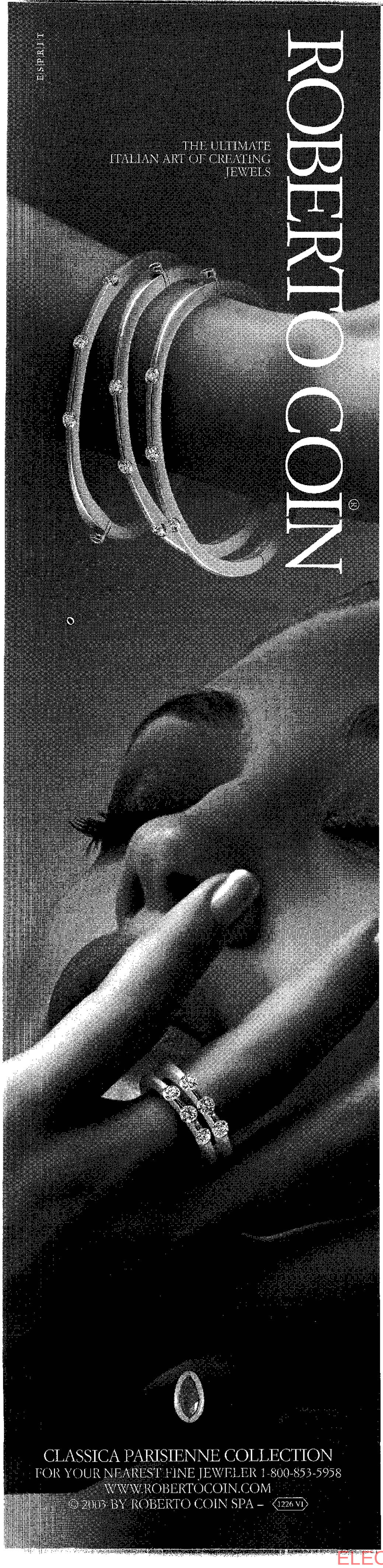
FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
Buzz Bissinger's remarkable book about a high-school football team in Texas oil country gets a worthy, slightly rock-video adaptation in the hands of the director Peter Berg. Sure, there are plenty of shots of the players staring intently at the field and swooping bird's-eye views of the stadium, but Berg pays attention to the story's harsher details, too—the "For Sale" signs planted in front of the coach's house when he loses a big game, a wrenching scene in which an African-American player breaks down after a devastating knee injury. By shooting the film in closeup, with a jittery frame and a documentary feel, Berg conveys the future-blinding intensity of small-town high-school sports, at a time when a seventeen-year-old can really believe that his life is peaking on the fifty-yard line. The cast of players includes Derek Luke, Lucas Black, and Garrett Hedlund. With Billy Bob Thornton as the coach.—*Michael Agger* (Battery Park 11, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

Bob Parr (a.k.a. Mr. Incredible) in "The Incredibles."

THE GRUDGE
Here's a new one: the Japanese horror film "Ju-on" gets its tepid Hollywood makeover by its *original* director, Takashi Shimizu. The movie is your standard haunted-house boilerplate, with an American exchange student in Tokyo (Sarah Michelle Gellar) out to solve the mystery. There are rattling sounds, dark shadows, and the always reliable sightings of ghosts (in this case a zombified boy). As Gellar chases the nasty demons around, people keep entering the house and the body count rises. There's no plot to speak of, and no real terror, just a collection of nicely photographed scenes.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 11, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

HEARTS AND MINDS
A timely, not to say provocative, rerelease for Peter Davis's Vietnam War documentary, which should open the eyes of anybody who thinks that the potent, lopsided polemic was the creation of Michael Moore. As with "Fahrenheit 9/11," the images chop and clatter into one another, driving home the force of the dialectic: a typical Vietnamese figure is a smiling monk, whereas the American temperament is represented by a football coach urging his team to go out and kill the opposition. But the movie, released in 1974, also had the advantage of being able to catch history while it was still fresh; there are interviews with General William Westmoreland and the former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford (whose view of the conflict underwent a drastic change once he realized, in conversation with military chiefs, that it was not just open-ended but unwinnable) and with the patiently weeping victims of a bombing offensive. Most startling of all are the conversations with American soldiers, as they toy absentmindedly with naked Vietnamese women—from here to the spaced-out bloodlust of "Apocalypse Now" is but a short step. Comparisons with any current war, however, should be approached with extreme caution.—*A.L.* (11/1/04) (Film Forum; Nov. 3-4.)

I ♥ HUCKABEES
David O. Russell's new satire is an authentic disaster peppered with many odd and brilliant moments. The characters, skittering along the edges of the frame, speak only about Big Ideas, quarrel at the drop of a non sequitur, and have sex in uncomfortable places. The hero, one Albert Markovski (Jason Schwartzman), is the head of an open-spaces conservation group, and he makes a deal with a rising young executive (Jude Law) at Huckabees, a superstore chain, to preserve some woods. Yet Albert, a surly little hysteric, feels lost, so he hires two "existential detectives" (Dustin Hoffman and Lily Tomlin) to find out what's wrong with him. The true existentialist, however, is Caterine Vauban (Isabelle Huppert), a sexy *philosophe* in a limo who believes that life (as it says on her business card) is "cruelty, manipulation, meaninglessness." She and Albert make love on a log. There's much more, all of it devoted to a quarrel between two philosophical viewpoints—that everything is connected and that everything is separate. With Mark Wahlberg, who is touching and funny as a fireman with nothing on his mind but petroleum. Jeff Baena worked on the garrulous screenplay with Russell.—*David Denby* (10/4/04) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 11, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)



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THE MACHINIST
Christian Bale lost a third of his body weight for this hallucinogenic thriller about a sleep-deprived industrial worker with a guilty conscience. His emaciated frame is hard to watch, and the cinematography doesn't help matters. Shot in shades of green and yellow, the film has a gangrenous quality that enhances the level of foreboding. The over-all effect is gripping, like the flu.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center.)

THE MOTORCYCLE DIARIES
In 1952, a medical student called Ernesto Guevara de la Serna (Gael García Bernal) teamed up with his friend Alberto Granado (Rodrigo de la Serna), a biochemist, and journeyed eight thousand miles through South America. The tale of their travels is the basis for Walter Salles's ravishing, suggestive, and faintly superfluous film. Both young men are of middle-class Argentinean stock, and Ernesto has a girlfriend so rich and beautiful that her family's estate, as Alberto notes, looks like Switzerland. If he had stayed with her, Latin-American history might have taken a more placid turn; instead, Ernesto remounted his motorbike, headed into the Andes, and began the determined process of turning into Che Guevara. The film is sprinkled with gestures toward that future, especially when the two men work at a leper colony on the Amazon, but the foreshadowing doesn't always convince; the sequence in which they meet a pair of wandering Communists on the road and drink in the saga of their suffering is biographically accurate, yet it feels dramatically forced. In the end, the film might best be read as a high-class, episodic buddy picture, with the tubby, more skeptical Alberto (he's like a young Robert Donat) observing with interest the spark of indignation—and the air of chaste reticence—in his impossibly handsome pal.—*A.L.* (9/27/04) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 11, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Sunshine Cinema.)

NEAR DARK
The vampires here are a gang of outlaws travelling by van, drifting around the country, hibernating in motels during the sunlight hours. Most of the time they pick off a chance victim, but when they're really bloodthirsty they take over a roadside bar and slaughter everybody in it. This 1987 thriller, directed by Kathryn Bigelow, has a nocturnal, erotic atmosphere, shards of wit, and some better performances than are customary in the genre. And it becomes more intense as it goes along. Vampirism is reversible here, so the characters' fates aren't sealed, and this allows for curiosity about what will happen to the melancholy heroine, appealingly played by Jenny Wright. Bill Paxton, as the most rambunctious of the gang, has a biker's gusto that energizes his scenes.—*Pauline Kael* (Walter Reade Theatre; Nov. 6.)

ON THE WATERFRONT
The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions, and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but this 1954 production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Some of Brando's scenes, such as his having a beer with Eva Marie Saint in a bar and his conversation with Rod Steiger in a car, have real vibration. (The latter one has been imitated to the point of notoriety.) The attempt at dynamic Christian symbolism and Karl Malden's big scenes as a conscientious priest are far below the imaginative level of the simpler, more realistic scenes, and Kazan hypes up the hollowest parts of the melodrama, achieving some effects of shrieking emptiness. (In order to have a triumphant, audience-pleasing finish, what actually happened has been falsified; the model for Terry Malloy did not succeed in toppling the crooked bosses.) It's a near-great film, though. Score by Leonard Bernstein; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; based on articles by Malcolm Johnson. With Lee J. Cobb as an avaricious union boss.—*P.K.* (Film Forum; Nov. 5-9.)

PRIMER
A talky, fascinating sci-fi thriller about a group of engineers who begin fiddling with the space-time continuum. The writer and director Shane Carruth's practically no-budget story may be short on special effects, but the rapid-fire philosophical patter of his script (What is the nature of the universe? What are the moral implications of changing the past?) would meet with the approval of both Rod Serling and Carl Sagan.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center and Empire 25.)

P.S.
The second feature film from Dylan Kidd, who leapt to our attention with the scurrilous "Roger Dodger." The new picture stars Laura Linney as a mousy director of admissions at Columbia, who, one day, refines her selection process by having sex with a young applicant (Topher Grace). The reason for this unorthodox approach is that he shares a name with a former sweetheart of hers, now dead; as motives go, it doesn't sound that strong, and you wouldn't trust her with a phone directory, but still. The rest of the movie hovers and quavers around that initial act. The heroine's ex-husband (Gabriel Byrne) confesses to his own carnal excess, looking none too pleased about it; her best friend (Marcia Gay Harden), understandably intrigued, arrives in town and introduces the now bewildered student to her cleavage; and the kid himself stays cool, presumably wondering what these messed-up adults are so concerned about. He has a point. Kidd's film lacks the bite and nerve of its predecessor; it glides along in the service of a whiny wistfulness. As a guide to college-entrance procedures, of course, it's unsurpassed.—*A.L.* (10/18/04) (Empire 25 and Village East Cinemas.)

RAY
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Battery Park 11, Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

SHAUN OF THE DEAD
It is only natural to be scared of zombies, and to prevent them from laying waste to your home. A more relaxing approach, however, is to be bored and vaguely annoyed by them, or, better still, not to notice them in the first place. This is the premise of Edgar Wright's British comedy, which may be responsible for kicking off a new and specialized genre of slacker horror. Shaun (Simon Pegg) lives a supremely uneventful life, which revolves around his girlfriend (Kate Ashfield), his mother (Penelope Wilton), and, above all, his local pub. This gentle routine is threatened when the dead return to life and make strenuous attempts to snack on ordinary Londoners. The finale, in which the pub turns into an Alamo, is the bloodiest, most orthodox, and least witty part of the movie; far sharper are the early scenes in which Shaun wanders happily to the local store along a battered, zombie-dotted street and pulps his attackers with a cricket bat. The central joke is so snappy and well sustained that you barely catch sight of the ominous vision on offer: a country that already feels like death.—*A.L.* (9/27/04) (Empire 25 and Union Square.)

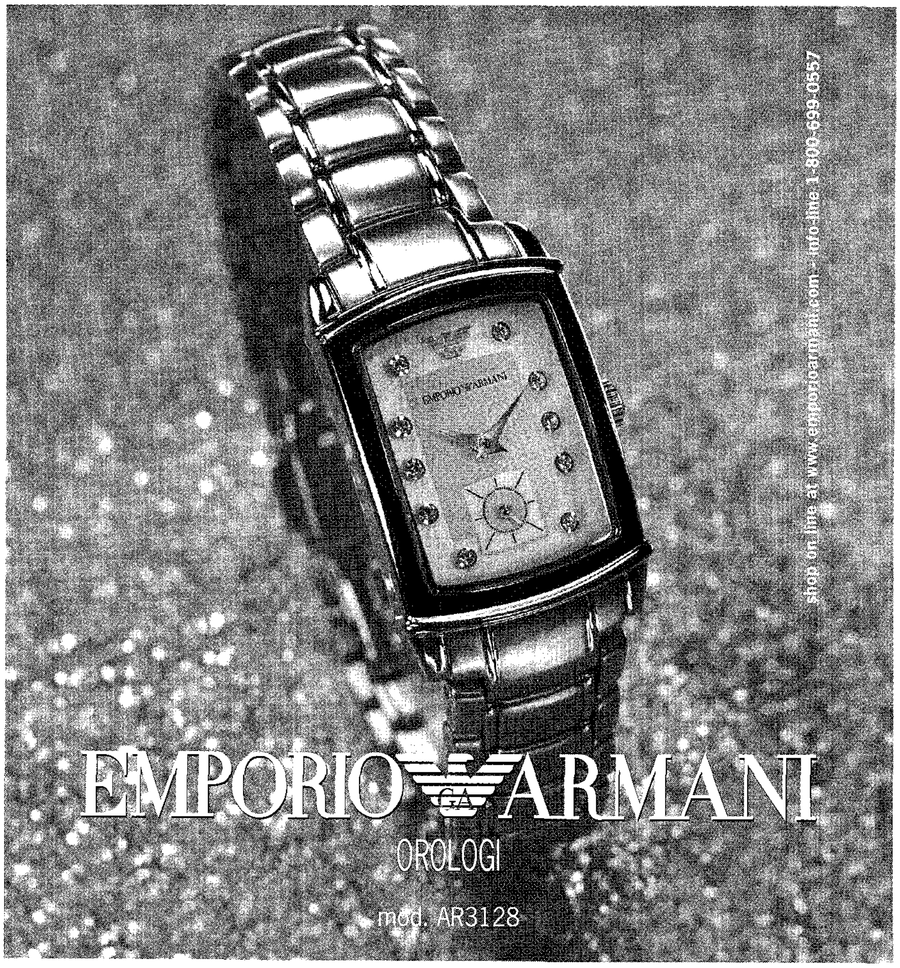
SIDEWAYS
Paul Giamatti has no chin to speak of, a round-shouldered physique, and the nervous smile of a craven dog. He's the anti-ideal of the American male, and he's making a brilliant career of it. In this wonderful new movie by the team of Alexander Payne (writer-director) and Jim Taylor (co-writer), Giamatti plays Miles, a failed novelist around forty who takes off for a wine-tasting tour with his buddy Jack (Thomas Haden Church), a washed-up TV actor who is about to get married. What starts as a last fling at freedom becomes for the two men—but centrally for Miles—a confrontation with middle age and stasis. Miles is a bibliophile, a cinephile, and an oenophile. Jack, however, couldn't care less—in every way, he's blissfully undiscriminating.

On the road, the men meet Maya (Virginia Madsen), a divorced graduate student who works as a waitress, and Stephanie (Sandra Oh), a sexy "pour girl." The music and the camera setups are at times pedestrian, but the rest of "Sideways" is vivid and bitterly funny. A comedy poised on the edge of despair, the picture asks the question: How do you stop moving sideways? Or, more metaphorically: Won't a Cheval Blanc '61, if left too long on the shelf, begin to lose its savor?—*D.D.* (10/25/04) (Empire 25, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)

STAGE BEAUTY
Billy Crudup, with a slender waist, long lashes, and a bit of a flirtatious pucker, is Ned Kynaston, the reigning Desdemona, Ophelia, and Juliet of the early Restoration period. When the theatre-loving Charles II decrees that henceforth women shall play women, Kynaston is replaced by his dresser, Maria (Claire Danes), who imitates his stylized, Kabuki-like "female" gestures and isn't very good as a woman. Can the homosexual Kynaston play a man onstage? Or in bed? This coarse-grained semi-successor to "Shakespeare in Love" is roistering and appetitive, and the camera rushes about meaninglessly (the theatre director Richard Eyre seems to be demonstrating that he can be as "cinematic" as anyone). Crudup doesn't do badly in the role, but one feels sorry for him—people are always pulling up Kynaston's gown and reaching for his member to see if he's really a man. The movie is unconvincing and graceless, and weirdly anachronistic and overexplicit about gender issues. With Tom Wilkinson as a theatre manager and the dreadful, movie-wrecking Rupert Everett as Charles II. The American writer Jeffrey Hatcher adapted his own play.—*D.D.* (10/11/04) (Chelsea West, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and Sunshine Cinema.)

TARNATION
"Notes from the Underground" hits the age of the iMac, and it's not a pretty sight. Jonathan Caouette is a young Texan filmmaker who was raised in dismaying, sometimes brutal, circumstances and who has now trawled through them for evidence. The result is part trip, part secret journal, spliced together into a lurid public memorandum. We learn of his mother, Renee, who, by the time she bore Jonathan, in the early nineteen-seventies, had already suffered electroshock treatment and a violent marriage. Her son was farmed out to foster parents, who maintained the cycle of harm. There is one scene in which, as a boy of eleven, he stages a plaintive drag act, and, watching it, you can barely imagine a more disturbed child; whether such disturbance makes for coherent, let alone tactful, filmmaking is another question. There are moments of graphic beauty here (Gus Van Sant, unsurprisingly, was the executive producer), but also smears of unpleasantness; if the middle-aged, once radiant Renee is now a picture of emotional damage, is it right for a loving son to trap her ravings on camera and put them on show?—*A.L.* (10/18/04) (Film Forum.)

TEAM AMERICA: WORLD POLICE
Trey Parker and Matt Stone, the unruly spirits behind the "South Park" series, return with their second feature film, a satirical extravaganza with an all-puppet cast. The puppets have large, lambent eyes, and, compared to some Hollywood stars, their faces are actually very expressive. Parker and Stone have a lot of devious fun with their helpless toys: they blow them up, feed them to fish, and capture them in gymnastic moments of intimacy (this last stunt almost earned the film an NC-17 rating). The story has a team of U.S. Special Forces flying out of their base inside Mt. Rushmore to find weapons of mass destruction, a scenario that provides plenty of opportunity to send up G.I. Joe heroism, where America is always coming to save the day! Parker and Stone's recklessness has (and evokes) a certain giddiness, but this is satire via body blow. Still, the movie is hilarious, and filled with dare-you-to-laugh moments.—*M.A.* (Battery Park 11, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)



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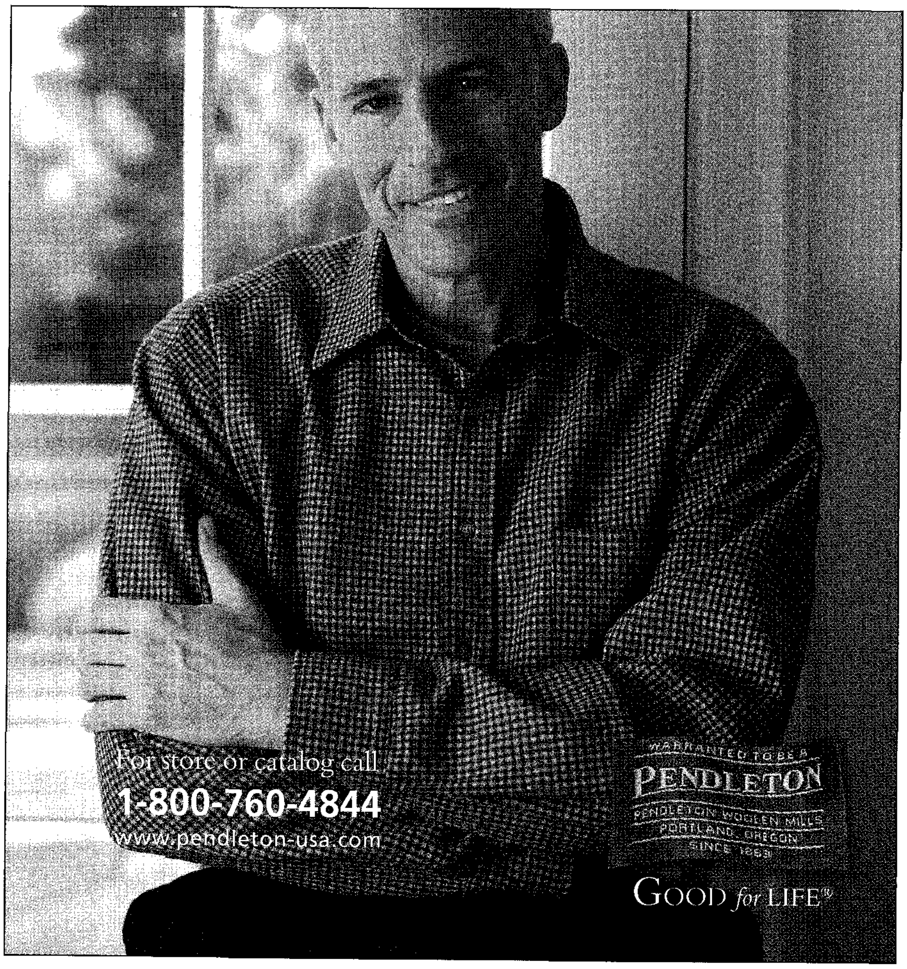

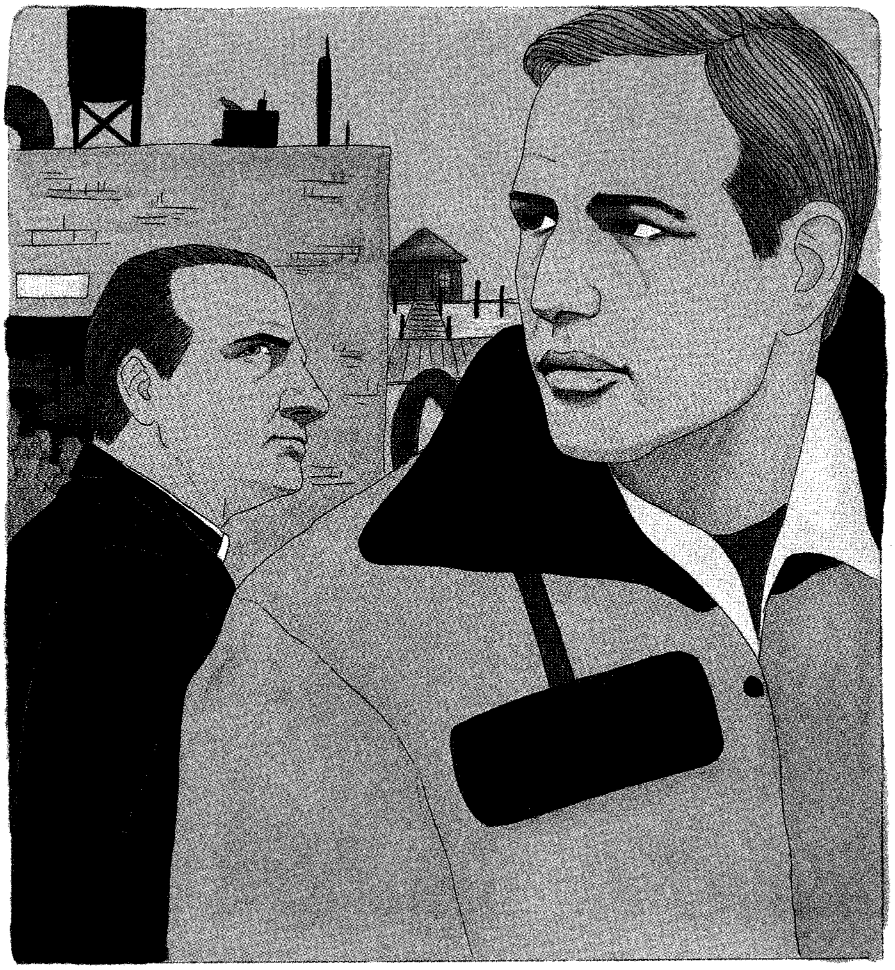

At Film Forum, Karl Malden and Marlon Brando in "On the Waterfront."

LARA TOMLIN

VERA DRAKE
In its limited way, perfect. The title character in Mike Leigh's new movie is a middle-aged cleaning lady (Imelda Staunton) who races through her London working-class neighborhood singing to herself. The time is 1950, and though the dark and depressed city still suffers from wartime austerities Vera brings the light. The short, pudding-faced woman drops in on invalids, offers a few words of sympathy, and then makes her way to the luxurious flats of the wealthy, whose objets d'art and fireplace grills she dusts and polishes, sometimes on her knees. Vera gives of herself freely and easily, and it is precisely in that selfless and attentive way—brisk, efficient, consoling—that, using a tube and a noxious solution, she terminates one unwanted pregnancy after another. Working with an almost preternatural calm, Leigh sets up the repressive and sexually inarticulate atmosphere of the time; Vera's furtive activity is part of an entire system of shadowy reticence and embarrassed dithering. And Leigh captures, without sentimentality or condescension, the grave and stoical spirit of the English working class. The movie is hushed and intense; it evokes an entire way of life. With Phil Davis as Vera's husband, Stan. Photographed, with immaculate fidelity to a dun-colored London, by Dick Pope.—*D.D.* (10/11/04) (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema 2, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, and Lincoln Square.)

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Battery Park 11, Chelsea West, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.
UNDERTOW
Lincoln Square and Union Square.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 212-777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 11, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 66th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800).
Pioneer Theatre, 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182).
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Nov. 5-7 at 7:30: "The Leopard" (1963, Luchino Visconti; in Italian). ♦ Nov. 6-7 at 2: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962, David Lean).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5110)—Nov. 3-4: "George and Mike Kuchar: Anthology Preservations." Nov. 3-4 at 7: "Kuchar Brothers Restorations" (1958-63). ♦ Nov. 3 at 9: Films by Mike Kuchar (1966-2004). ♦ Nov. 4 at 9: New video work by George Kuchar (2003-04). ♦ Nov. 4-7: The Indian Diaspora Film Festival. ♦ Starting Nov. 8: The Swiss American Film Festival.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Repertory favorites. Nov. 3 at 6:50 and 9:15: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1984, Billy Woodberry). ♦ New Czech films. Nov. 4 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Brats" (2002, Zdenek Tyc). ♦ Nov. 5 at 7:30: "Zelary" (2003, Ondrej Trojan). ♦ Nov. 6 at 3:45 and 9:30: "Bored in Brno" (2003, Vladimír Morávek). ♦ Nov. 6 at 6:30: "Faithless Games" (2003, Michaela Pavlátová). ♦ Nov. 7 at 2 and 8: "Sentiment" (2003, Tomás Hejtmánek). ♦ Nov. 7 at 4: "Marketa Lazarová" (1967, Frantisek Vlácil). ♦ Special event. Nov. 8 at 7:30: "Puzzle of a Downfall Child" (1970, Jerry Schatzberg), followed by an interview with the director. ♦ Films made for the French-German TV station ARTE. Nov. 9 at 4:30 and 9:15: "Drôle de Genre" (2003, Jean-Michel Carré; in French). ♦ Nov. 9 at 6:50: "Strong Shoulders" (2003, Ursula Meier; in French).

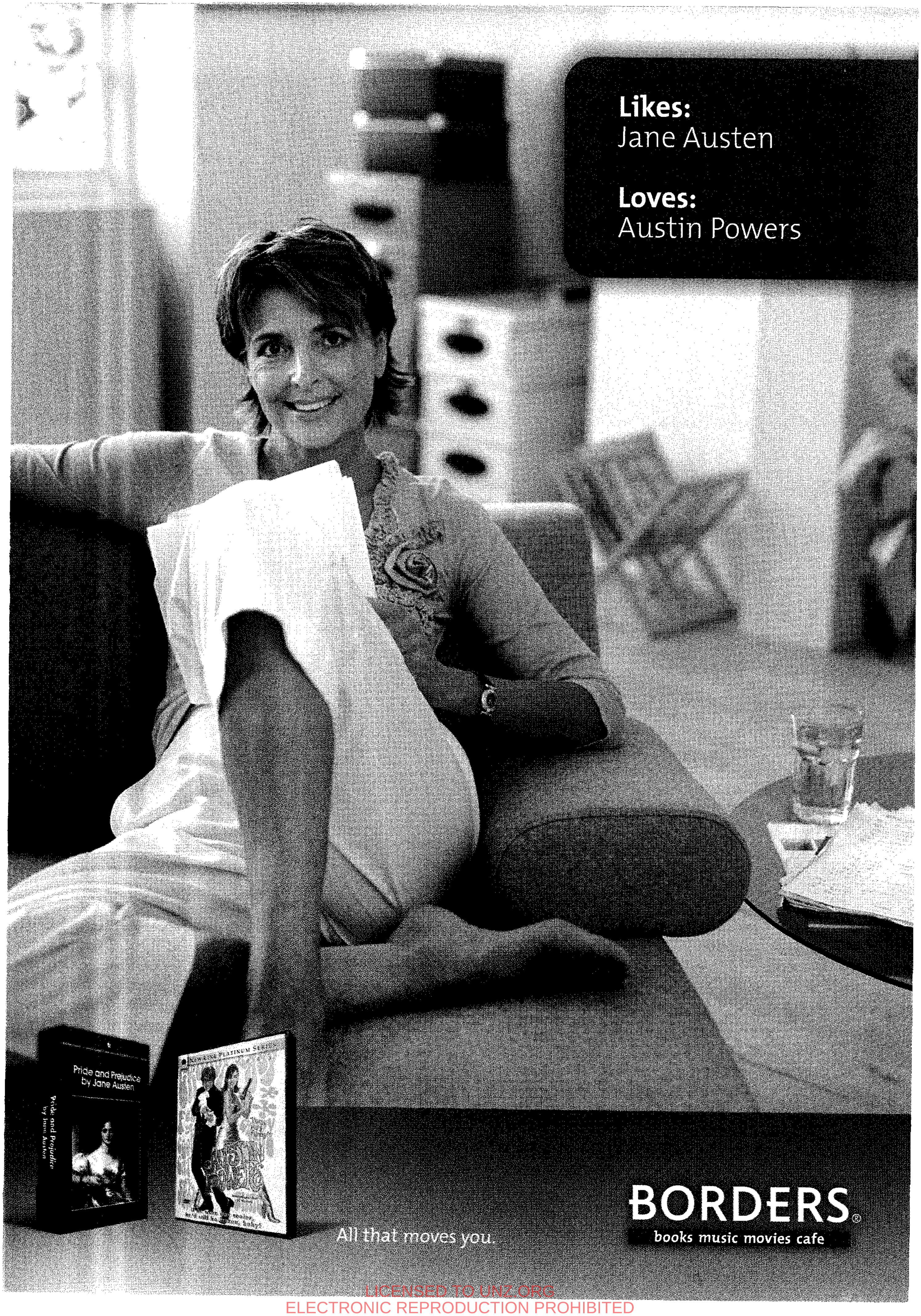
FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Nov. 3-4 at 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, and 9:40: "Hearts and Minds" (†). ♦ Nov. 5-9 at 1:10, 3:15, 5:20, 7:30, and 9:40: "On the Waterfront" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through Nov. 16: "Sisters: Dorléac and Deneuve." Nov. 9 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Dirty Money" (1972, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—Midnight movies. Nov. 5-6: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" (1974, Toby Hooper).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—Through Nov. 28: "The Golden Age of Mexican Melodramas." All films are in Spanish. Nov. 6 at 6: "María Candelaria" (1944, Emilio Fernández). ♦ Nov. 7 at 1: "Salón México" (1949, Fernández).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Nov. 9: "Scary Movies 2: The Horror Continues." Nov. 5 at 2 and 6:30 and Nov. 8 at 3:15: "Who Slew Auntie Roo?" (1971, Curtis Harrington). ♦ Nov. 5 at 4:30 and 9 and Nov. 9 at 3:30: "Suspiria" (1977, Dario Argento). ♦ Nov. 6 at 2 and 6:15: "The Entity" (1982, Sidney J. Furie). ♦ Nov. 6 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Near Dark" (†). ♦ Nov. 7 at 2 and 6: "Vampire Circus" (1971, Robert Young). ♦ Nov. 7 at 4 and 8: "The Vampire and the Ballerina" (1960, Renato Polselli). ♦ Nov. 8 at 6: "Demons of the Mind" (1972, Peter Sykes).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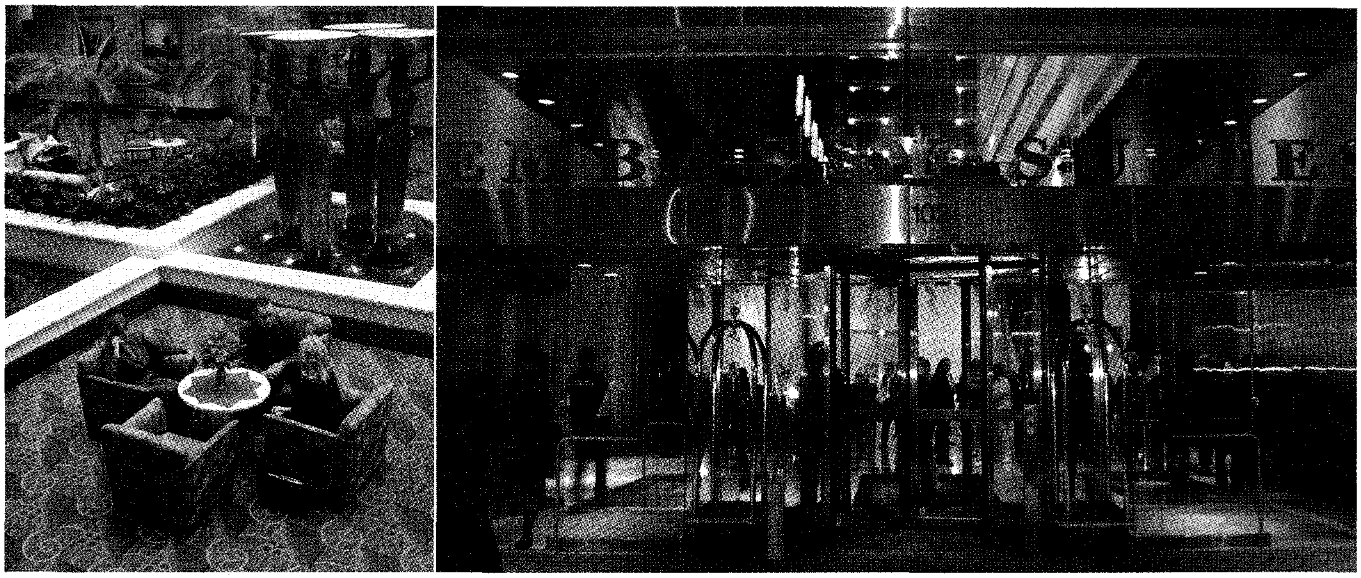

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Meeting Goals

More than twenty years ago, Embassy Suites Hotels initiated an unprecedented relationship with business travelers. Before it built a single hotel, guests were asked what they valued most. The research results became the cornerstone of Embassy Suites: every guest gets a suite of two separate rooms, a complimentary cooked-to-order breakfast, and an invitation to relax with free drinks and snacks at a nightly manager's reception.

Travelers, in turn, quickly discovered that the spaciousness and amenities that they enjoyed as guests also made Embassy Suites a great place to do business. For starters, the living room in their suite, with its full-size dining table and comfortable arrangement of couch and armchair, was ideal for small, private meetings. It was quietly set apart from public spaces and the door to the bedroom could be fully closed. The manager's reception welcomed casual conversation with a client or colleague. The skylit, landscaped atrium at the center of all Embassy Suites hotels became an attractive setting for luncheons, awards ceremonies, and other gatherings.

A dynamic was established: the more travelers perceived the advantages of doing business at Embassy Suites, the more support services they requested. All-day room service, catering, restaurants, self-service business centers, and high-speed Internet access throughout every hotel were added for their convenience.

SPATIAL SYNERGY

Separate meeting rooms were the logical next step, to complement the other spaces and increase capacity for groups up to 250. Today, the layout "gives meeting planners enormous flexibility," says marketing vice president John Lee. "They can use the atrium or the suites for breakout groups. Or they can use adjacent suites for the successive steps in a training program, linking them with signs in the corridor. They can do all this without bumping into other guests because each suite faces the atrium, giving everyone a margin of privacy. And because Embassy Suites are not convention hotels, there aren't other big meetings competing for time, space, and service.

Most importantly, Embassy Suites works with meeting planners to create the most productive environment. For example, according to Lee, "A think-tank session might want us to cover the walls with white board and provide plenty of strong coffee and Skittles, while a sales meeting might ask us to set the mood of its incentive trip with a Caribbean ambience."

HEAD STARTS

Not surprisingly, the wonderful aromas of an Embassy Suites breakfast—with eggs cooked to order, French toast or pancakes, sausage, hash browns, and pure arabica coffee—tend to bring people together well ahead of their meeting. "We find that attendees like to come down early to talk about the session coming up," Lee observes. "And then the manager's reception at the end of the day gives them a chance to go over how things went."

Asking what's important is still what makes things work. A meeting at Embassy Suites "begins well ahead of time, when we discuss its goals with the meeting planner and personalize our service accordingly," Lee says. "So that we're not just providing pitchers of water but partnering with them to achieve their objectives." ■

At Your Service

Because business meetings depend on efficient service, Embassy Suites offers a "meeting guarantee." This is its pledge that if the hotel's service doesn't measure up, you don't have to pay for it. "If your meeting room isn't refreshed on time, or if your coffee break doesn't arrive on time, we don't expect you to pay," John Lee explains.

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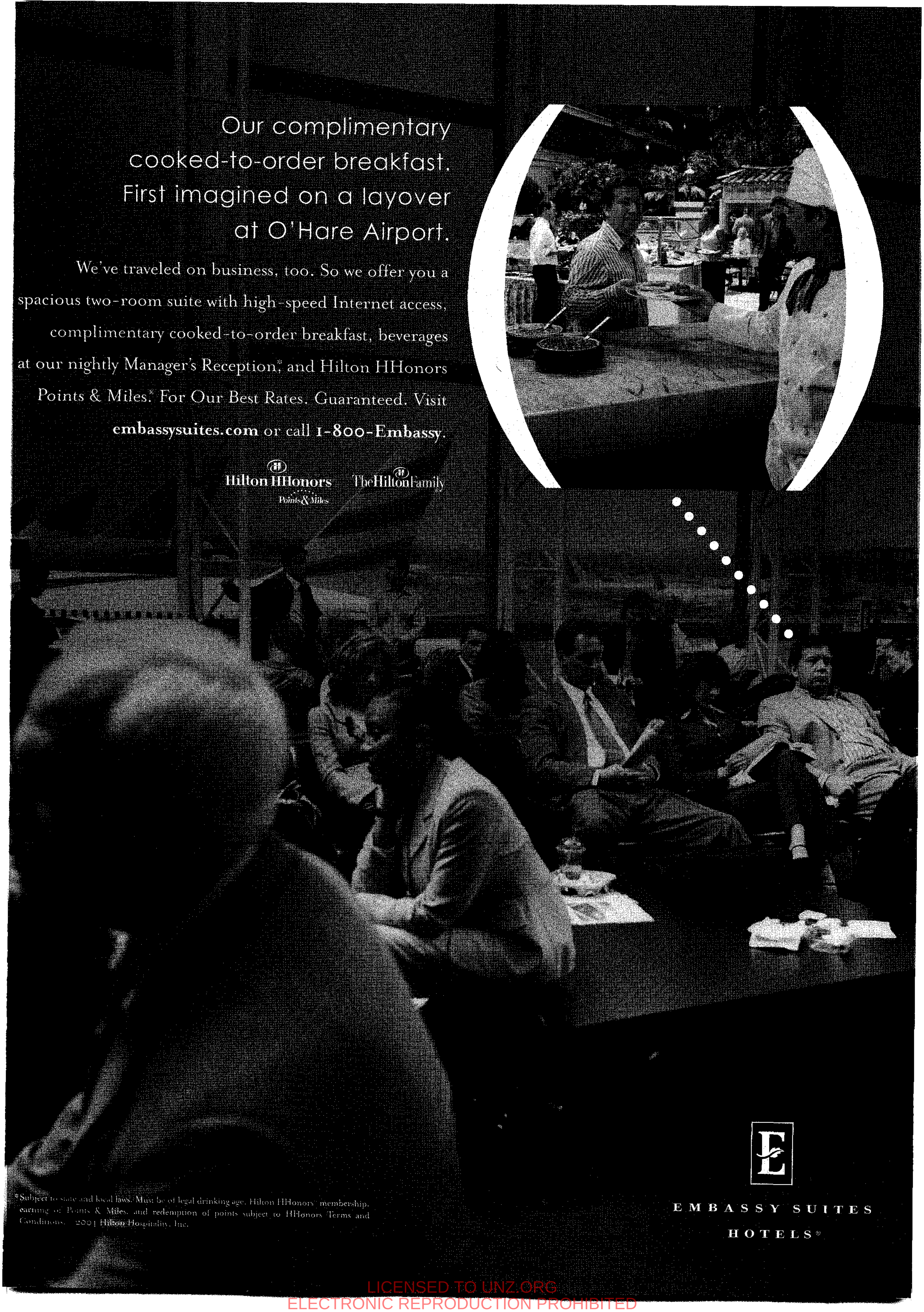

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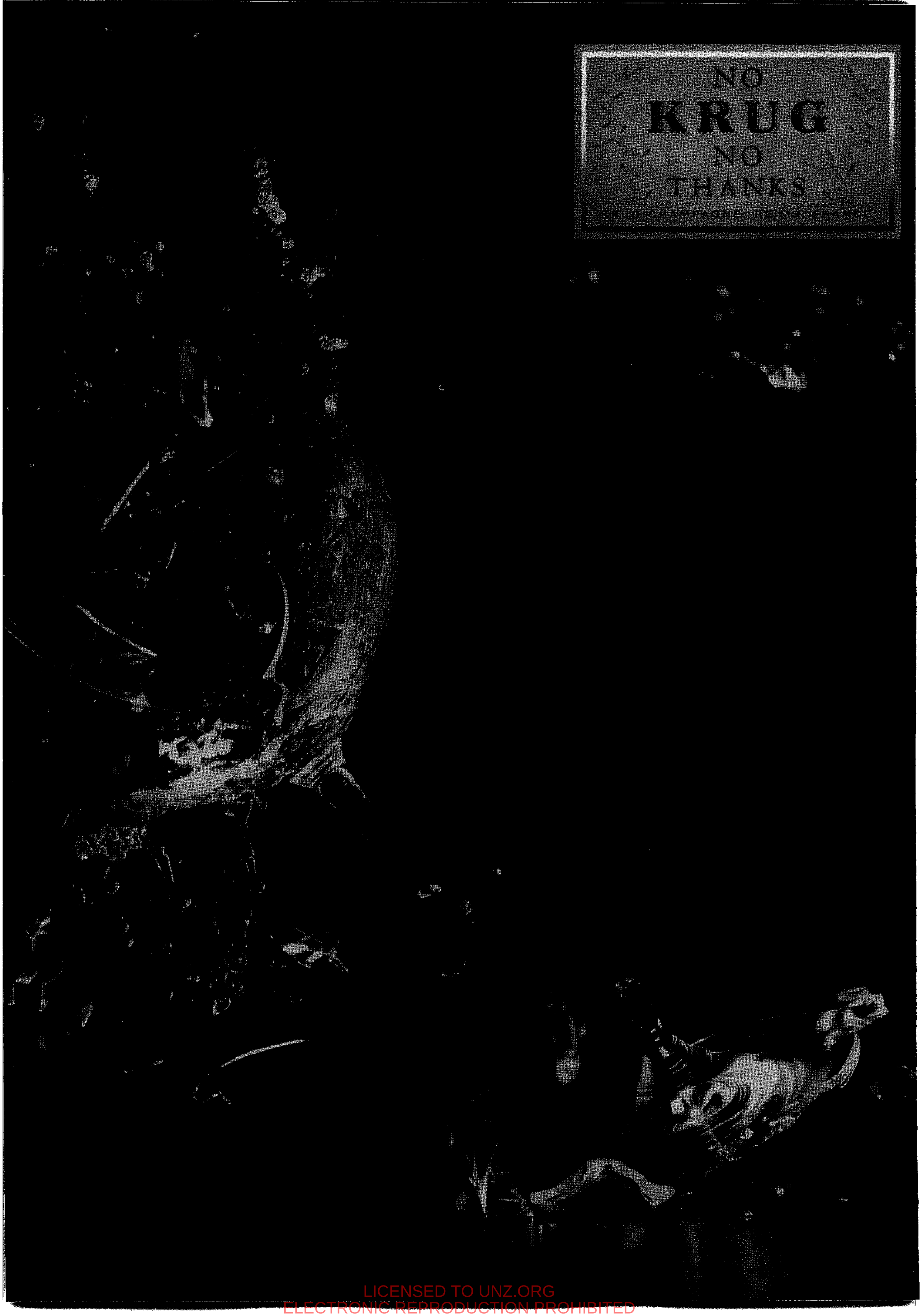
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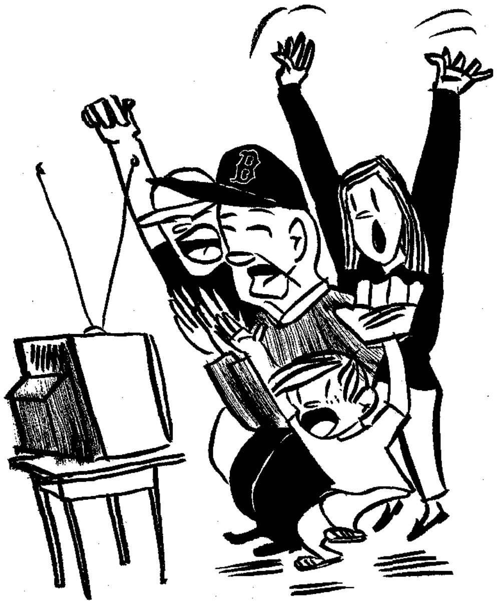
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
THE CURSE OF CURSES

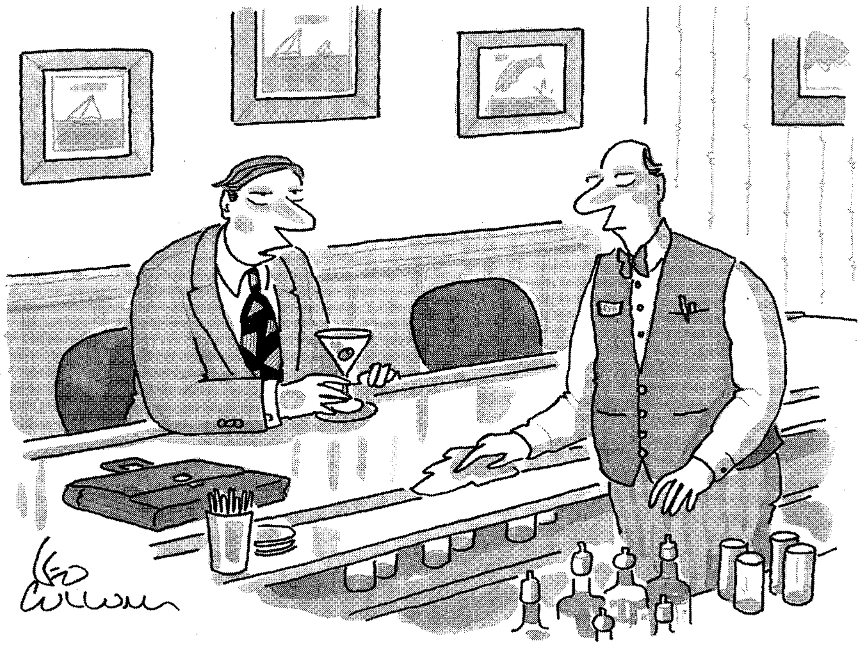
Baseball, the other great fall distraction, has removed itself from the stage with its customary clarity and dispatch, but not before revealing itself to be a Lab puppy at heart. The Boston Red Sox, after eighty-six years of dreary or spectacular failure, stand as Champions of the World; the Evil Empire and the St. Louis Cardinals and the Curse of the Bambino have been carried away, one after the other, dead as doornails; and the engrossing anxieties and preposterous turns of fortune that had run up cell-phone charges and damaged sleep up and down the land ever since September—Curt Schilling's sutured and seeping ankle, A-Rod's skulky hand-chop, "Who's Your Daddy?," and the certified greatest team comeback in history—are gone away, clearing our brains and restoring a vivifying boredom to breakfast. Non-fans can expect relief from the daily clutter of reference and nicknames and "how 'bout that"s, but even the loftiest of them must sense that this time around a professional sport produced something like a unifying jolt of happiness at the end, a national smile.

The Sox, all this while, have personified the rigorous and unbending difficulty of sport, and the grisly details of their ways of losing and the depths of their fans' suffering have been absorbed not just by eight- or nine-year-old boys and girls growing up in Brockton and Great Barrington but by the rest of us, smug at home on Schadenfreude Lane. Bucky Dent's homer in '78, Billy Buckner's muff in '86, Johnny Pesky holding onto the ball too long in '46, Aaron Boone's eleventh-inning shot into the left-field stands a year ago at Yankee Stadium—who could forget this, or who needed it, if you preferred to think that the Red Sox had not won a championship since 1918 because their owner, Harry Frazee, later sold away their great star, Babe Ruth, to the Yankees, and laid an evil spell on his club forever? "The Curse of the Bambino"—it was the title of a 1990 baseball book by the *Globe's* Dan Shaughnessy—was easy to make light of until this spring or early midseason, when adults found themselves being asked by otherwise reliable friends if they put stock in it or thought it would ever go away. Curt Schilling, the ace Sox starter, who won twenty-one games this season, said that he couldn't believe in the Curse because he was a Christian, but he answered the question in a different way when he beat the Yankees, in the critical sixth game of the American League championships, and then the St. Louis Cardinals, in the second game of the World Series, each time with a right ankle sutured (and resutured) to hold a damaged tendon in place. (His bloodied right sock, glimpsed in television closeups, was seen in reverent replication on the foot of a teen-aged ticket holder going into Fenway Park.)



The Red Sox comeback from a three-game deficit to the Yankees in the championship series was not just unprecedented in the sport but near-unbearable—a five-hour-and-two-minute fourth game, settled in the twelfth inning, was followed, the next day (the same day, actually), by a five-hour-and-forty-nine-minute fifth, in fourteen—and along the lengthy way national audiences became aware of the Sox' raunchy, joyful élan at the very same time that they began to comprehend the hovering deadly odds against their survival. The mass hug-ups, Johnny Damon's Bible-movie hair, Pedro's headbands, Manny Ramirez's childlike smile and pistol-pointing riff after another hit or goof, and David Ortiz's dusty hand-clap before he picked up his black bat

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL



"It's the right drink in the right place at the right time."

• •

again and stepped back into the box may have had nothing to do with the glorious Boston outcome, but they charmed you even if you were rooting for the other side, and brought you aboard. Eventually, the baseball gods were charmed as well, and forgave the Red Sox their outrageous four errors in each of the first two World Series games, and then threw a magical torpor over the dangerous Cardinal batters for the remainder of the swift and one-sided sweep. Enough of this suffering, someone had decided: time to lighten up.

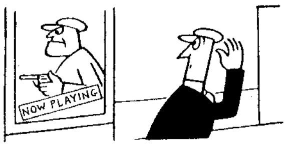
All baseball is local, and what this historic surcease means to lifelong Red Sox rooters was expressed by a friend, a newspaper man in his late fifties, who called the morning after the Series ended and said, "I'm so elated. I'm surprised at how happy I am. It's not like anything else I can remember—or maybe not since the birth of my son. I thought of him, and then I thought about my mother and my grandfather. The baseball genes in my family all come down from those two. He was a retired Brookline cop who lived upstairs from us on Nottinghill Road, in Brighton, and his whole life was the Red Sox and White Owl cigars. If my brother or I messed up, he would say, 'Error, error.' He was a big fan of the old manager Joe Cronin—he'd met him somewhere and shaken his hand. My mother was the same way. You'd hear her ironing and listening to the game in the next room, and you could tell if the Sox were losing by the way she slammed the iron around."

The friend interrupted his train of thought, anticipating a question. "Of course, I've been worried about the loss of innocence and involvement," he went on. "But now we Sox guys will just be regular fans—and what's wrong with that? We won't need the superstition and suffering anymore."

Baseball is the only game that's played every day, which is why its season often seems endless, right up to the inning and the out—the little toss over to first base—when, wow, it ends. Politics should be so lucky. Perhaps there was a time when a close and angry election like this one could be expected to produce some easy joy and a rough, semi-polite unanimity when it was over, and a little space when the candidates and the pollsters and the focus groups and the voters went home and thought about what it was that first hooked them on such passion, but it does not come quickly to mind. Now the imminent world, with its round-the-clock, round-the-hour schedule of crises and casualties and unfolding disasters, does not permit even a two-minute timeout. What we all could use right now is fifteen weeks till pitchers and catchers.

—*Roger Angell*

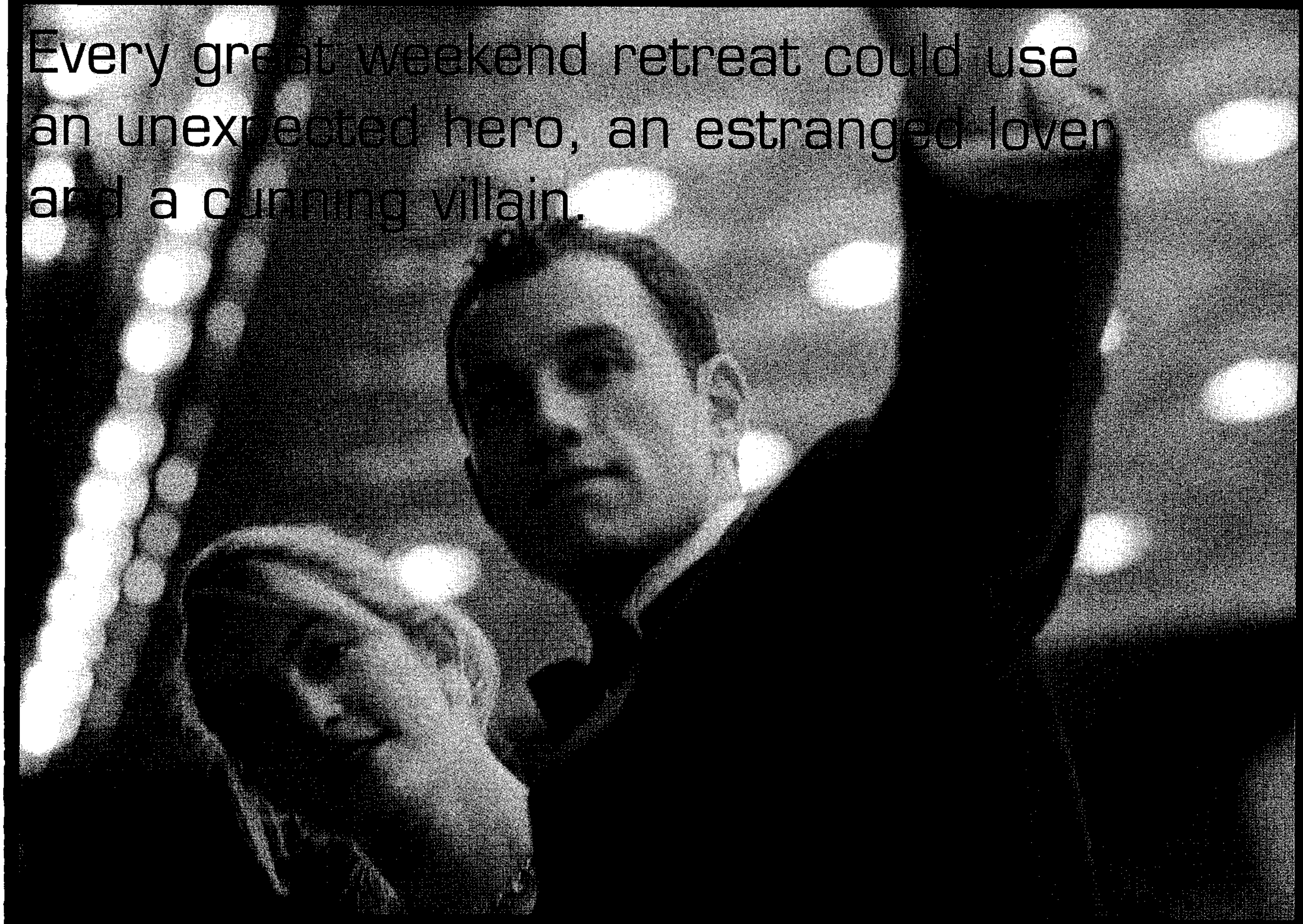
THE PICTURES
NOT ENJOYING IT



The bigger a star you are in the movies, the closer the camera gets to your face. Those in below-the-title supporting roles appear mostly with their shoulders, and a character actor is seldom seen without his belly. It is only those whose salaries have passed twenty million dollars whose tiniest characteristics and tics we have seen so greatly magnified that we know them more intimately than we do our own: the delicately protuberant vein in Julia Roberts's forehead; the twitching around Jim Carrey's eyelids. So it is perhaps a sign of status ambivalence on the part of Paul Giamatti, who, with last year's film "American Splendor," made the rare transition from character actor to leading man, that he misses the days when, as an actor onstage, he could be seen from his head all the way down to his feet.

On a recent afternoon, shortly before the release of his new movie, "Sideways," Giamatti sat at a table in the back of Junior's, the old restaurant and cocktail lounge on Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn, because Junior's was close to BAM, where he was about to go and see the 1968 Lee Marvin movie "Hell in the Pacific." Giamatti was dressed as a nondescript guy from any decade, in faded jeans, a black polo shirt, and a beige anorak. His face, which when clean-shaven in movies is disconcertingly round-featured and babylike, was roughened by some facial scruff and thick black-framed glasses. Giamatti often says that, with his looks, he's lucky to get any parts at all. "Julia Roberts can just stand there," he said. "I can't just stand there. There's too much flesh on my skull blocking my emotions or something."

Still, he knows that as long as he can play the sort of character role that he has played in the past—Howard Stern's lunatic boss, Pig Vomit, in "Private Parts"; Andy Kaufman's best friend in "Man on the Moon"; the evil psychiatrist in "Dr. Dolittle"—the excess skull flesh, or whatever it is, doesn't matter. "There's always a need for a balding, slightly overweight guy," he has said. "Everyone else has to worry about losing their hair, but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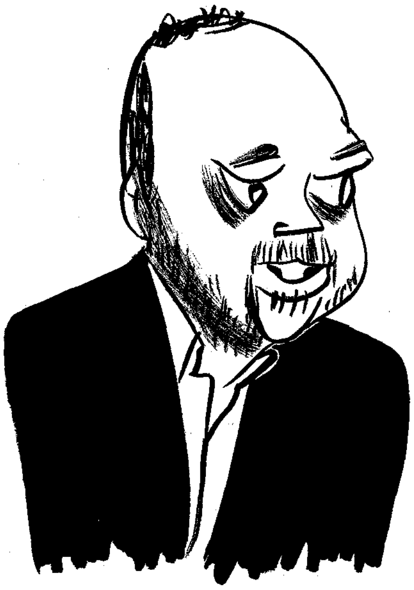
you don't. It doesn't matter if you look like crap—in some ways it's better to look like crap." And he cherishes the romance of being an old-school character actor, in the tradition of Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet and the casts of old horror films. "Those guys were just stranger than people are now," he said. "Jim Carrey will behave strangely, but those guys *were* strange. Vincent Price was weird. Boris Karloff was just weird."

In "Sideways," Giamatti plays a depressive, pedantic wine snob and failed novelist who takes a failed-actor friend on a wine-tasting road trip through California, in the course of which each suffers a failed romance. One of the things Giamatti liked about shooting the movie was that the director, Alexander Payne (who also made "Election" and "About Schmidt"), doesn't use a monitor. Instead of watching the action unfold on a small screen some distance from the set, he sits right by the actors and watches them directly. For Giamatti, this partly resolved the invisible-foot problem of the movies, since, even if the audience couldn't see his whole self, at least Payne could. What's more, it protected him from the unpleasant shock of reality that video feedback can engender. "Sometimes I go over to the monitor and see what I'm doing, and it's not what I intended at all," he says. "Onstage, whatever I think I'm getting across, that's what I am. But looking at myself ruins the illusion."



Paul Giamatti

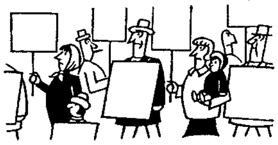
Giamatti was excited to see the Lee Marvin movie that afternoon because he hadn't seen it since he was twelve. But he is not, in general, a frequent cinemagoer. More often than not, if he is not required to do anything he will just stay home. He has found that working in the business has made him a finicky and irritable consumer. "All I'll see is weird continuity glitches, like someone's tie is tied differently in one scene and the next, or I'll become obsessed with thinking about how cold it must have been when they shot a scene, or I'll see the netting on a hairpiece or something," he says. "I just don't enjoy it." He almost never goes to the theatre anymore, either. "I got really sick of watching Shakespeare," he says. "The comedy's just not funny, and I can't understand what they're talking about half the time. They really ram it down your throat in drama school." (He graduated from Yale, and a couple of years later attended drama school there; his father, Bart Giamatti, was the university's president from 1978 to 1986.)

Not enjoying it, though, is his thing. He exhibits, offscreen and, frequently, on as well, a polished air of defeated, schlumpy resignation, as though he had honed his personality to work with failure rather than with success. For instance, of his attempts to break into the animation business after college, he says, "It was really just horrific. The big animation companies are guildlike places; people go into it whose fathers were in it. It's just a brutal process and a brutal world."

Giamatti failed to make it as an animator, but discovered that it was possible to earn a living as an actor. In his first role, he played a retarded stableboy in a minor slasher movie, and it seems safe to say that things have been getting better ever since. Now that he is in a position to turn down roles, it remains to be seen only what he will make of his success, and, so far, the signs are good. "I just turned down a part that everybody wanted me to take," he says. "My agent really wanted me to play it because the guy was blind, as if it were really cool to play a blind guy and I'd get to do all this great blind acting. But who cares? There was no reason for the guy to be blind, and the random handicapped thing is not for me. There was a randomly schizo guy in that Hugh Grant Christmas movie last year—Laura Linney had a schizophrenic brother for no reason at all. I hate that."

—*Larissa MacFarquhar*

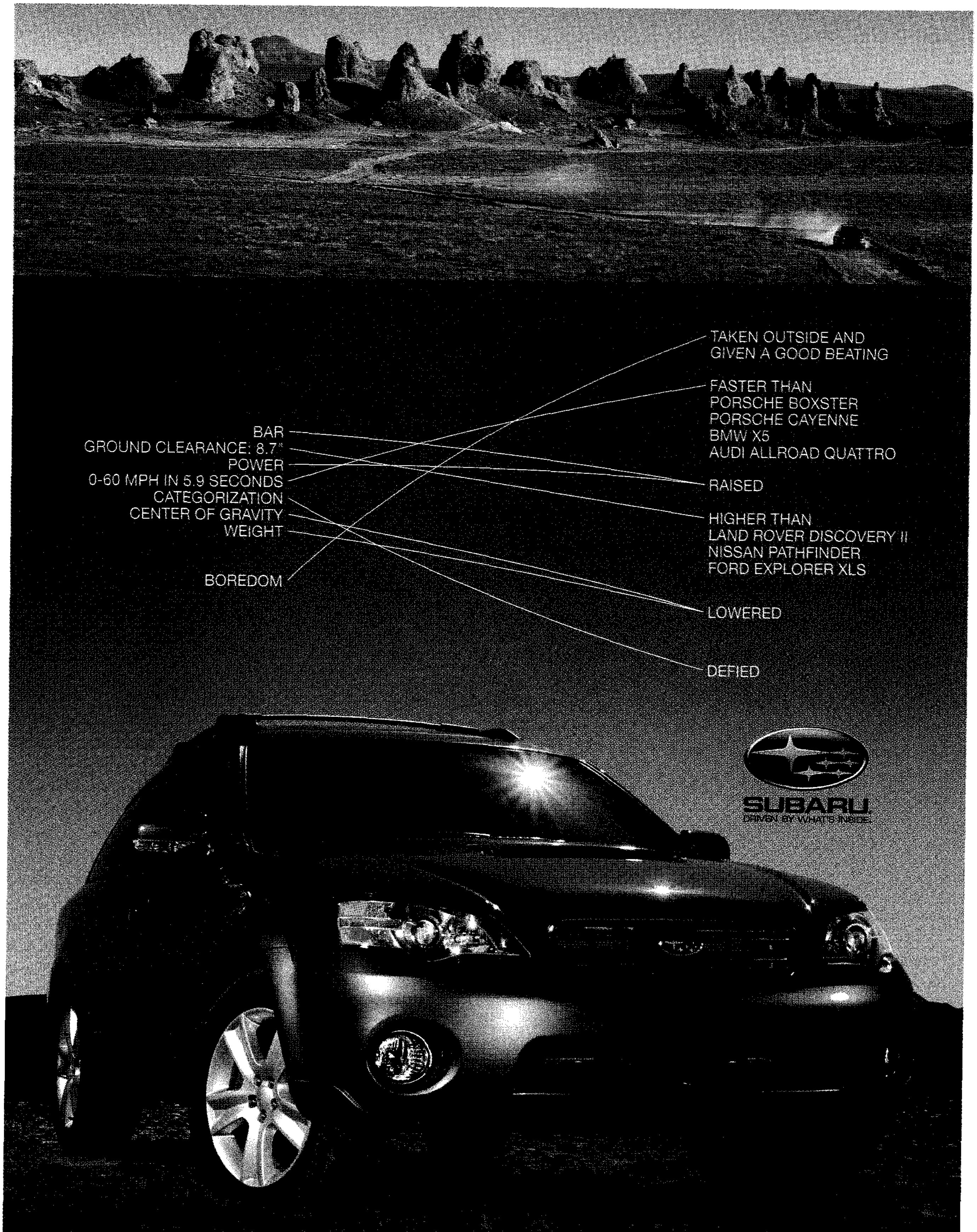
DEPT. OF AMBIVALENCE
THE STRUGGLE



It was hard to find anyone at the recent anti-gay-marriage rally in Washington, D.C., who had a bad word to say about gays. Chandra Judy, who had come to the "Mayday for Marriage" rally on the Mall with her husband, Manford, and their ten-month-old baby, Eloise, "really wanted to say," for instance, "that this was not about gay-bashing." Chandra, who is slender and blond and wore jeans and shiny pale-pink lipstick, said she was a professional dancer in Washington, and knew a lot of gay people. She had no objection to civil unions. What she and her husband were worried about was the institution of marriage. "If the sanctity of one man and one woman is not protected, if we keep expanding the definition, then where's it going to lead?" Manford wondered. "One man and ten women? A man and a child?" He did not add, as some people attending the rally did, "A man and a dog?" He wore a grave expression and appeared to weigh his words carefully. "If it's not protected at its root, then it cannot be protected."

It was a gusty, gray day; sudden cloudbursts sent yellow leaves whirling from trees. Families huddled under umbrellas and ponchos and American-flag beach towels, holding soggy cardboard containers of French fries. An eleven-year-old girl named Jenna waved a sign she had made that read, "God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve." But most people in the crowd stuck to the Hallmarkish "Take a Stand for Marriage" logo—T-shirts or signs with a silhouette of a man and woman kissing, illuminated by romantic-looking starlight.

On the podium, speakers such as Gary Bauer, the former Presidential candidate, and Dr. James Dobson, the fatherly chairman of Focus on the Family, were gleefully tearing into "activist judges" and "imperious courts." But they didn't have much to say about gay people. Alan Chambers, the "ex-gay" president of an organization called Exodus International ("the leading outreach to men, women, and youth affected by unwanted homo-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sexuality"), urged the crowd to "repent of our hostility to homosexual people." He went on, "If we're standing at the corner saying, 'Turn or Burn' and 'God hates fags,' we're not behaving like Christians." This earned him a big burst of applause.

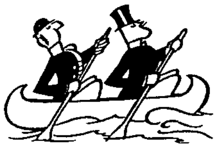
Of course, this was a group of people who believe that homosexuality is a choice, a life style that one becomes "involved in," rather than a fixed identity into which one is born. Renunciation of certain life styles—drinking, drug-taking—is a familiar trope to the conservative and born-again Christians who composed most of the crowd at the rally. It makes Alan Chambers, whose wife, tousle-haired and serious, stood very close to him on the podium, seem like a persuasive person—somebody who has had sex on both sides of the divide and was here to testify to the superiority of the married, heterosexual kind. "With the gay issue, I try to make the analogy to alcoholism," Pete Baumgartle, a pastor from a nondenominational Christian church in southern Indiana, said. But, he added, "it gets me into trouble, because then it's like maybe I'm saying homosexuality is a disease, too."

All this careful sympathy for the sinner raised the question of how much appetite Americans—even Americans who oppose same-sex marriage—really have for a long fight against it. According to Michael Cromartie, who directs the Evangelicals in Civic Life project at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, in Washington, there is "a kind of ambivalence just beneath the surface of opposition to same-sex marriage, even among people of strong religious convictions," an ambivalence that may mean it will not become the long-lasting social crusade that the anti-abortion issue is. Cromartie believes that there is a "strand of evangelism that is not exactly libertarian, but is unwilling to beat up on anyone else for their sins; it might be rooted in a theological understanding that we're broken people in a broken world."

Chandra Judy was certainly stressing the positives, as well as she could under the circumstances. "I do believe it's a choice," she said, clapping warmly for Dr. Dobson as he strode to the stage. "But if people choose to be homosexual that's their right, and they should get legal benefits and all those things."

—*Margaret Talbot*

POWWOWS
THE CROSSING



Marcey Tree in the Wind Stefancik is a receptionist at the Honda dealership in Pompton Plains, New Jersey, and the chief of the Turtle Band of the Ramapough, a Native American tribe based in northern New Jersey. Whenever Marcey crosses the Hudson River, she does so in a car, on the Tappan Zee Bridge, usually to drive her husband, Tony Moon Hawk Langhorn, a housing cop, to his job in the Bronx. But the other day she became the first Ramapough in a very long time to cross the Hudson in a canoe—although for a while it seemed iffy whether she would go through with it. First of all, the remnants of a hurricane were due in the area that afternoon, and, second, Marcey is not a water person. "I can't swim," she explained. "Everybody thought I was kidding, but I wasn't."

The man who was in charge of getting Marcey across—and who had come up with the idea for the trip—was Bob Walters, a glazier and river activist from Yonkers. "I don't think Marcey's ever been in a canoe before, is my understanding," he said. Walters is always looking for ways to get people out on the river, and, having recently learned that Indians regularly crossed the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry, thousands of years ago, he decided to persuade some New Jersey-side-of-the-river Indians to pay a visit to some modern-day New York-side-of-the-river Indians. Walters called in his paddling buddy, Bob Morrow, a doctor in the Bronx, to help out.

The plan was to convey Marcey from Snedens Landing, on the river's western shore, across to a little park in front of the Metro-North train station in Dobbs Ferry, on the eastern shore. There she would be met by the mayor of Dobbs Ferry and by the Stonefish family, descendants of the original Lenni-Lenape tribe, some of whom once lived in the Dobbs Ferry area, and many of whom now live in Canada. The Stonefish family were in town, anyway, for a powwow that Marcey had organized in Ringwood, New Jersey, and Walters had persuaded them to extend their trip. "We basically just paid for another night at the hotel in Mahwah," Walters said.

The fleet consisted of five canoes. Marcey was to ride in a fifty-year-old twenty-five-footer that Morrow had restored. "We call it the war canoe, or sometimes the peace canoe, depending on how we feel," Walters said.

"Or we call it the *voyageur*, as in French trappers," Morrow said. "It's much more romantic."

The paddlers set off from Dobbs Ferry late, at about five-thirty, to pick up their passengers on the other side. From out on the water, a paddler used a cell phone to call Marcey Tree in the Wind and Tony Moon Hawk, who were also, apparently, running late. "Tony!" the paddler shouted. "Hurry up!" The crossing was arduous. It took them half an hour to reach Snedens Landing. Already, it was getting dark.

After fifteen minutes, a van pulled up, and Marcey got out. She changed into a handmade buckskin dress and a traditional Ramapough red-and-black shawl, and carried a beaded turkey-feather fan. She got into the canoe carefully. She was shivering.

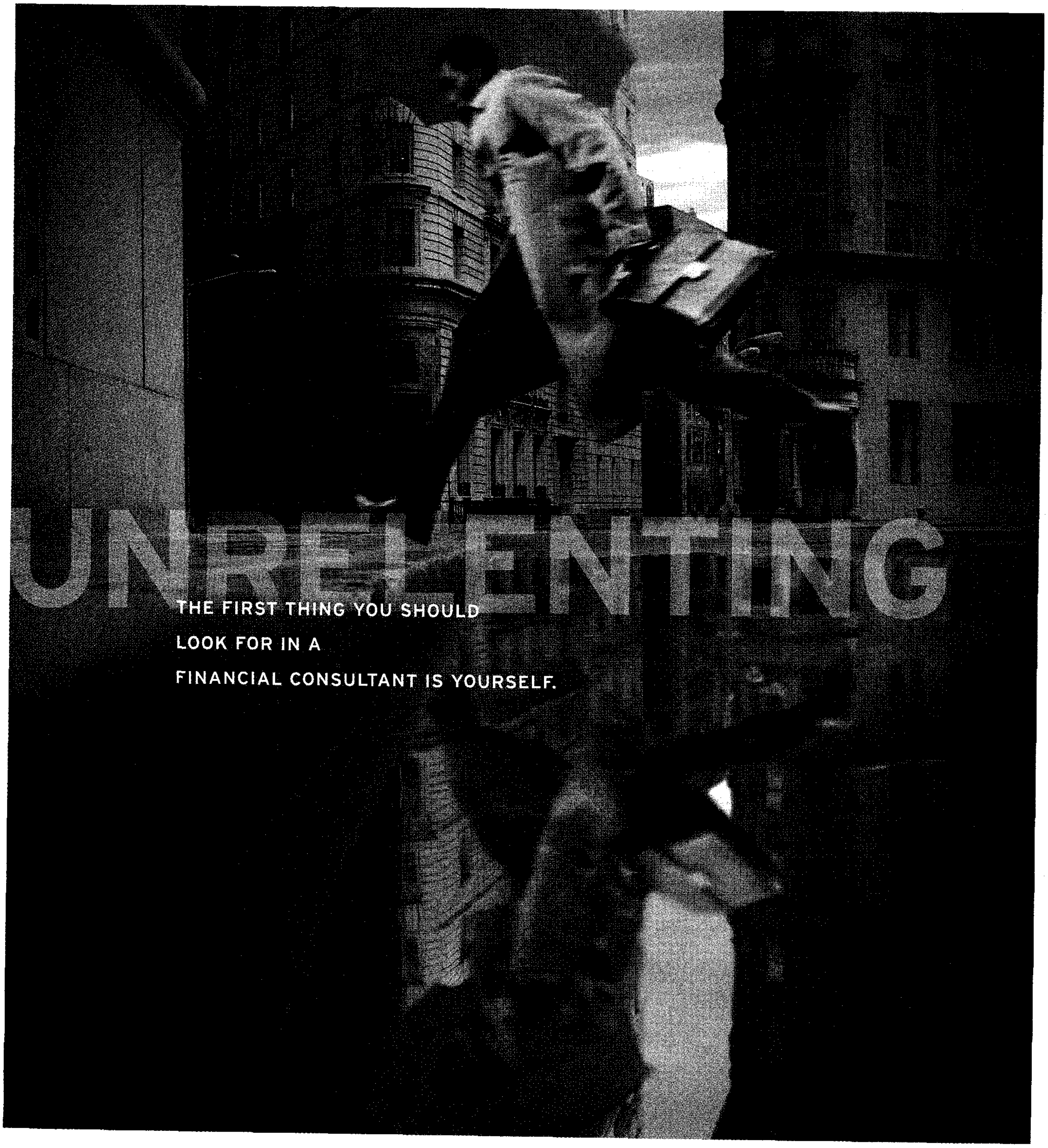
"This is the first time a Native American has crossed in probably a hundred years," Walters said cheerily.

"Yeah," Marcey said, focussing intently on her feet. "We'll be historians today." Marcey gripped the gunwales as her canoe pulled away from shore. The current had stiffened; rollers buffeted the canoes to and fro.

As the fleet reached the middle of the river, the winds kicked up. Someone gave Marcey a paddle and she began to use it, and, eventually, to smile, even though it was getting dark and a mist was rolling in. After a while, the watery silence was broken by the sound of the Stonefish family's drumming on the Dobbs Ferry shore.

The fleet allowed Marcey's canoe to land first, and the two Bobs helped her step ashore. She shook hands with the mayor of Dobbs Ferry. The Stonefish family, standing around a small bonfire, greeted her warmly, and she told them that out in the middle of the river she had sensed her ancestors alongside the canoe. Someone handed her a microphone; she had stopped shivering by now. "For me to cross, it was really something," she said.

—*Robert Sullivan*



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THE FINANCIAL PAGE
MIXED MOTIVES

When Americans are asked to rank professions in terms of honesty and ethics, insurance agents routinely end up near the bottom of the list—somewhere between politicians and car salesmen. Generally, insurers are seen as clever hucksters who prey on insecurity and ignorance to sell people what they don't need at prices they shouldn't have to pay. So you might have thought that the industry's image couldn't get much worse. Then Eliot Spitzer, the New York State attorney general, filed a lawsuit against the giant insurance broker Marsh & McLennan, describing instances of bribery, price-fixing, and all-around corruption. The suit forced the resignation, last week, of Jeffrey Greenberg, Marsh's C.E.O., and, by implicating Marsh's collaborators and rivals, made the insurance game appear even seamier than before.

At the heart of this new scandal is the thoroughly unglamorous but very lucrative business of corporate insurance. As a broker, Marsh doesn't itself insure companies. Instead, it represents companies that are looking for insurance. Marsh is supposed to give its clients advice on the kind of coverage they need, and to solicit and sort through bids from different insurers. Companies use Marsh for the same reason that home sellers use real-estate agents: the agent's knowledge and experience is supposed to help the client get the right deal at the right price.

That's the idea, anyway. But, as Spitzer tells it, Marsh rigged the bidding process. It picked winners in advance, then got other insurers to offer artificially high bids that would make the winners' offers look reasonable. On one occasion, Marsh, unable to solicit fake bids, simply made them up. To foster the illusion of competition, the company staged "drive-bys," getting insurers to make presentations to a client, even when the outcome had already been determined.

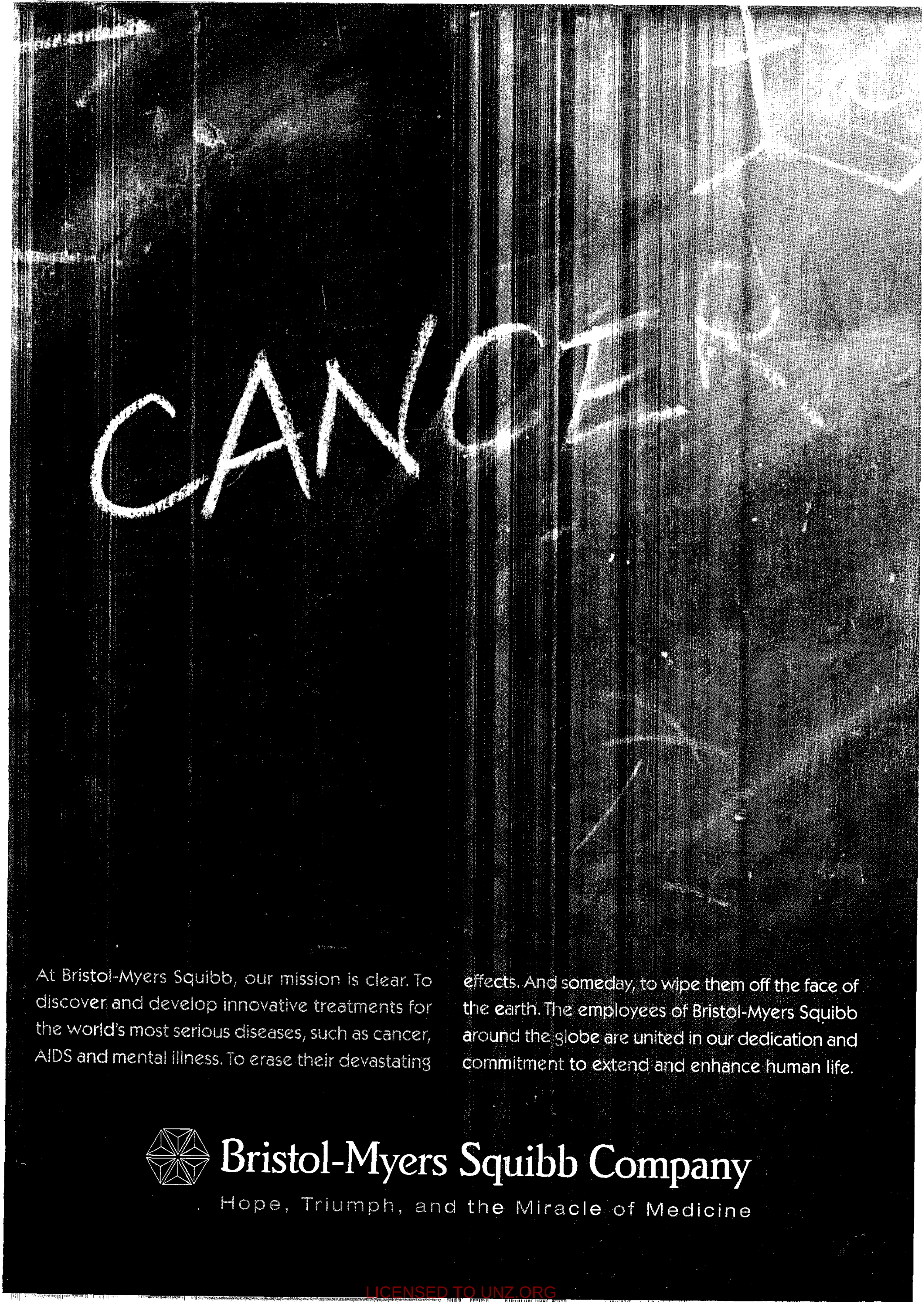
While Marsh was doing this, it was also collecting huge sums of money from the insurance companies in the form of what were called contingent commissions—that is, kickbacks. Essentially, the more business Marsh generated for insurers, the more it got paid. And the insurers that paid higher commissions got more business. As one Marsh executive wrote in an e-mail, "We need to place our business in 2004 with those that have superior financials, broad coverage and pay us the most"—emphasis on "pay us the most." Another executive carefully distinguished between those "who [we] are steering business to" and those "who we are steering business from." One Marsh executive who was looking to steer business to a particular insurer actually wrote, in an e-mail, "hint hint." Though some insurance companies grumbled, others seem to have been happy to go along; the schemes gave them steady business (albeit at a cost) and no real price competition. The bill, of course, was paid by Marsh's clients.

Marsh's mistreatment of its clients, extraordinary though it may seem, is symptomatic of a pervasive modern predicament—what economists like to call the principal-agent problem. It was the basis for the recent Wall Street and mutual-fund scandals, and also for the scams at Enron and WorldCom. It shapes our daily lives, too, in everything from litigation and real estate to medicine. A principal-agent relationship arises whenever one person (the principal) delegates authority to another person (the agent) to act in his interest. Shareholders, rather than run a company on their own, deputize a C.E.O. to do it for them. People hire lawyers to handle their affairs, stockbrokers to manage their investments, and doctors to look after their health. Such relationships play an especially large role in an economy in which knowledge is increasingly specialized and deferring to the judgment of experts makes sense.

The process often works fine; some lawyers are on the up-and-up when they advise you not to settle. The problem is that in any principal-agent relationship one person knows more than the other, so that the principal is at the agent's mercy. This arrangement can lead to what economists generously refer to as opportunistic behavior. In 2002, the economists Steven Levitt and Chad Syverson did a study showing that houses owned by real-estate agents stay on the market longer and sell at significantly higher prices than other houses do. When it comes to their clients, real-estate agents want to make as many deals as possible; they encourage them to sell quickly, even if it means taking a lower price. But when their own houses are on the market the agents hold out for top dollar. In other words, they do better for themselves than for their clients.

In most industries, companies that treat their customers poorly end up losing them. But insurance brokers, lawyers, and stock advisers are rarely held to the same standard. Deluded by the cult of expertise, principals are remarkably hesitant to fire agents. (Marsh says that the scandal hasn't cost it many clients.) In some fields—medicine, for example—such deference may make sense. In others, it does not. Sometimes agents are just glorified middlemen, and the best response if they misbehave is not to regulate or supervise them but simply to get rid of them. Now that the Internet and cheap software enable buyers and sellers to find each other with great ease, why take a chance on a broker who may be ripping you off? If the middleman offend thee, cut him out.

—*James Surowiecki*



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CAN YOU FORGIVE HIM?

How a book and a friendship went up in flames.

BY RACHEL COHEN

On the evening of March 6, 1835, Thomas Carlyle was resting in the parlor, which often served as his study, at 5 Cheyne Row in London. For the previous five months, he had been working ferociously on the manuscript of the "History of the French Revolution," the book that he hoped would finally make his literary reputation. He had a grand vision for his history—he meant it to explain what had brought France to revolution and thence to Napoleon, and also to suggest how England might avoid the revolutionary violence then sweeping Europe. Carlyle wrote with difficulty, by working himself into an ecstatic state, and it had been a huge relief, some weeks before, to finish the first great volume: the corruption of the aristocracy, the death of Louis XV, the building of revolutionary fervor, the storming of the Bastille, and the insurrection of women. He had reason to feel weary and proud these winter nights when his wife, Jane, set his favorite Scotch porridge down in front of him and took up her sewing.

That evening, there was an unexpected knock at the door. It was John Stuart Mill, one of Carlyle's closest friends. Mill, who originally intended to write a history of the French Revolution himself, had been generous with materials and advice. Carlyle had entrusted Mill with his manuscript and was awaiting his response. Now Mill staggered into the parlor looking, Carlyle wrote later in his memoirs, "pale as Hector's ghost," and asked that Jane Carlyle go down to the carriage, where his companion, Harriet Taylor (who was married to a merchant named John Taylor), was waiting. Mrs. Carlyle assumed that their friend was about to run off with someone else's wife. She rushed downstairs, but could get nothing from Harriet Taylor, who said only, over and over, that Carlyle would never forgive Mill. Running back up the stairs, Mrs. Carlyle entered the parlor, where her husband now sat with a ghastly look on his face. Carlyle's manuscript had been mistaken for wastepaper, and it had been, with the exception of four charred pages, entirely burned.

Mill was beside himself with grief and self-recrimination and stayed very late, obliging the Carlyles to comfort him. At last he left, and Jane Carlyle threw her arms around her husband's neck. "My little Dame stood faithfully by me," he wrote to his mother, "and was very good and brave."

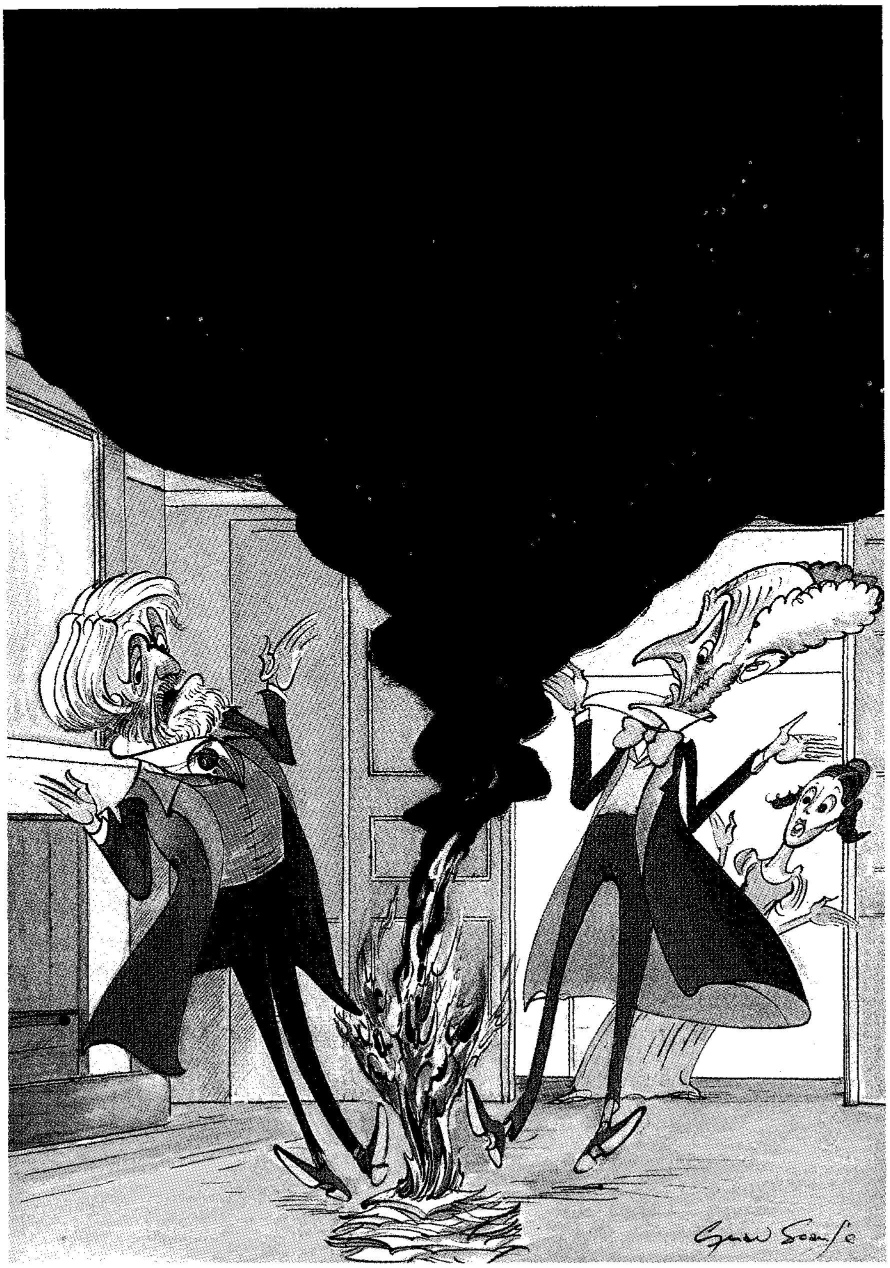
The next day, Carlyle and Mill wrote letters that crossed with each other. Mill, with all his innate decency, begged that he might be allowed at least to recompense Carlyle for his labor and time; he eventually got his friend to accept a hundred pounds, a year's living for the frugal Carlyles. Carlyle, in a letter remarkable for its kindness, wrote, "You left me last night with a look which I shall not soon forget. Is there anything that I could do or suffer or say to alleviate you? For I feel that your sorrow must be far sharper than mine. . . . Courage, my Friend!" It was true, he continued, that he could never write that book again:

> Singular enough, the whole Earth could not get *it* back; but only a better or a worse one. There is the strangest dimness over it. A figure thrown into the melting-pot; but the metal (all that was golden or goldlike of that,—and *copper* can be gathered) is there; the model also is, in my head. O my Friend, how easily might the bursting of some puny ligament or filament have abolished all light *there* too! . . . That I *can* write a Book on the French Revolution is (God be thanked for it) as clear to me as ever; also that, if life be given me so long, I will.

There were many people whom Thomas Carlyle did not like—he called them "Quacks" and "Blockheads"—but he liked John Stuart Mill very much, and he behaved in this instance as few people might hope to.

As the years went on, though, the friendship withered; the destruction of the manuscript had more implications than Carlyle realized. Even at the beginning, Carlyle must have had, as we do, certain questions. Mill's house was full of valuable manuscripts; why would a maid just seize the first pages she saw and use them for kindling? Mill seems to have put them in a pile intended for waste; was there anything behind his carelessness? Was he jealous of Carlyle's accomplishment, or dismayed that Carlyle had represented the coming of democracy so differently than Mill would have? Mill had told Carlyle that he had read quite a lot of the manuscript out loud to Harriet Taylor, and Carlyle came to think that the blame lay at least partially with her. What if the fire had really been at her house? Could she have been angry or jealous on behalf of Mill?

The small stock of evidence has since been used to support a wide variety of speculations (some imagine that the book was burned two or three pages at a time over a period of weeks while Mill was away; others imagine a maid picking it up off the floor, where Harriet Taylor had in exasperation thrown it late one evening), but these do little to suggest the character and ideals of the people involved. Behind a great disaster lies not a single cause but a conspiracy of circumstances, and these circumstances may still be in evidence long after the disaster subsides.



Carlyle, usually irascible, was magnanimous when Mill broke the awful news.

GERALD SCARFE

Thomas Carlyle met John Stuart Mill on a visit to London in 1831. As is sometimes the way with men whose natures are really quite opposed, they got on very well. The gregarious, choleric Carlyle, his language peppered with the dialect of his native Scotland, would hold forth with prophetic fervor on German Romanticism, the state of the poor, the struggle to find one's own private truth. Thin, angular, and restrained, Mill listened more than he spoke, and when he talked—of contemporary French politics, or electoral reform, or the importance of education—he did so with Euclidean clarity and a modesty that tended to obscure the firmness of his convictions. Carlyle, thirty-five, was interested in how personalities, including his own, could sway the course of events; Mill, twenty-five, was part of a group of Radicals agitating for electoral reform in order to broaden representation in England. Carlyle, too, wanted to ameliorate life for the thousands of English men and women whom elevated grain prices then threatened to starve, but he was willing to place his hopes in a just authority. From the very first, Carlyle, who was in search of a disciple, mistook how different he and Mill were. Carlyle had requested an introduction after coming across a series of articles by Mill called "The Spirit of the Age." Reading it had made him call out with a misplaced sense of recognition, "Here is a new Mystic!"

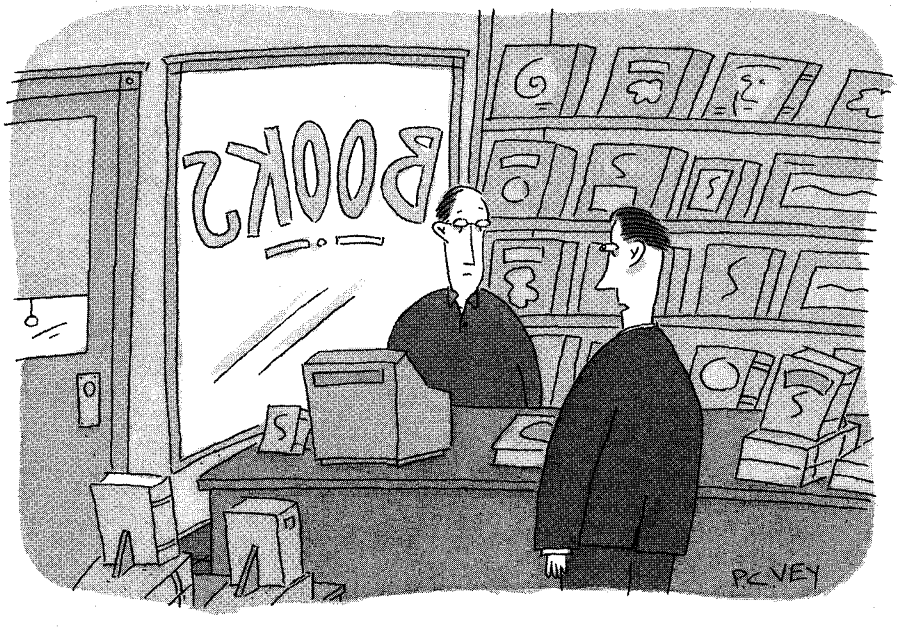
After six months of fruitlessly trying to find a publisher for an abstruse philosophical manuscript, Carlyle returned to the wilds of Craigenputtoch, Scotland, where the ministrations of his brilliant wife were all that kept him company "among the Peat-bogs." He and Mill became close correspondents. Each man was in low spirits: Mill tried "not to beat against the bars of my iron cage"; Carlyle found those winters "among the saddest (from ill health outward and inward) I have known." Chief among Carlyle's sorrows were his isolation and the recent death of his father, whose commanding presence he spent his life trying to live up to.

Mill, whose father was also domineering, had begun to rebel, but at that time worked directly under him at India House, conducting correspondence on behalf of the British Empire. James Mill had planned for his son to be the voice of the utilitarian philosophy of Jeremy Bentham, the boy's guardian, who had devised a rational system to promote the greatest happiness for the greatest number. The son had been grateful to his father for giving him Greek at three, Latin at seven, and logic at twelve, but when he had a nervous breakdown at twenty he had wondered whether the system made sufficient allowance for the variety of individual forms of happiness. Mill was reading the Romantic poets with the avidity of prior deprivation (Carlyle supported him in his new enthusiasm), but he gradually decided (encouraged by Harriet Taylor) that the language of the Enlightenment was still his first: "If I have any *vocation*," he wrote to Carlyle, "I think it is exactly this, to translate the mysticism of others into the language of Argument." Carlyle wrote that he hoped Mill would express his *feelings;* the philosopher corrected gently, "When I give my thoughts, I give the best I have." Carlyle relished these differences; Mill, so often disappointed in those close to him, believed he had found someone who understood him.

Carlyle was interested not in axioms and systems but in characters and situations. He strode the moors of Craigenputtoch; he waited through the blazing heat of summer and the gales of winter; and he began, as he wrote to Mill, to see in history an address to "our *whole* inner man." He felt drawn to studying people when they were strained to their utmost, when "the 'thin rind of Habit' was utterly rent off; and man stood there with all the powers of Civilization, and none of its rules to aid him in guiding these." He asked Mill to send him books about the French Revolution, especially the memoirs of the participants, and was most impressed by three men: "Mirabeau, Danton, Bonaparte." For Carlyle, the revolution was a story somewhere between "Paradise Lost" and "Macbeth," of men and women, steeped in blood, who had in their hands large forces and were the victims of others still larger.

Mill's collection of books on the French Revolution was one of the finest in England. He spoke French fluently, and had begun acquiring his library with a view toward challenging the prevailing Tory opinion that the revolution had been an unleashing of anarchy. Mill deplored the violence that came with the revolution, but he saw in its initial imaginings a great human achievement: the idea of a society founded on a common belief that equal representation would insure individual liberty. A year before Mill met Carlyle, the July Revolution of 1830 had placed Louis Philippe on the throne, and Mill had been one of the first Englishmen on the scene. Throughout the early eighteen-thirties, he wrote a weekly summary for *The Examiner* on political conditions in France.

Mill sent "almost a cartload" of books to Carlyle, along with dozens of pages of helpful commentary. Carlyle became more and more excited, exhorting Mill, "You ought to determine on setting forth your ideas and acquisitions in regard to [the French Revolution] at more length than you have ever yet done." Britain faced crucial decisions about democracy and empire, and Carlyle felt that such study "involved all possible knowledge important for us." But hardly had he made this declaration than he proposed himself for the task: "The right *History* (that impossible thing I mean by History) of the French Revolution were the grand Poem of our Time. . . . Why might not I too prepare the way for such a thing?" Mill replied that he had often thought of such a book, and entirely agreed about its importance; indeed, he wrote, "it is highly probable I shall do it sometime if you do not." For Carlyle this was permission enough. He asked for more books; Mill dispatched them.



"I'm looking for something that will keep people away from me on the subway."

During these two years of constant correspondence, the Carlyles had expected that Mill would visit them at the end of the summer of 1833. At the last minute, Mill changed his plans; he was going, instead, to Paris, the city that Carlyle most longed to see, on a "journey entirely of duty." The duty, the Carlyles later found, was that Mill had fallen in love with Harriet Taylor, who was considering separating from her husband. She had gone to Paris and Mill was to follow her. Not yet knowing the circumstances, Carlyle wrote back with disappointment—"You are not coming!"—but, in the next letter, he wondered if Mill could get him a map of the city and find out what it would cost to live there for some time.

A year later, the Carlyles, with strong encouragement from Mill, ended their isolation and moved to Cheyne Row in Chelsea, where they remained until their deaths. Carlyle, his years of reading in his head, described himself as "blotching and bloring," and taking the Bastille, with a "hard *tuffle*." There was no reliable history of the French Revolution in English, many of the French accounts were inaccessible, and Carlyle was deeply concerned with factual precision. In all his writing, he further insisted, "the first indispensable condition of conditions, is that we *see* the things transacted, and picture them out wholly

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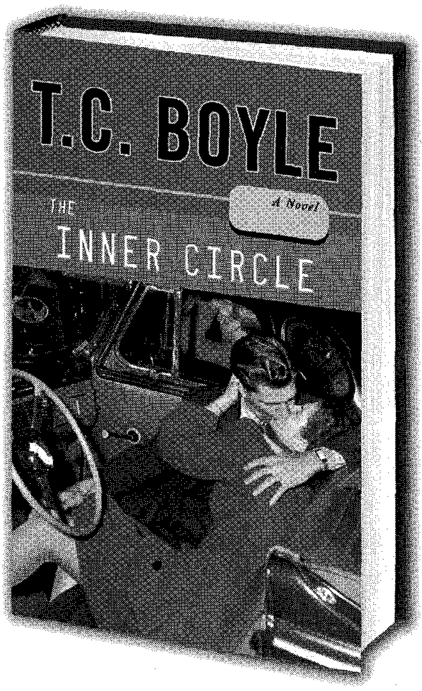

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as if they stood before our eyes." When he wrote something that failed the condition, he threw the pages into the fire. When he felt he had met it, he would, with what turned out to be an unfortunate sense of completion, burn his notes.

Mill, then busy with the launching of a new Radical magazine, to be called *The London Review*, still managed to talk over the French Revolution on a walk with Carlyle every Sunday and to spend an evening or two with the Carlyles every week. But little rifts were beginning to appear between the two friends. Carlyle, despite the intense mutual disapproval between him and the Radicals, cherished the confused hope that the Radicals would make him the editor of their new magazine. He was disabused of this notion over dinner at the Taylors: the magazine was ultimately to be Mill's. This dinner was also the Carlyles' first chance to see Harriet Taylor and Mill with John Taylor. Those upright Scotch Presbyterians, whose own marital relations were so undemonstrative that there seems never to have been any question of children, came to quick judgment of *that* situation. They had met Harriet Taylor before, and found her fascinating, if proud. Now Carlyle privately mocked the chaste principle to which Mill and Taylor claimed adherence, calling Mrs. Taylor "Platonica."

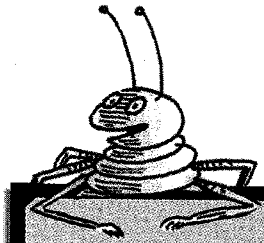
In the fall of 1834 and the winter of 1835, Mill and Taylor were in a fevered state. Mill, despite the possibility of social ostracization, had at one point hoped that he and Taylor could make open avowal of their relationship. Painfully, though, they came to the decision that she should not leave her husband, which, in those days, could have forced her also to leave her children. Whether the conflagration of his romantic hopes had anything to do with that of Thomas Carlyle's book would be hard to prove, but it is clear that Mill, generally known for his preternatural calm, was worked up to a considerable pitch, one that perhaps made it easier to set historically significant manuscripts by close friends down in dry and unusual corners.

Mrs. Taylor's house, and Mill's frequent visits to it, was at the center of many people's explanations for the fire. Much later, Carlyle wrote to Mill's sister, "My opinion really was . . . that Mrs. Taylor's house and some trifling neglect there had been the cause of the catastrophe." The sister herself offered two different accounts, one in which she remembered searching their own house (Mill then lived in the family home), and another, which she came to prefer, in which her brother "had lent the manuscript to the person at whose house it was destroyed." It seems likely that both Carlyle and Mill's sister came to associate Harriet Taylor's house with the disappearance of the manuscript because they blamed it for swallowing up John Stuart Mill. Years later, when John Taylor died, and the widow at last married Mill, the couple withdrew almost entirely from society, preoccupied with his work, which they both regarded as a joint production. Mill was grateful to Harriet for her contributions to "On Liberty" and "On the Subjection of Women."

The fire intensified Carlyle's sense that he was losing Mill to Harriet Taylor. Later, Carlyle told his American friend Charles Eliot Norton that he regretted having repeated a story he found amusing about Mill and Mrs. Taylor eating grapes from the same stem, "like a pair of lovebirds." This, Carlyle believed, had got back to Mill; one evening, Carlyle had walked over to India House to invite Mill to a dinner party and found himself received "like the very incarnation o' the East Wind." Still, he missed them. Carlyle wrote to Mill in 1852, "I respect your solitude," but added, a little wistfully, "No truer wish for the happiness of you both dwells anywhere than here,—which is of some use to myself if of none to any other body."

For Carlyle, the tale was personal: the burning of the book and Mill's subsequent kindness were a matter between friends, and the explanation of the eventual coldness between them necessarily had a personal cause, too. He never quite grasped how devoted Mr. and Mrs. Mill were to their principles, and he seems almost not to have noticed what happened to his principles and theirs while he was persuading his phoenix to rise from the ashes.

Rewriting the book was agony. In the spring of 1835, Carlyle attempted the first volume again, plunged into despondency, and read novels for three weeks. Finally, he forced himself to recommence: "surely the most leaden,



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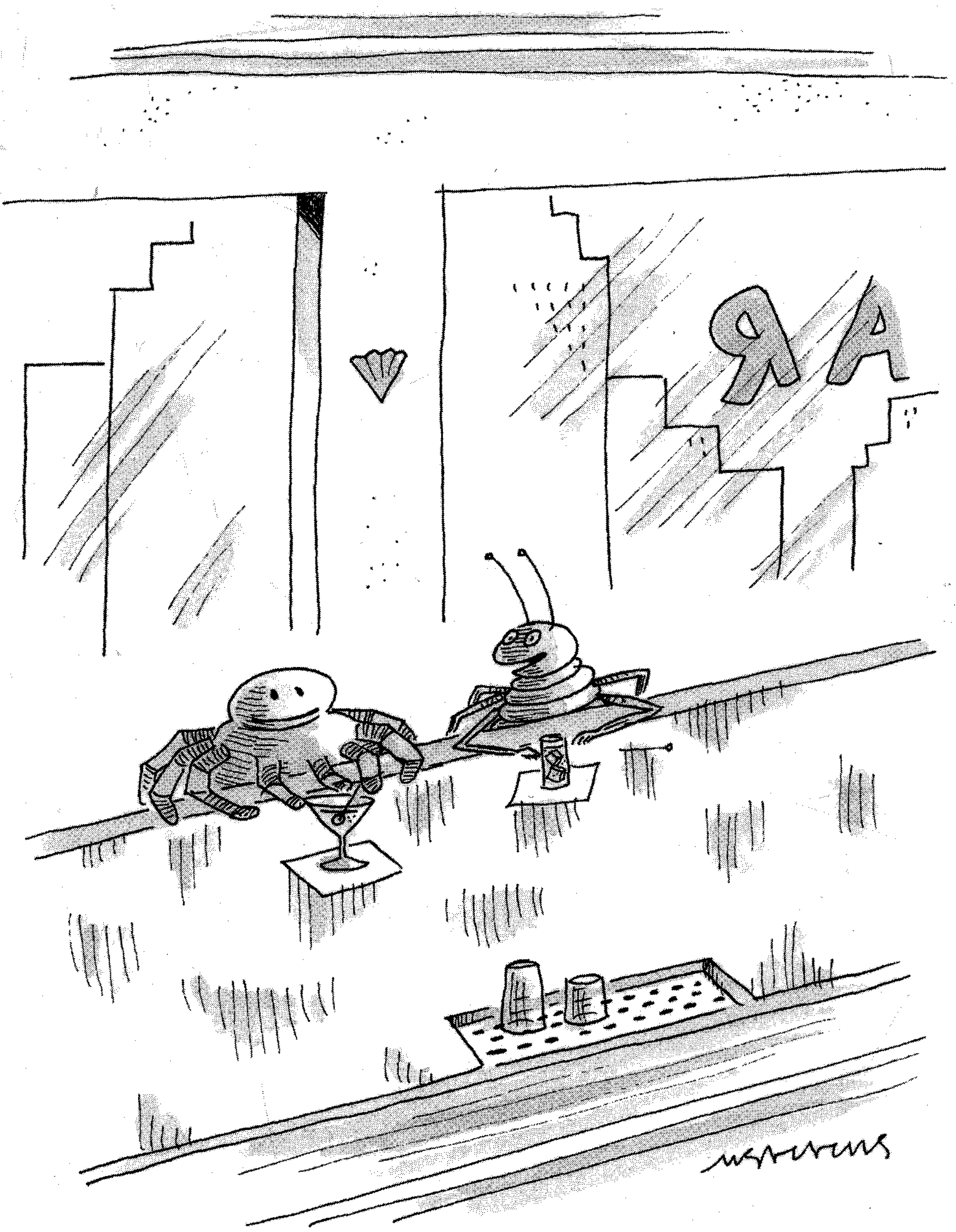

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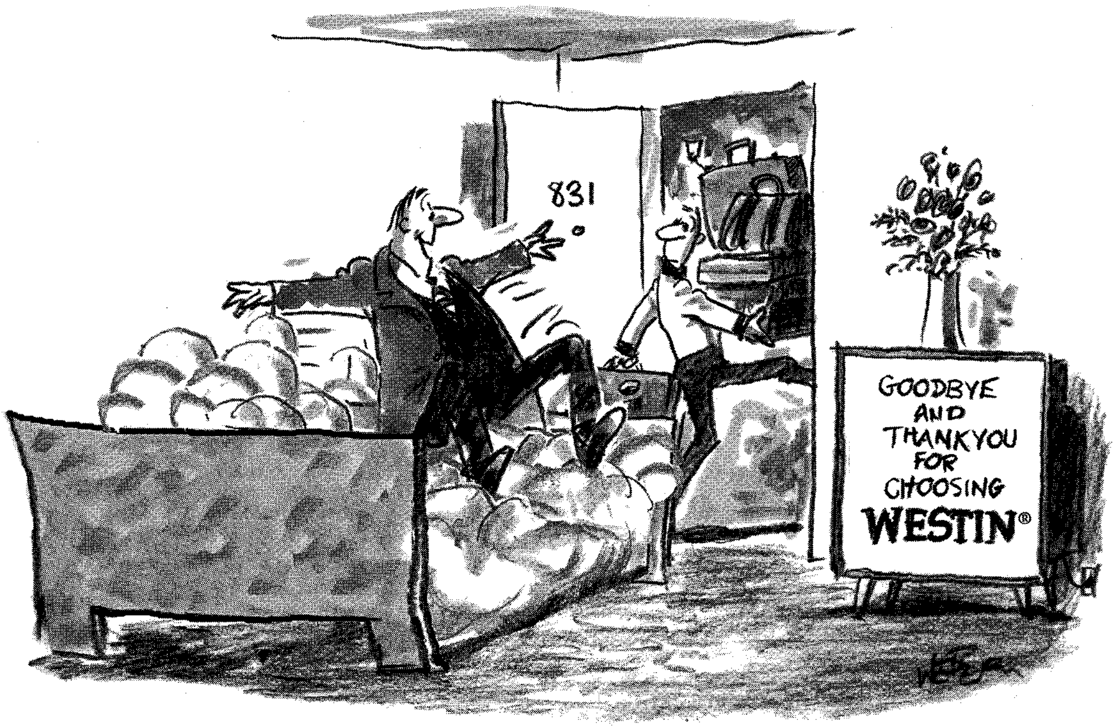
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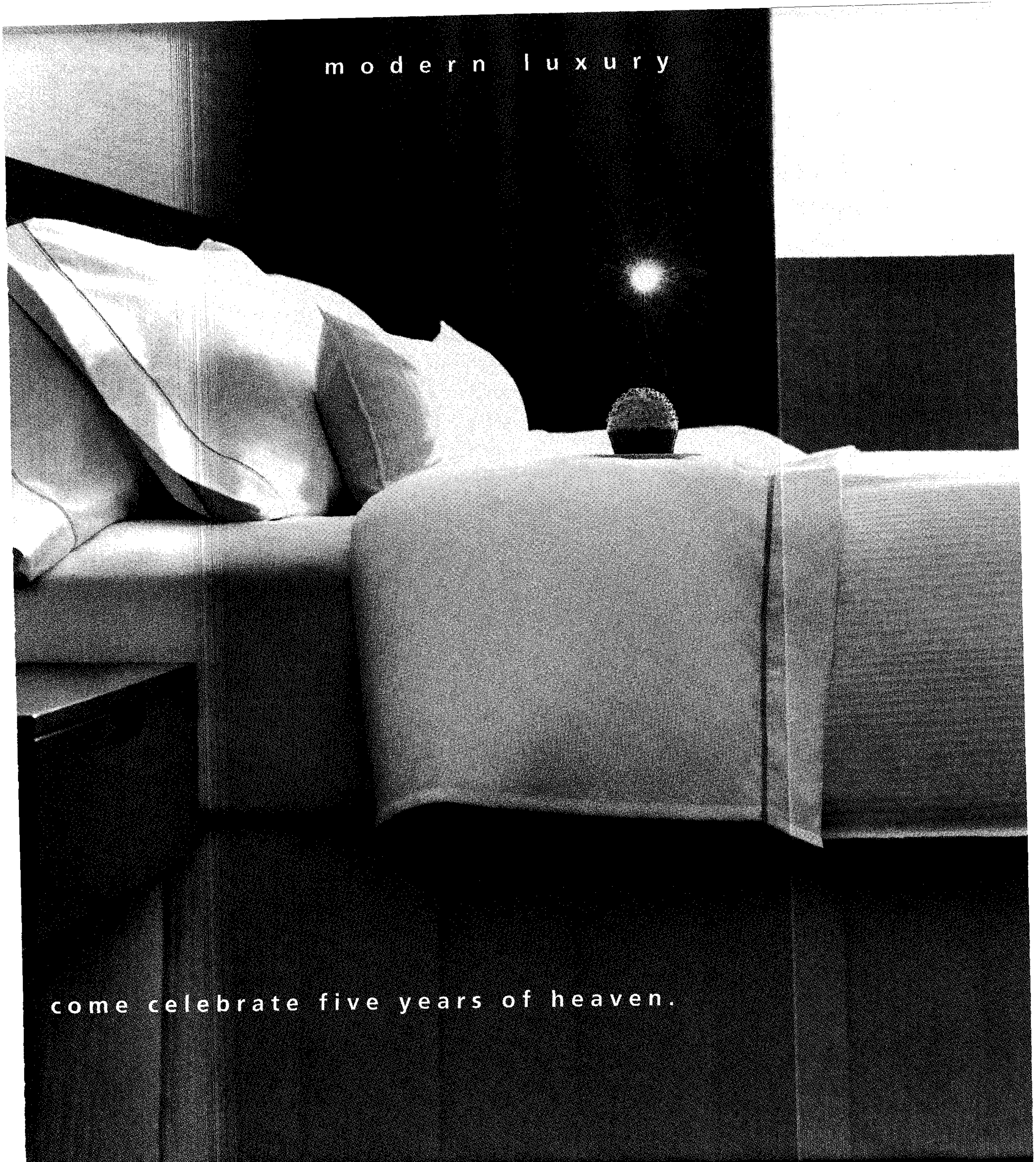

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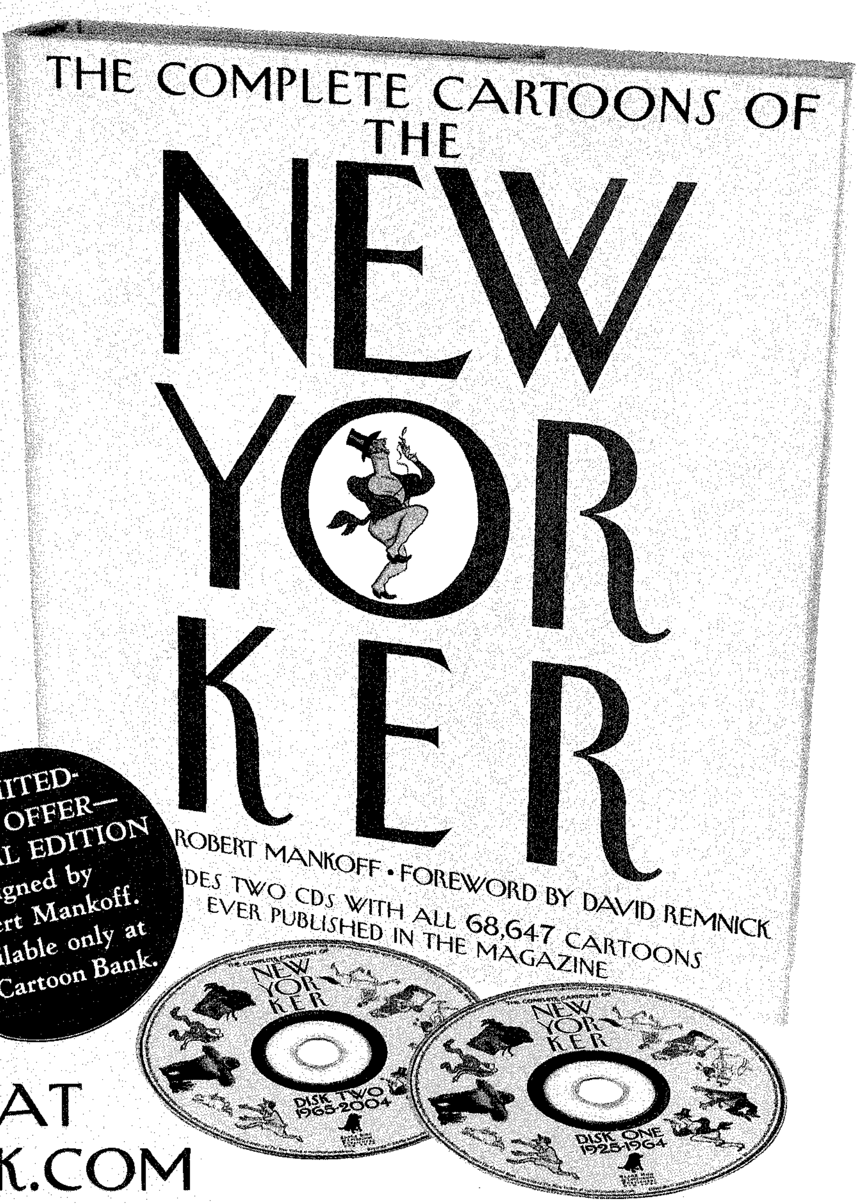
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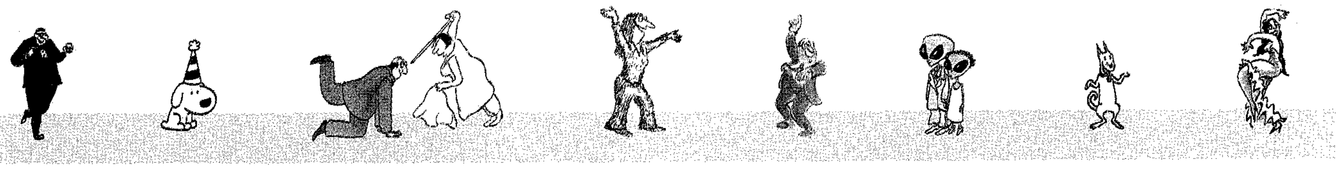

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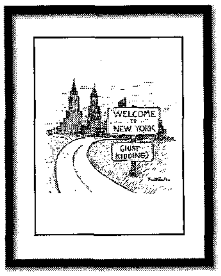
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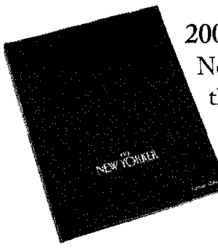
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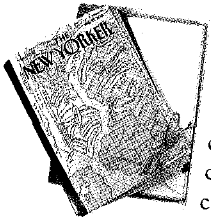
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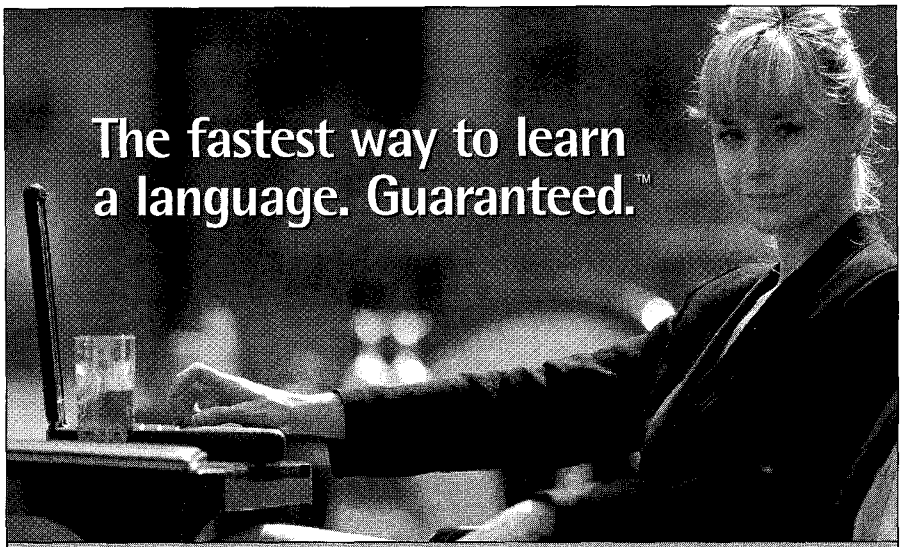
discouraging, all but intolerable task I ever had to do," he wrote to his brother. But, after a few rather obscure expository chapters, he found a magnificent, sustained momentum that carried him through. The inhabitants of revolutionary Paris form the States General and meet in open rebellion on the Versailles Tennis Courts. The treasury falters, Louis XVI makes his weak attempts at conciliation, Mirabeau has his "word in season," defending the National Assembly with "fire-flashing face. . . . 'We are here by the will of the People. . . . Nothing but the force of bayonets shall send us hence!' " Then comes the arming of Paris and the battle at the Bastille, the most hated symbol of the old regime. The prison was also an armory, and the revolutionaries were so desperate for weapons that they even collected the bullets being fired at them:

> Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hotel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Maelstrom which is lashing around the Bastille. . . . Blood flows; the ailment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! . . . How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing!

Carlyle did manage to throw himself over the barricade of the rewriting, but during this period his letters to Mill changed in tone: "I have resumed that *old* Sorrow." Of his manuscript he said that he was considering "throwing it *down*, and into the fire, one good time for all." Regret became the atmosphere of the second volume, "The Constitution," and it's perhaps not surprising that Carlyle felt increasingly estranged from Mill. In the summer of 1836, Mill's father died, and Carlyle made a condolence visit, but the way Mill expressed his grief seems to have been utterly foreign to Carlyle: "He seemed to me withering or withered into the miserablest metaphysical *scrae*"—a shrivelled creature. And to another correspondent, "I love him much as a friend *frozen in ice* for me." Carlyle's symbolic language always



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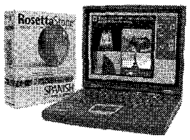

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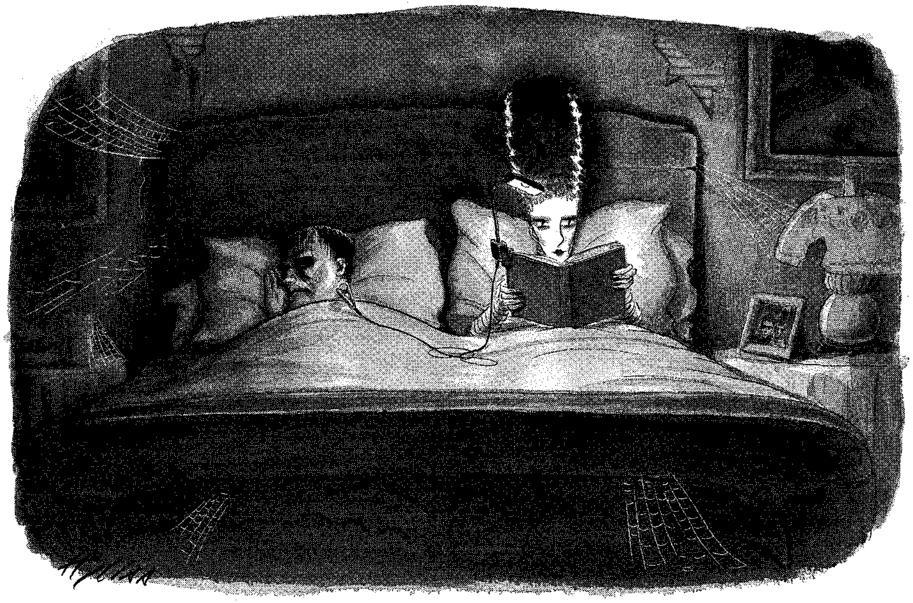

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tended toward fire and ice, and, as he wrote the third volume of his history, fire began to appear on almost every page.

If "The Bastille" was a story of courage and "The Constitution" was pervaded by regret, it was in the third volume, "The Guillotine," that the anger that would become so characteristic of Carlyle's work found its bitter voice. "On the whole," Carlyle wrote to Mill as he struggled through his final chapters, "I am sick of the Girondins. To confess a truth, I find them extremely like our present set of respectable Radical Members." Seeming to forget that Mill himself was a Radical, Carlyle plunged ahead: "There is the same cold, clean-washed, patronizing talk about 'the masses' (word, expressive of a thing, which I greatly hate); the same Formalism, hide-bound Pedantry, superficiality, narrowness, barrenness." These men of the revolution were, Carlyle wrote in his history, stranded on a "fireship," and "their fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away, into the Deep of Time."

When "The French Revolution" was published, in the spring of 1837, John Stuart Mill made sure that he was the first to review it. (It was common for friends to review each other's books at that time.) Mill called Carlyle's book an "epic poem," and said that "no work of greater genius, either historical or poetical, has been produced in this country for many years." He commended Carlyle's depiction of the oppressed, and he appreciated the deep "sympathy with human nature" that "looks out from every page of these volumes." Mill was certain that Carlyle's book would influence "every historical work of any note, which shall hereafter be written in this country." Among those confirming Mill's conjecture was Charles Dickens, who wrote to a friend that he must have read "The French Revolution" five hundred times. "A Tale of Two Cities" was based closely on Carlyle's book and when, in its first serialization, the novel attracted a hundred thousand readers a week, Carlyle's French Revolution became Britain's French Revolution.

This, Carlyle recognized from the first, was partly due to Mill. "No man, I think, need wish to be better reviewed," Carlyle had written with thanks. "You have said openly of my poor Book what I durst not myself dream of it, but should have liked to dream had I dared. . . . What good a criticism can do to a Book may be considered as done." Mill once wrote that the review was one of his proudest accomplishments at what was now called *The London & Westminster Review:* he "blew the trumpet before it at its first coming out . . . frightened the small fry of critics from pronouncing a hasty condemnation, got fair play for it, and then its success was sure."

And yet Mill's review did express significant reservations. He was disturbed that Carlyle found the mobs and tyrannies of the French Revolution reason enough to give up on democratic governance. Carlyle's book defied the rationalists to provide an adequate explanation of the mob: "Such a Complex of human Forces and Individualities hurled forth. . . . It is the inflammablest immeasurable Firework, generating, consuming itself. With what phases, to what extent, with what results it will burn off, Philosophy and Perspicacity conjecture in vain." Mill felt called upon to defend Philosophy, and his review expressed regret that Mr. Carlyle distrusted analysis and generalization, "for, except by general principles, how do we bring the light of past experience to bear upon the new case?" He was disappointed in Carlyle's conclusion that there was no holding back murderous impulses by reasonable systems, that the only effective solution was the emphatic action of an individual. Mill argued that without representative government "every great dissension of public opinion must break out into a civil war." The author of "The French Revolution" saw things differently: "Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams and *is* something."

Several years after the book's publication, Carlyle elaborated his creed of the strong man in a lecture series, "On Heroes and Hero-Worship." He also insulted his friend. Though Mill and Harriet Taylor were coming regularly to his talks, he still chose to denounce Mill's intellectual patrimony. When Carlyle intoned about Bentham's followers, "Ask me which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and the falser view of Man and his destinies . . . ," Mill stood to defend his guardian, crying out in a choked voice, "No!" Harriet Taylor gave away their tickets to subsequent lectures.

Mill's "No!" was the first in a series of ever more public disputes. In 1849, Carlyle published his infamous "Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question," arguing that blacks should again be compelled to labor for whites in the West Indies. "A doctrine more damnable," Mill wrote in a heated rebuttal, "never was propounded by a professed moral reformer." Their conflict was renewed with still greater force during the Eyre Affair, a decade and a half later. In 1865, a rebellion broke out among a few hundred plantation

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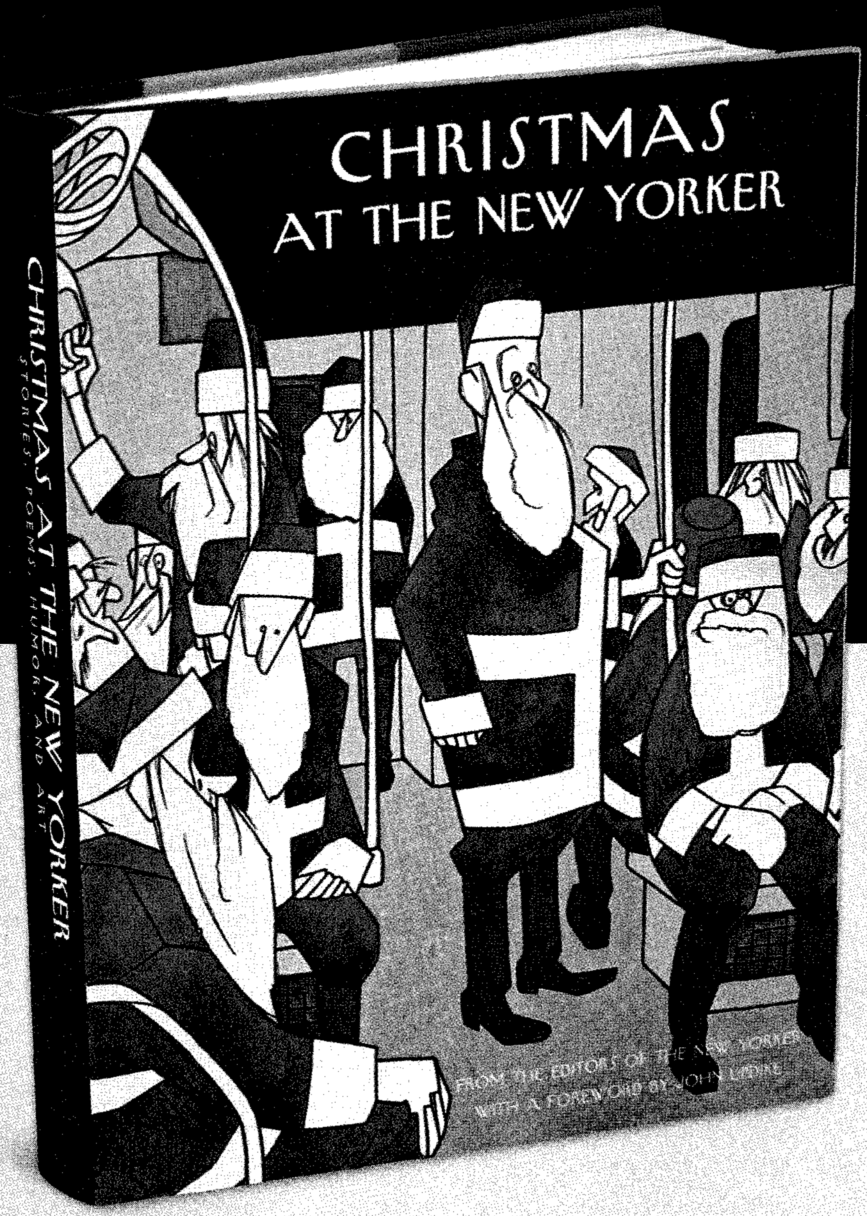
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Better yet, at the 2-month halfway point, the peptide solution thickened skin nearly 1.5 times faster than retinol, and without the inflammation retinol often causes in sensitive skin. As was expected, the results of the remaining studies confirmed that the Pal-KTTKS solution's effectiveness at reducing the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles far exceeded both vitamin C and placebo.

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Dr. Nathalie Chevreau, Director of Women's Health at Salt Lake City based Basic Research®, exclusive distributor for Klein-Becker, explains, "Many researchers believe less invasive cosmetic alternatives are better than Botox®* [sometimes referred to as Botox® Cosmetic]† That's because topical creams and gels offer gradual, continual results, while the effects of injections, facial peels, and dermabrasions are rougher on the skin and wear off... in fact, you'll never look better than you do shortly after the inflammation and redness subside. Not one bit better."

"Furthermore," Dr. Chevreau continues, "Botox has been approved by the FDA for an extremely limited use — the tiny little space of deep furrows between the eyebrows (called glabellar lines) — and can cause side effects such as 'headache, temporary eyelid droop, and nausea.' While StriVectin was not designed to eliminate the deep glabellar lines targeted by Botox, the proprietary StriVectin complex has been shown to significantly reduce the appearance of fine lines and facial wrinkles (including crows' feet) that can add 10-15 years to your appearance... the type of fine lines and wrinkles Botox treatments leave behind."

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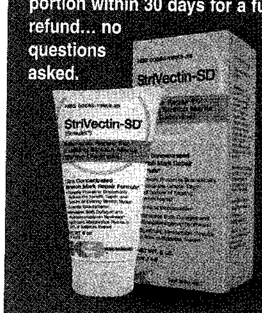
If you've been searching for StriVectin-SD, you already know it's become almost impossible to find. Don't bother with Neiman Marcus, they don't have it... Your best bets are SEPHORA shops, PARISIAN, Lord & Taylor, bloomingdale's or Saks 5th Avenue (they always try to keep it in stock) or, believe it or not, the pregnancy section of your local GNC or high-end supplement retailer. To be absolutely sure, you can order StriVectin-SD directly from Klein-Becker at: **1-800-296-7202** or order online at **www.StriVectin.com.** Since StriVectin-SD was designed as a stretch-mark reducing formula, it comes in a large, 6-ounce tube. At $135.00, StriVectin-SD is not cheap... but when used as a wrinkle-reducer, one tube will last approximately six months. By the way, StriVectin-SD is backed by Klein-Becker's money-back guarantee. If StriVectin-SD doesn't make your skin look younger, healthier, and more vibrant, simply return the unused portion within 30 days for a full refund... no questions asked.



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† Botox® Cosmetic is manufactured by Allergan, Inc.

Study References:

[1] PO438 "Relevance of antiwrinkle treatment of a peptide: 4 months clinical double blind study vs excipient." 20th World Congress of Dermatology (60 subjects, 4 mos.)

[2] PO179 "Pentapeptide offers improvement in human photoaged facial skin." 20th World Congress of Dermatology (204 subjects, 14 weeks)

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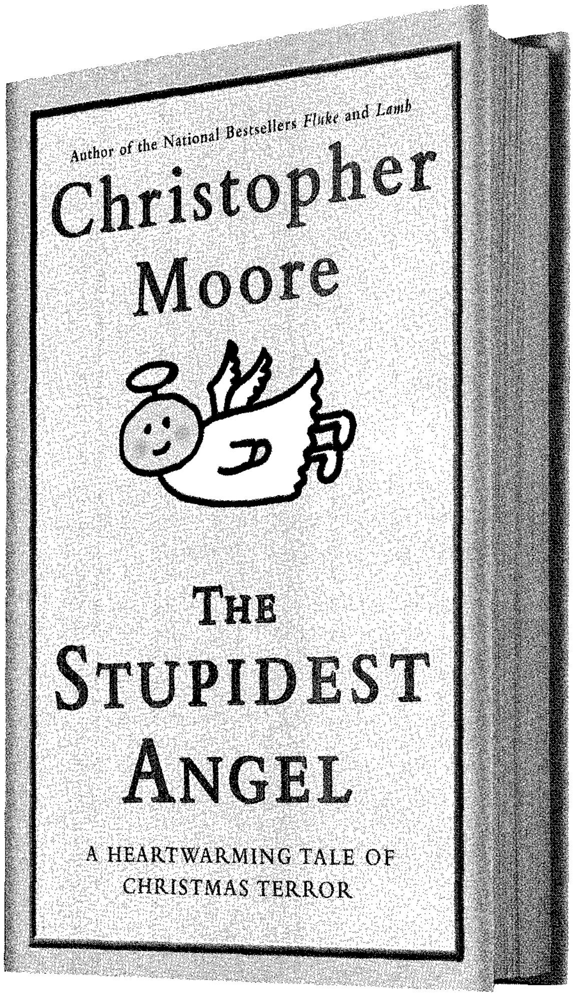
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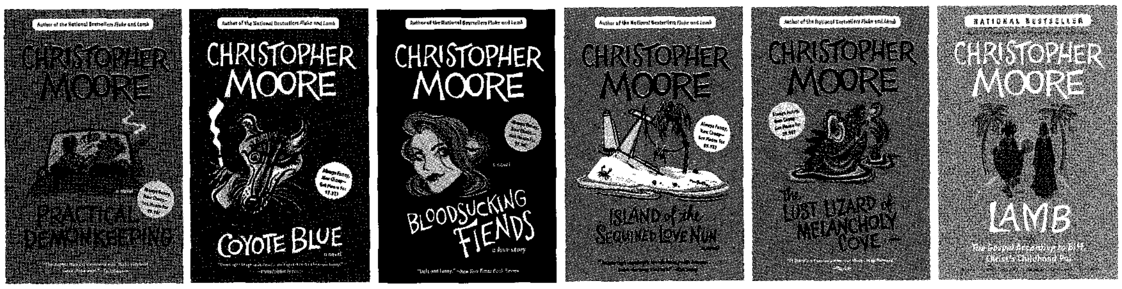
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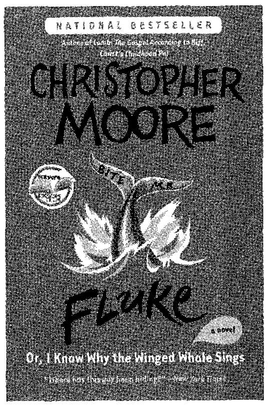
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a novel
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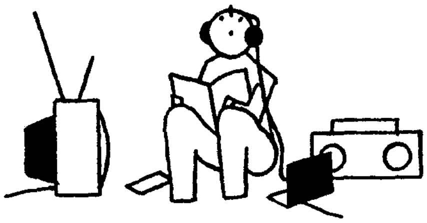
WILLIAM MORROW Perennial *Imprints of* HarperCollins*Publishers* ALSO AVAILABLE FROM HARPERCOLLINS HarperAudio • PerfectBound e-books workers in Morant Bay, Jamaica, and eighteen civil servants were killed. The colonial governor, Edward John Eyre, without evidence of individual guilt, allowed four hundred and thirty-nine people to be killed retributively. The Jamaica Committee, formed to protest this enormity, was largely made up of social and physical scientists: Charles Darwin, T. H. Huxley, Leslie Stephen, Alfred Wallace, and Herbert Spencer, among others. John Stuart Mill, then a Member of Parliament who had voted to extend suffrage to the urban working classes and wrote often to decry dispossession and famine in Ireland, was its head. A committee in support of Governor Eyre had the blessings of literary and artistic men—John Ruskin, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dickens—and its head was Thomas Carlyle. Of the hundreds of illegal executions, Carlyle said to his friend and biographer J. A. Froude, it was "as if a ship had been on fire; the captain, by immediate and bold exertion, had put the fire out, and had been called to account for having flung a bucket or two of water into the hold beyond what was necessary." He called his opponents "rabid Nigger-philanthropists."

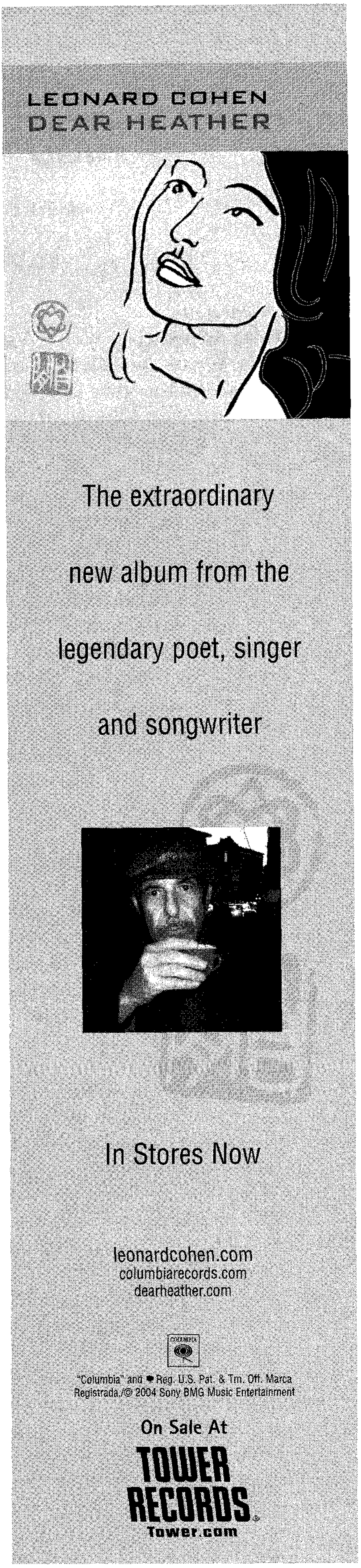
After "The French Revolution," Carlyle turned away from the broader perspectives of general history, and wrote only essays and biographies—of Cromwell and, returning to his admiration for things German with his last major work, of Frederick the Great, a work in six volumes, on which he labored for thirteen years. He decided that the solution to contemporary agitations was oppression: an aristocracy or, better yet, a king, compulsory labor, and military training for all under a reign of the "Drill-Sergeant." It was and was not Carlyle's fault that "Frederick the Great" was the book Goebbels read to Hitler during their final days in the bunker.

In the first year of the Eyre Affair—Carlyle and Mill's last public dispute—Carlyle was in a state of emotional turmoil. Jane Carlyle had died unexpectedly while he had been away. She had left an accusatory diary, detailing his faults and her grievances: the stifling of her own artistic talents, his possible infidelity, his lack of attention to her. Carlyle felt terrible remorse and fierce nostalgia, for imagined men of strength who could control a chaotic world, for his earlier friends and his own younger self. In this mood, he eventually sent Mill a friendly letter along with two books that had belonged to James Mill, which Carlyle thought the son might be glad to have. He said that he would also like to send some little memento, probably something of Jane Carlyle's, and signed himself "with many ineffaceable remembrances and kind wishes and regards." Mill, himself a widower for twelve years, wrote back with thanks, but the two men did not meet again.

In his "Autobiography," which appeared posthumously, Mill wrote, of his early admiration for Carlyle, that "he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that as such, he . . . saw many things long before me, which I could only, when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove." This kept Mill from judging him, "until he was interpreted to me by one greatly the superior of us both—who was more a poet than he, and more a thinker than I," this last referring to Harriet Taylor, and meaning, perhaps, that Mill's wife had seen Carlyle for who he grew to be.

Carlyle dismissed Mill's "Autobiography" as the life of "a logic-chopping engine," but he, too, summed up the friendship with kindness when Charles Eliot Norton came to tell him of Mill's death, in 1873. "What! John Mill dead!" Carlyle said with real anguish. "I never knew a finer, tenderer, more sensitive or modest soul among the sons of men. There never was a more generous creature than he, nor a more modest. He and I were great friends, and when I was beginnin' work on my *French Revolution* there was no man from whom I got such help." Ignoring Mill's finest hours, those given to articulating a doctrine of human liberty resolutely opposed to Carlyle's dark visions, the historian still wasn't sure what had happened between him and his friend. "Many's the time," Carlyle said to Norton, "I've thought o' writin' to him and sayin' 'John Mill, what is it that parts you and me?' But that's all over now." ♦





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KID COURT

Abstracts of recent decisions.

BY IAN FRAZIER

1. *Elephant or no?*

During sleepover, preschoolers A and Z were in A's room for "talking," a quiet time intended for winding down prior to bed. Conversation turned to recently rented cartoon movie, "Dumbo." A remarked that "Dumbo is a cute little elephant." In response, Z stated, flatly, "Dumbo is not an elephant." Shocked by this, A replied, with some emphasis, to the effect that Dumbo certainly is an elephant. Z then repeated the assertion. A introduced into argument Dumbo's trunk and elephant mother. For rebuttal, Z simply restated previous position, "Dumbo is not an elephant." A called in counsel, who advised that since Z was the guest, why not let her say Dumbo is whatever she wants Dumbo to be? Outraged, A said again that Dumbo *was* an elephant, meanwhile beginning to cry and kick the side of her bed as Z, unmoved, looked on.

Court at first refused to hear the case. On reapplication, court ruled that it didn't really matter what kind of animal Dumbo was, now please go to sleep. Decision upheld on appeal.

2. *Competition gone wrong*

A and B, siblings, on car trip, entered ill-advisedly into burping contest. Drinking soda was involved. B said new flavor of soda, tried by him for first time, was pretty good. A replied, "I'll bet it's really not." This later construed as evidence of animus against B. Contest proceeded without further dispute. Burps of A and B roughly equal in quality, volume, etc. After ten minutes, A said she was bored. B then produced outstanding burp, which A let go by without comment. B, noting A's silence, asked her opinion. Still receiving no answer, B said, "Hey, I complimented *your* burps." A replied in a way seen as unforthcoming by B, who then put pressure on A's seat belt until she screamed.

Court pulled over and refused to continue until A and B were silent; both enjoined to remain like that; contest suspended.

3. *Ordnance dispute*

B and Y, friends, sitting at campsite picnic table, began discussion of weaponry. Question to be resolved: Can machine guns fire underwater? B inclined to the affirmative, Y to the negative. Advantage seesawed back and forth until Y produced apparent trump, namely, "If machine guns can fire underwater, then why are there spearguns?" Having reached stalemate, question was referred to court for certiorari.

After deliberation, court found greater merit in argument of Y, existence of spearguns being seen in and of itself presumptive of inutility of combustion-propelled projectiles when entire machine gun is underwater. Court made mental note to call gun shop or someplace when home and ask if that actually is correct.

4. *The self-inflicted hit*

This case involved conflicting complaints presented to court simultaneously. A and B, siblings, were in living room—B on sofa, A in armchair doing math. B was playing with "shark guy," action figure with shark head, big arms, and smaller legs and torso. By manipulating movable shark jaw, B was causing shark guy to sing "Jingle Bells" with first consonants of words replaced, i.e., "Bingle bells, bingle bells, bingle ball be bay," "Dingle dells, dingle dells, dingle dall de day," etc. A requested that B stop. B's response was to make shark guy repeat, through crude ventriloquism and jaw motions, words just spoken by A. Becoming angry, A pretended to hurl math notebook at B. B, not understanding that gesture was merely a feint, quickly lifted his arm to ward off anticipated blow, resulting in unintentional jab to own forehead with pointed end of shark guy. Howling in pain, B then hurled shark guy at A, striking her on wrist. Both immediately sought redress at court.

Here we have a more complex question in kid jurisprudence; that is, how does the "Always use words, not hitting" rule apply to fake or threatened blows, especially when the putative victim's response itself results in harm? Or, put another way, what blame if any accrues to A for a mere gesture that, as she claims, she had no intention of following through? B, representing himself, argued that he had every reason to believe the threat was real, and indicated as corroboration a large bruise below right kneecap, which he claimed was result of A kicking him earlier with field-hockey shoe. On redirect, A said that she did not even *have* field-hockey shoes, because practice had just started and she hadn't gotten them yet. These remarks were followed with animadversions against B beyond scope of discussion.

Fed up, court cut Gordian knot by sending A and B to opposite corners; five minutes for every subsequent remark.

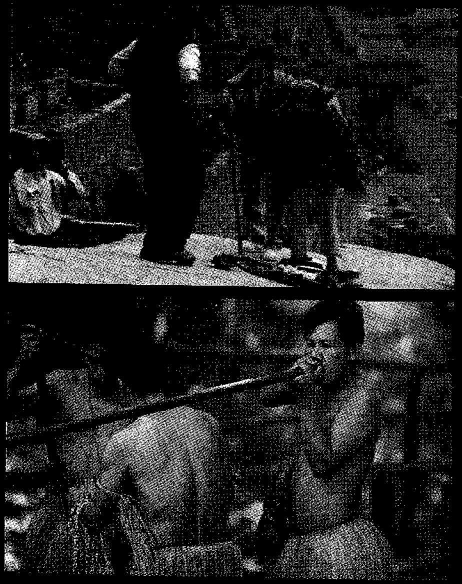
Before sentencing, as well as during and after, court admonished both A and B for their conduct, which he described as the worst seen all afternoon. Court asked if they had any idea how damaging their acts were for society, when he was forced to close the door of his basement office so as not to hear their disruption, and then had to get off the phone in the middle of an important call with a client, to whom he was trying to sell half a million dollars of term life insurance, because they came bursting in on him when they had been specifically told not to interrupt until six o'clock. Court asked if A and B would like to make large income necessary to pay the mortgage themselves, and, if not, would they be willing to move to a shack because they had created so much trouble and destroyed the business of the person who fed, sheltered, and clothed them. Court asked how they would like that.

B expressed remorse, had sentence shortened; remanded to video games. A, unrepentant, referred to court as "a big fat hypocrite"; sentence to be continued indefinitely.

5. *Birthday-party plan*

To party for eleventh birthday, B, the celebrant, invited guests D, E, F, G, H, I, and Y. Sodas in refrigerator, cash on counter to pay pizza deliveryman. Court adjourned to third-floor storage room with mattress, food. Closed door tightly. Disregarded sounds of crashing, breakage, screams. Let real court sort it out. ♦

PERU: THE ROYAL TOUR



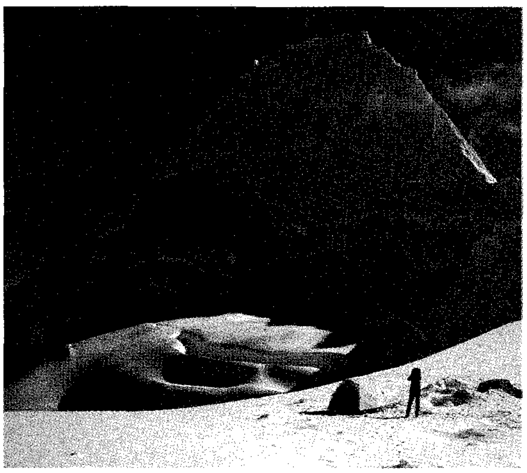
MACHU PICCHU: © ROSANNE PENNELLA; RIGHT: TOLEDO WITH SHAMAN; AND BELOW: YAGUAS COURTESY OF PROMPERU

BEHIND THE SCENES Airing Tuesday, November 16th at 10 P.M. EST on the Travel Channel, President Alejandro Toledo will give viewers an insider's tour of Peru.

THE MAKING OF THE DOCUMENTARY

[illegible]

It's morning in the Amazon. A rain forest unmarked by roads, power lines, or cell phone antennas rolls toward the horizon, broken only by a river the color of well-steeped tea. Suddenly we hear, then see, a high-altitude helicopter. It follows the meandering path of the river before banking right and coming in low over a village of native longhouses partially obscured by canopies of variegated green.



Above and slightly to the right, a cameraman *standing on the skid of a second helicopter* methodically tracks the movement of the first. On the ground, a second camera moves through the gritty prop wash of the descending chopper amid a gaggle of Yagua people anxious to greet their distinguished visitors—Peruvian President Alejandro Toledo and Peter Greenberg, chief correspondent for the Travel Channel. Toledo is the first indigenous Andean democratically elected to govern Peru since the arrival of the Spanish conquerors in 1532. A self-made man born in the northern highlands, Toledo started out as a shoe-shine boy who later went on to earn his Ph.D. at Stanford University.

As the door of the helicopter opens and the two visitors emerge, the excited crowd surges forward, heedless of the whirring rotor blades. Some of the indigenous people have seen their president before, but this is the first time the village has been visited by documentary filmmakers. It is also the first time a helicopter has ever landed there.

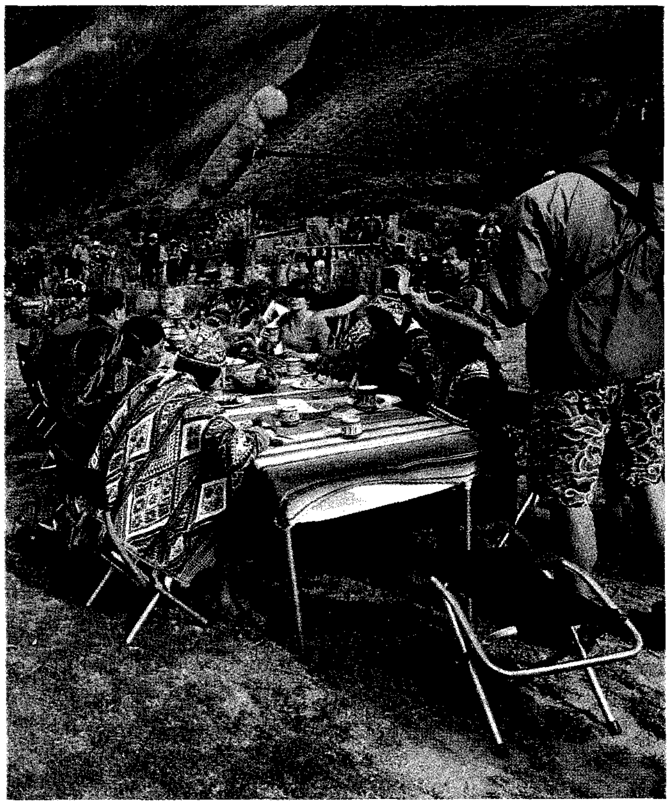
It's not yet 10 A.M. and already the morning mist is turning to steam. Toledo, Greenberg, and their Amazonian entourage amble down a jungle trail toward two hunters bearing blowguns. The men wear jungle foliage decorated with plumage from tropical birds. As two camera crews film the encounter from opposite angles, a third camera and sound team silently boards a pirogue and heads upriver to prepare for the next shoot.

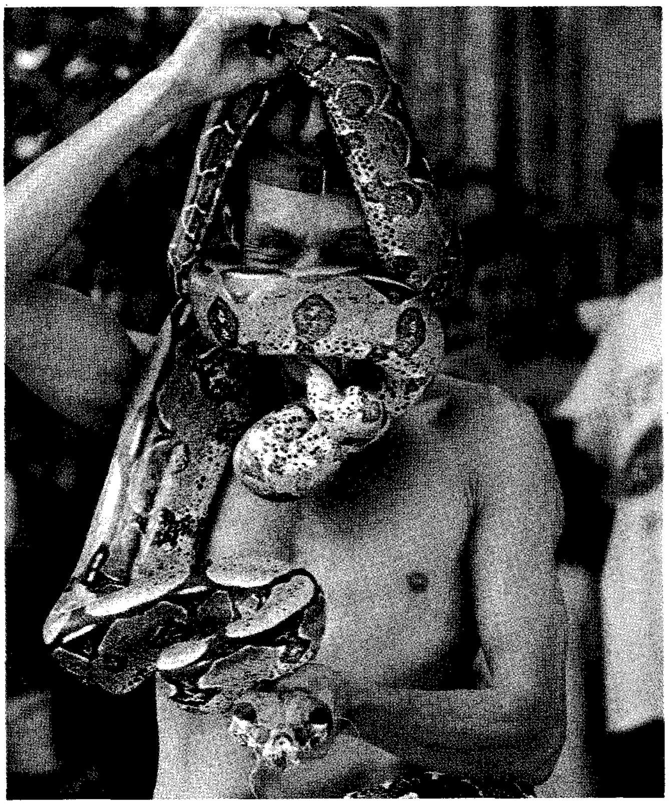
"Peru is an Andean nation but sixty per cent of the country is jungle," the president explains to Greenberg, as a microphone resembling an enormous Q-tip hovers overhead. "The world can't afford to lose a river basin that contains twenty per cent of the world's fresh water and the pharmacological wonders of the rain forest," he continues. "The darts these men use are dipped in venom that immobilizes without paralyzing. Heart surgeons use a derivative of the same substance when they operate."

"Are many of the animals here dangerous?" Greenberg asks.

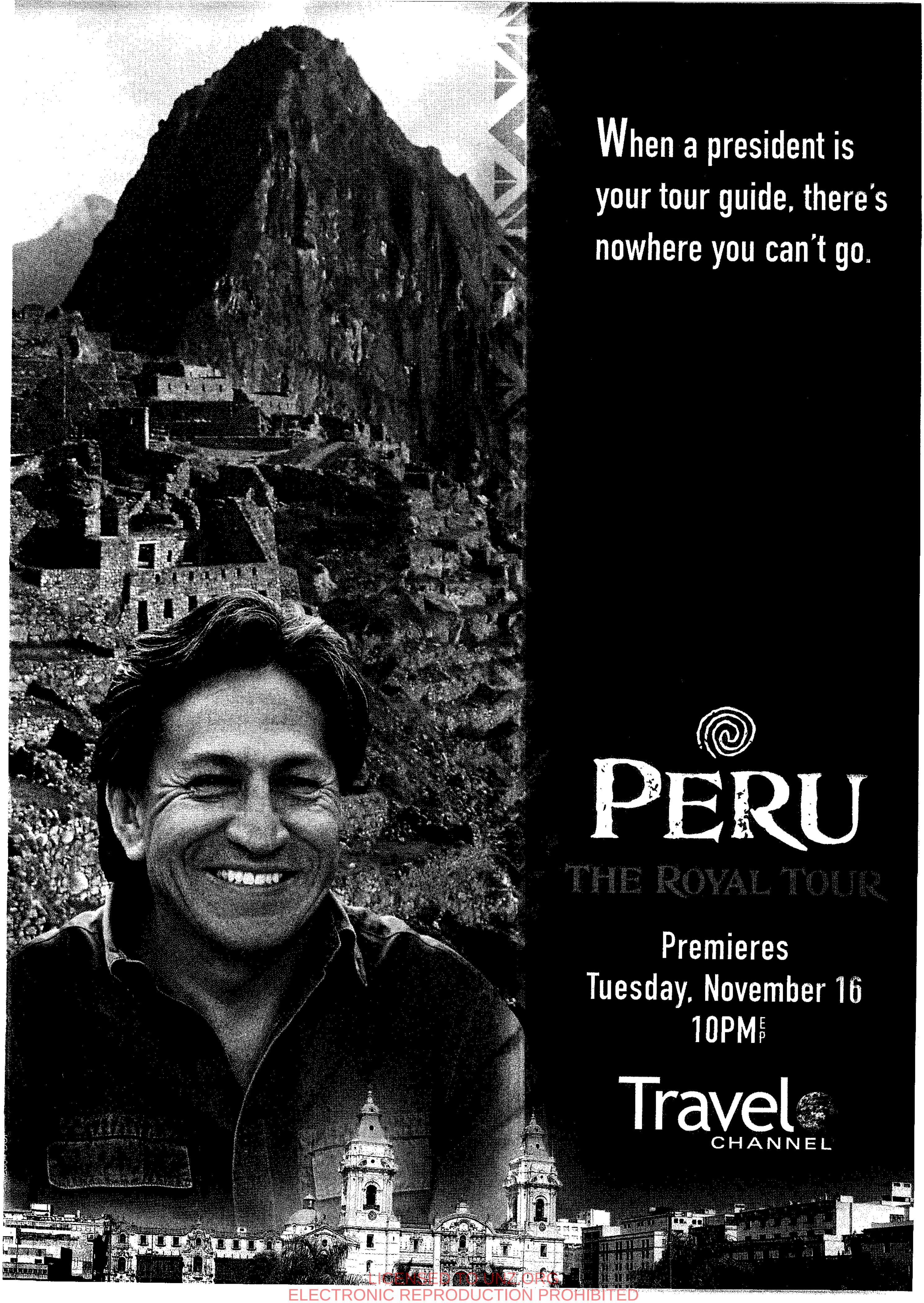
"No, not really," smiles the president. "Come let me show you the family pet of a friend of mine."

"Cut!"





TOP: NEVADO ALPAMAYO AND LEFT: MIDSHOOT FEAST © ROSANNE PENNELLA; RIGHT: IQUITOS MAN WITH BOA COURTESY OF PROMPERU


When a president is your tour guide, there's nowhere you can't go.
PERU
THE ROYAL TOUR
Premieres
Tuesday, November 16
10PM E/P
Travel
CHANNEL

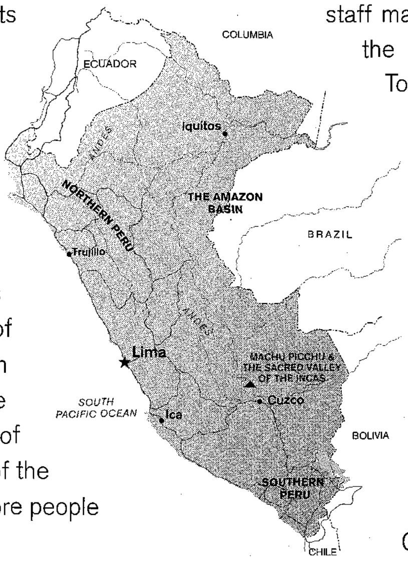
After checking to insure that his videotape and sound quality are perfect, director John Armstrong allows himself a quick smile. The village encounter just recorded is colorful, informative, and typical of the experience tourists to the Amazon might enjoy with a little advance planning. But a quick glance at his wristwatch brings Armstrong back to reality. Greenberg and the president are twenty-four minutes late for their appointment with a boa constrictor (the "family pet"). If he doesn't move quickly "Peru: The Royal Tour" will fall even further behind schedule.

Created by Greenberg, an Emmy-winning producer and author of the best-selling "Travel Detective" book series, "The Royal Tour" is one of the highest-rated series ever to appear on the Travel Channel. Unlike most travel documentaries featuring cathedrals, handicraft vendors, and flower markets, "The Royal Tour" takes viewers beyond the beaten path to see a country through the eyes of an energetic head of state. In the wrong hands, this formula could produce a rather sanitized view of reality. The program's producers avoid this trap by focusing on experiences and activities ordinary travelers can enjoy, keeping the dialogue largely unscripted, and retaining editorial control of the finished product. Indeed, "The Royal Tour" may be the closest thing on cable television to cinéma vérité.

"Peru: The Royal Tour," which airs November 16th at 10 P.M. EST on the Travel Channel is the third installment of the series. In April, 2002, Greenberg joined King Abdullah II bin Al Hussein on a whirlwind tour of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. Later that year he and New Zealand Prime Minister Helen Clark explored mountains and caves so dramatically beautiful that many served as scenery in the filming of the "Lord of the Rings" trilogy. Chief executives who take the Travel Channel on a royal tour of their countries can expect to be away from their desks for at least five days. Indeed, more than sixty hours of videotape was shot to produce the hour-long documentary. But doing the show is well worth the effort since the program will be viewed in 360 million homes once it is broadcast worldwide.

Why focus on Peru? "Because Peru is a remarkably diverse country that's on the short list of places most people want to visit," Greenberg explains. "In addition to having an incredible history, Peru has lost civilizations that are still being discovered. Sipan in northern Peru has the richest tomb complex

Above: Toledo and the First Lady; Right: Eliane flanked by Peruvian Paso horse masters; Opposite page: Ollantaytambo citizens offer handicrafts to Toledo, his wife, and Greenberg at archeological site. This page, top: courtesy of PromPeru and right © Rosanne Pennella; facing page: PromPeru



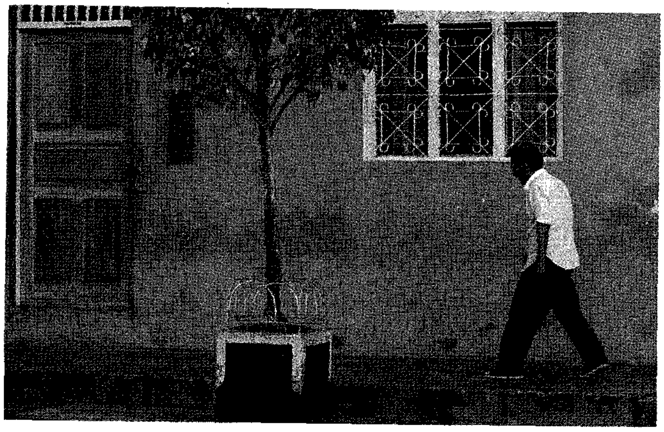
in the Western Hemisphere, and it wasn't discovered until 1987. Chicago's Field Museum and archeologists from Northern Illinois University only recently began excavating Caral, the oldest city in the Americas, whose construction in 2627 B.C. coincides with that of Egypt's Great Pyramid at Khufu," he says. "Anthropologists still are baffled over the true meaning of the Nazca Lines in southern Peru."

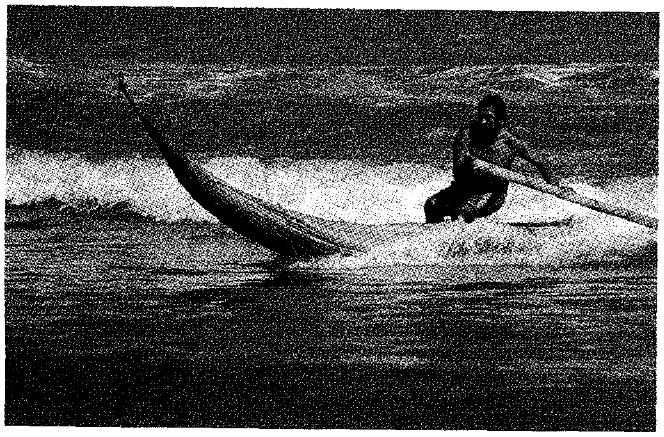
Peru also was selected because President Toledo, like Jordan's king and New Zealand's prime minister, understands that travel brings people together in ways politics can't. "There are more than 190 countries in the world and travel is a major contributor to the GNP of many of them," says Greenberg. "The power of tourism became clear after 9/11 when people altered traveling habits and the economies of many countries were affected. The leaders of the nations we visit know that travel employs more people than many other industries in the world."

In addition to his duties as Travel Editor with NBC's "Today" show, Greenberg hosts "The Travel Detective," a two-hour, live, call-in radio show heard each Sunday on LA's KABC. Of all his activities, none is more demanding than producing "The Royal Tour" series.

It took eighteen months to secure the approvals necessary to spend six days filming in Peru. Greenberg flew there numerous times to discuss possible itineraries with the president, military aides, and other government officials. His production staff made ten other trips scouting locations. All of the trips were necessary because "The Royal Tour" is one of television's great logistical challenges. In addition to moving a production crew of twenty-two people around a country roughly the size of Alaska, the movement of presidential bodyguards, army liaison officers, and protocol officials had to be coordinated.

For associate producer Nell O'Hara, the most difficult task was organizing a production schedule that bypassed Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world (12,500 feet), and Colca Canyon, a geological wonder twice as deep as the Grand Canyon, where Peruvian peasants still tend terraced fields fashioned by the Incas. Says O'Hara: "Peru has some of the best ice-climbing in the hemisphere. But we had to bypass that, too, because helicopters loaded with all our equipment simply





Portfolio of stills. From top, niñas del Cuzco, Peruvian condor in flight courtesy of PromPeru; an Iquitos street © RosannePennella; dodging waves on a caballito, PromPeru

couldn't fly that high in the thin air."

Because presidential time is so valuable, three camera crews constantly leapfrog to minimize delays. There is no time to wait for skies to clear. If disaster strikes, it's often incorporated into the travel narrative.

Midnight at eleven thousand feet. After a day of Amazon humidity, "The Royal Tour" is bedding down at a hacienda in the mountains above Cuzco, the city Incas called the "navel of the world." On a table against the far wall of the lobby are pots of steaming coca tea. The native brew serves as a palliative for the headaches attending altitude sickness, but on this particular evening the beverage of choice is bottled water.

Like an infantry division after a battle, the technicians quietly clean their gear. Their weapons of choice, however, are expensive Sony Betacams, playback decks, and sensitive sound gear. "A documentary is a lot like a military operation," concedes supervising producer Jon Lapidese. "We organize everything in advance and hope the staged moments we planned occur on schedule."

"Yeah, everything's planned in advance," smiles cameraman Mike Graber, as he yields to exhaustion and heads off to bed. "Everything's planned until it completely falls apart."

The wake-up calls begin at 6 A.M. so the crew can prepare for the filming of Ollantaytambo, a picturesque Sacred Valley town an hour and a half drive from Cuzco. After the fall of the Inca Empire in 1532, Spain's conquistadors tore down most of the Inca's buildings and used the hand-hewn stones to build colonial churches, stately paseos, and residential palaces. Due to its remote location, however, Ollantaytambo escaped destruction. Today it is the only place in Peru where people live in the same buildings that once served as homes for the Incan nobility. Indeed, most of the narrow streets bear Incan names and some still maintain stone channels that bring fresh water down from the mountains.

After crossing the Andes twice, the production is back on schedule by day four and heading toward Ica. A vast desert located a quarter of the way between Lima and the Chilean border, Ica is filled with mountainous sand dunes, irrigated vineyards that produce a grape brandy called *pisco*, and a vast pampa that contains the mysterious Nazca Lines. Consisting of seventy large pictographs spread over roughly two hundred square miles of desert, some academics think it is a giant astronomical calendar.

Our destination is Paracas, a coastal area famous for horse farms and dunes shaped like enormous waves of sand. According to the schedule, Greenberg and the president will spend thirty minutes driving dune buggies and then join a group of Peruvian horse breeders for a sunset ride. The Peruvian Paso, a special breed of horse which dates back to the Spanish conquistadors, take their lead from the *chalanes* (riders) for this end of day outing.

Another day, another adventure, compliments of El Presidente.

But Alejandro Toledo is having too much fun on his dune buggy. Instead of returning at the appointed hour, he continues careening across the sand, chased by a camera crew in a low-flying helicopter. When it's time to ride horses, the light is fading fast and everyone has consumed far too much pisco. Clearly, some improvising is necessary.

Director Armstrong approaches Toledo's security detail. "Can you guys line up those 4x4 trucks and turn on the headlights?" he asks, as the horses begin kicking up dust in a semi-synchronized ballet performed to the beat of a discordant military band. "A generator," barks Armstrong. "Does anybody have a generator?"

"We don't need no stinking generator," screams sound technician Alicia Alexander, looking up momentarily from the audio gauge on her tape recorder. "Bring on more 4x4s!"

Suddenly, Toledo's wife, Eliane, unties her scarf and rushes into the ranks of the horses which are prancing with a distinctive parade gait, spinning about one horse, then another, performing an equine-like *marinera* (folkdance). As the circle of horses closes, the dust rises and combines with the light from the trucks to give the entire scene a golden sepia glow. Lapidese has not planned this scene, but the cameras keep rolling nonetheless.

Back in the bus heading for the hotel spirits are high. A spontaneous event has evolved into a beautiful picture of life in the Peruvian desert. Forgotten for the moment is the fact that one cameraman flew a little too low over the dune buggies and narrowly averted injury when he nicked the top of a sand dune. Thankfully, no one was hurt and nothing was damaged.

"We may not be very good, but we're the best film crew right here right now," laughs Graber.

"We were certainly good enough tonight," Armstrong responds.

"Well, it's better to be lucky than good," says Lapidese. ▲

David DeVoss became acquainted with Latin America as a Time Magazine *correspondent. Today he is the editor and senior correspondent for the East-West News Service in Los Angeles.*

We would like to hear from you.

If you've visited Peru sometime in the last year or two, and would like to share your travel experiences with us or recommend a particular destination, we would like you to share your story with us. On or before December 15th, go to **www.NewYorkerReaderLink.com** and click on "Your Peru Story" to submit a personal entry that we will post online for three consecutive months. If you choose, you may also mail correspondence to: *The New Yorker* Special Advertising Sections department, 4 Times Square, 21st floor, New York, NY 10036.

SAMPLE ITINERARY

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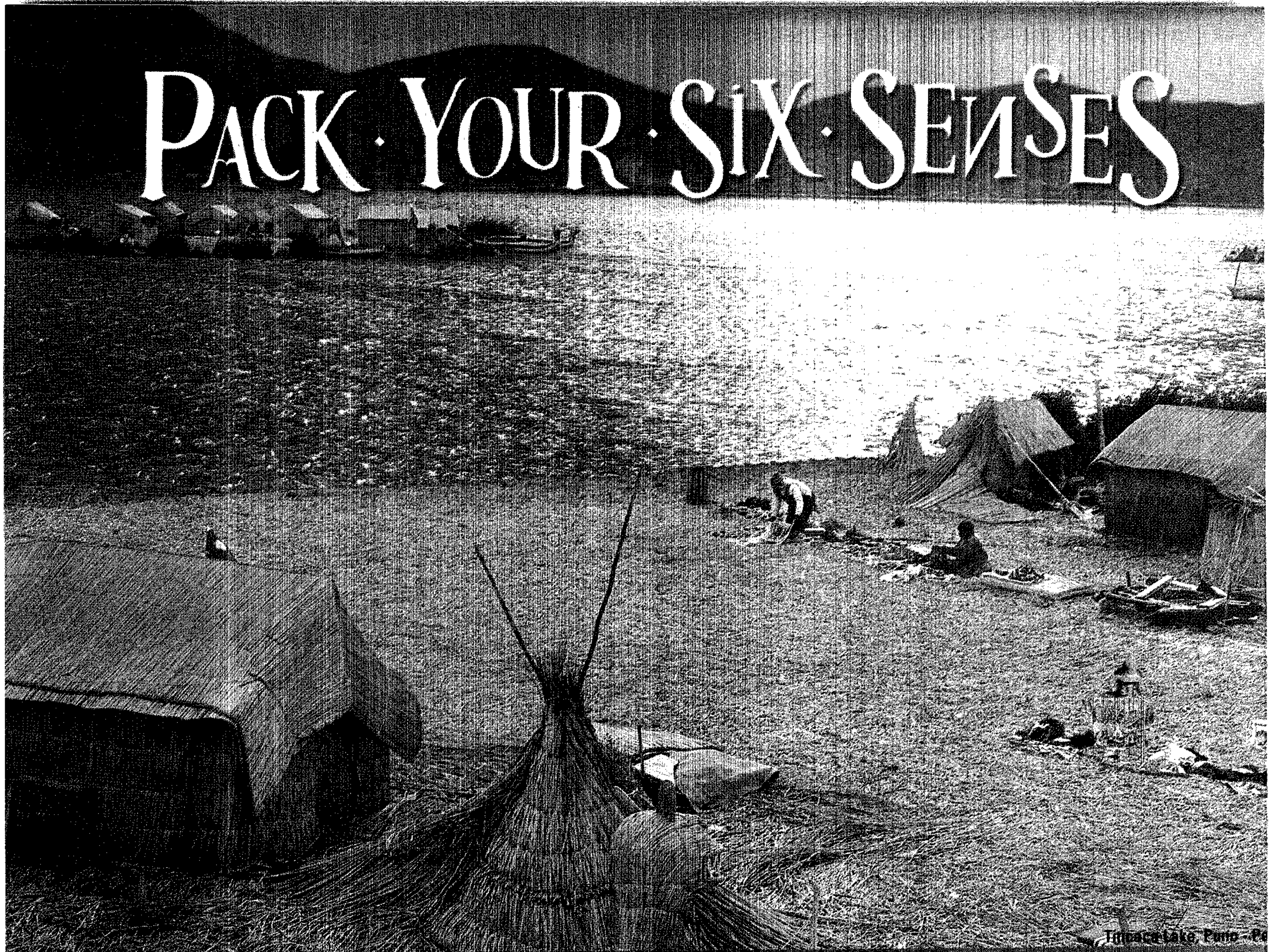

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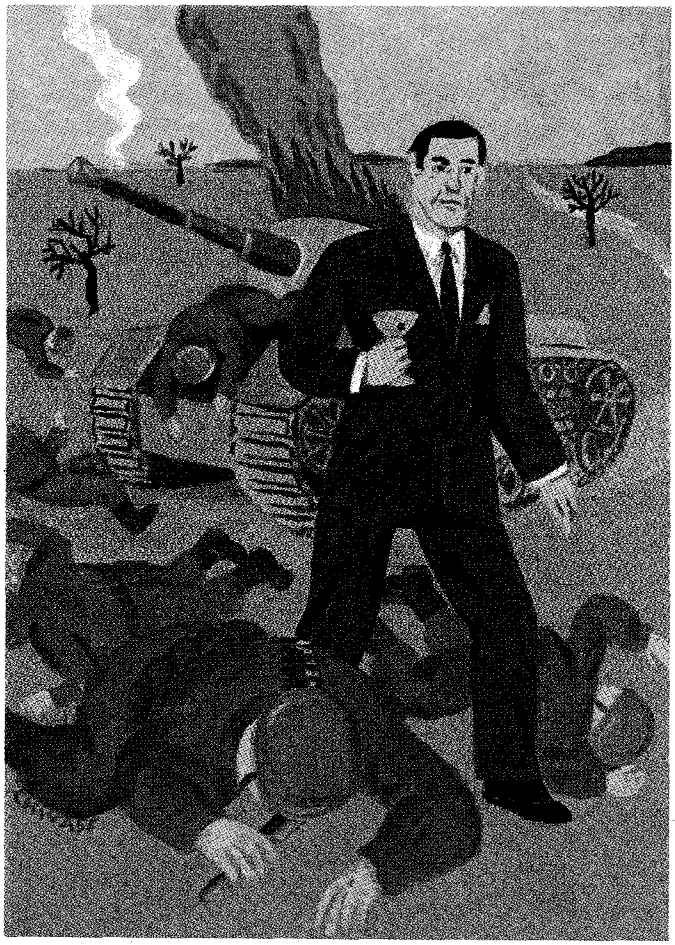
ANNALS OF PSYCHOLOGY

GETTING OVER IT

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit put the war behind him. What's changed?

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

When Tom Rath, the hero of Sloan Wilson's 1955 novel "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," comes home to Connecticut each day from his job in Manhattan, his wife mixes him a Martini. If he misses the train, he'll duck into the bar at Grand Central Terminal and have a highball, or perhaps a Scotch. On Sunday mornings, Rath and his wife lie around drinking Martinis. Once, Rath takes a tumbler of Martinis to bed, and after finishing it drifts off to sleep. Then his wife wakes him up in the middle of the night, wanting to talk. "I will if you get me a drink," he says. She comes back with a glass half full of ice and gin. "On Greentree Avenue cocktail parties started at seven-thirty, when the men came home from New York, and they usually continued without any dinner until three or four o'clock in the morning," Wilson writes of the tidy neighborhood in Westport where Rath and countless other young, middle-class families live. "Somewhere around nine-thirty in the evening, Martinis and Manhattans would give way to highballs, but the formality of eating anything but hors d'oeuvres in-between had been entirely omitted."


Tom Rath survived bloody combat to face the daily commute.

SEYMOUR CHWAST

"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" is about a public-relations specialist who lives in the suburbs, works for a media company in midtown, and worries about money, job security, and educating his children. It was an enormous best-seller. Gregory Peck played Tom Rath in the Hollywood version, and today, on the eve of the fiftieth anniversary of the book's publication, many of the themes the novel addresses seem strikingly contemporary. But in other ways "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" is utterly dated. The details are all wrong. Tom Rath, despite an introspective streak, is supposed to be a figure of middle-class normalcy. But by our standards he and almost everyone else in the novel look like alcoholics. The book is supposed to be an argument for the importance of family over career. But Rath's three children—the objects of his sacrifice—are so absent from the narrative and from Rath's consciousness that these days he'd be called an absentee father.

The most discordant note, though, is struck by the account of Rath's experience in the Second World War. He had, it becomes clear, a terrible war. As a paratrooper in Europe, he and his close friend Hank Mahoney find themselves trapped—starving and freezing—behind enemy lines, and end up killing two German sentries in order to take their sheepskin coats. But Rath doesn't quite kill one of them, and Mahoney urges him to finish the job:

> Tom had knelt beside the sentry. He had not thought it would be difficult, but the tendons of the boy's neck had proved tough, and suddenly the sentry had started to sit up. In a rage Tom had plunged the knife repeatedly into his throat, ramming it home with all his strength until he had almost severed the head from the body.

At the end of the war, Rath and Mahoney are transferred to the Pacific theatre for the invasion of the island of Karkow. There Rath throws a hand grenade and inadvertently kills his friend. He crawls over to Hank's body, calling out his name. "Tom had put his hand under Mahoney's arm and turned him over," Wilson writes. "Mahoney's entire chest had been torn away, leaving the naked lungs and splintered ribs exposed."

Rath picks up the body and runs back toward his own men, dodging enemy fire. Coming upon a group of Japanese firing from a cave, he props the body up, crawls within fifteen feet of the machine gun, tosses in two grenades, and then finishes off the lone survivor with a knife. He takes Hank's body into a bombed-out pillbox and tries to resuscitate his friend's corpse. The medics tell him that Hank has been dead for hours. He won't listen. In a daze, he runs with the body toward the sea.

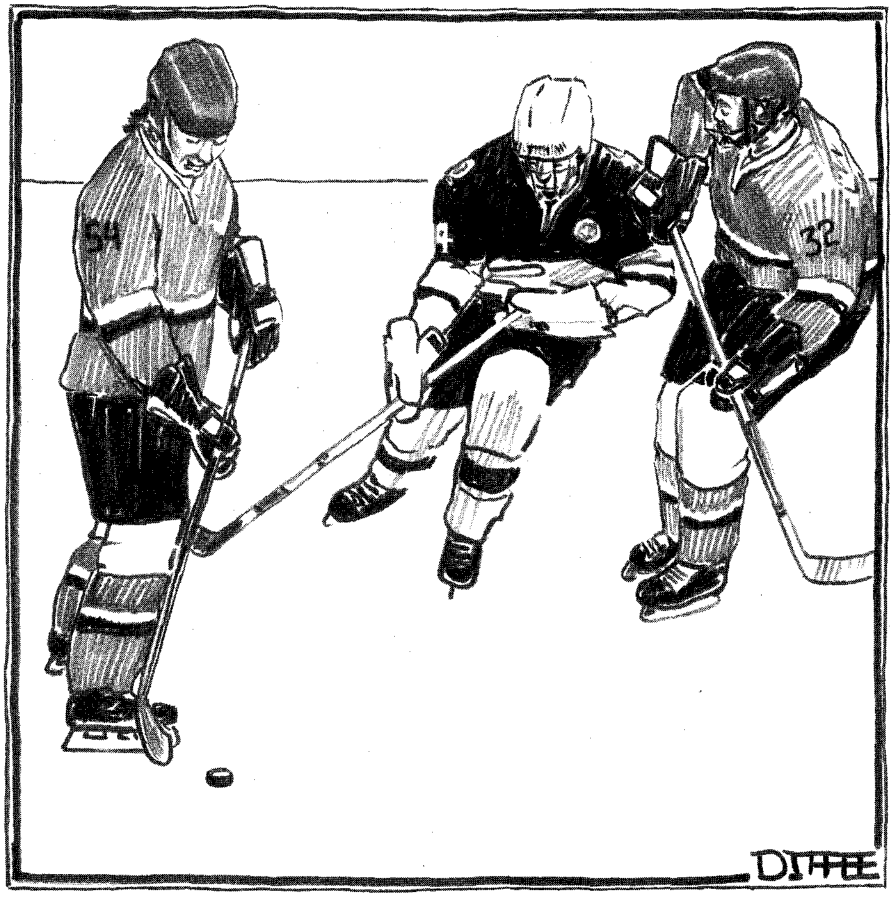
Wilson's description of Mahoney's death is as brutal and moving a description of the madness of combat as can be found in postwar fiction. But what happens to Rath as a result of that day in Karkow? Not much. It does not destroy him, or leave him permanently traumatized. The part of Rath's war experience that leaves him truly guilt-ridden is the adulterous affair that he has with a woman named Maria while waiting for redeployment orders in Rome. In the elevator of his midtown office, he runs into a friend who knew Maria, and learns that he fathered a son. He obsessively goes over and over the affair in his mind, trying to square his feeling toward Maria with his love for his wife, and his marriage is fully restored only when he confesses to the existence of his Italian child. Killing his best friend, by contrast, is something that comes up and then gets tucked away. As Rath sat on the beach, and Mahoney's body was finally taken away, Wilson writes:

> A major, coming to squat beside him, said, "Some of these goddamn sailors got heads. They went ashore and got Jap heads, and they tried to boil them in the galley to get the skulls for souvenirs."
>
> Tom had shrugged and said nothing. The fact that he had been too quick to throw a hand grenade and had killed Mahoney, the fact that some young sailors had wanted skulls for souvenirs, and the fact that a few hundred men had lost their lives to take the island of Karkow—all these facts were simply incomprehensible and had to be forgotten. That, he had decided, was the final truth of the war, and he had greeted it with relief, greeted it eagerly, the simple fact that it was incomprehensible and had to be forgotten. Things just happen, he had decided; they happen and they happen again, and anybody who tries to make sense out of it goes out of his mind.

You couldn't write that scene today, at least not without irony. No soldier, according to our contemporary understanding, could ever shrug off an experience like that. Today, it is Rath's affair with Maria that would be rationalized and explained away. He was a soldier, after all, in the midst of war. Who knew if he would ever see his wife again? Tim O'Brien's best-selling 1994 novel "In the Lake of the Woods" has a narrative structure almost identical to that of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." O'Brien's hero, John Wade, is present at a massacre of civilians in the Vietnamese village of Thuan Yen. He kills a fellow-soldier—a man he loved like a brother. And, just like Rath, Wade sits down at the end of the long afternoon of the worst day of his war and tries to wish the memory away:

> And then later still, snagged in the sunlight, he gave himself over to forgetfulness. "Go away," he murmured. He waited a moment, then said it again, firmly, much louder, and the little village began to vanish inside its own rosy glow. Here, he reasoned, was the most majestic trick of all. In the months and years ahead, John Wade would remember Thuan Yen the way chemical nightmares are remembered, impossible combinations, impossible events, and over time the impossibility itself would become the richest and deepest and most profound memory.
>
> This could not have happened. Therefore it did not.
>
> Already he felt better.

But John Wade cannot forget. That's the point of O'Brien's book. "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" ends with Tom Rath stronger, and his marriage renewed. Wade falls apart, and when he returns home to the woman he left behind he wakes up screaming in his sleep. By the end of the novel, the past has come back and destroyed Wade, and one reason for the book's power is the inevitability of that disaster. This is the difference between a novel written in the middle of the last century and a novel written at the end of the century. Somehow in the intervening decades our understanding of what it means to experience a traumatic event has changed. We believe in John Wade now, not Tom Rath, and half a century after the publication of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" it's worth wondering whether we've got it right.



"Hang on, I think we've got a Ring Ding here."

Several years ago, three psychologists—Bruce Rind, Robert Bauserman, and Philip Tromovitch—published an article on childhood sexual abuse in *Psychological Bulletin*, one of academic psychology's most prestigious journals. It was what psychologists call a meta-analysis. The three researchers collected fifty-nine studies that had been conducted over the years on the long-term psychological effects of childhood sexual abuse (C.S.A.), and combined the data, in order to get the most definitive and statistically powerful result possible.

What most studies of sexual abuse show is that if you gauge the psychological health of young adults—typically college students—using various measures of mental health (alcohol problems, depression, anxiety, eating disorders, obsessive-compulsive symptoms, social adjustment, sleeping problems, suicidal thoughts and behavior, and so on), those with a history of childhood sexual abuse will have more problems across the board than those who weren't abused. That makes intuitive sense. But Rind and his colleagues wanted to answer that question more specifically: how *much* worse off were the sexually abused? The fifty-nine studies were run through a series of sophisticated statistical tests. Studies from different times and places were put on the same scale. The results were surprising. The difference between the psychological health of those who had been abused and those who hadn't, they found, was marginal. It was two-tenths of a standard deviation. "That's like the difference between someone with an I.Q. of 100 and someone with an I.Q. of 97," Rind says. "Ninety-seven is statistically different from 100. But it's a trivial difference."

Then Rind and his colleagues went one step further. A significant percentage of people who were sexually abused as children grew up in families with a host of other problems, like violence, neglect, and verbal abuse. So, to the extent that the sexually abused were damaged, what caused the damage—the sexual abuse, or the violence and neglect that so often accompanied the abuse? The data suggested that it was the latter, and, if you account for such factors, that two-tenths of a standard deviation shrinks even more. "The real gap is probably smaller than 100 and 97," Rind says. "It might be 98, or maybe it's 99." The studies analyzed by Rind and his colleagues show that some victims of sexual abuse don't even regard themselves, in retrospect, as victims. Among the male college students surveyed, for instance, Rind and his colleagues found that "37 percent viewed their C.S.A. experiences as positive at the time they occurred," while forty-two per cent viewed them as positive when reflecting back on them.

The Rind article was published in the summer of 1998, and almost immediately it was denounced by conservative groups and lambasted in the media. Laura Schlessinger—a popular radio talk-show host known as Dr. Laura—called it "junk science." In Washington, Representative Matt Salmon called it "the Emancipation Proclamation for pedophiles," while Representative Tom DeLay accused it of "normalizing pedophilia." They held a press conference at which they demanded that the American Psychological Association censure the paper. In July of 1999, a year after its publication, both the House and the Senate overwhelmingly passed resolutions condemning the analysis. Few articles in the history of academic psychology have created such a stir.

But why? It's not as if the authors said that C.S.A. was a good thing. They just suggested that it didn't cause as many problems as we'd thought—and the question of whether C.S.A. is morally wrong doesn't hinge on its long-term consequences. Nor did the study say that sexual abuse was harmless. On *average*, the researchers concluded, the long-term damage is small. But that average is made up of cases where the damage is hard to find (like C.S.A. involving adolescent boys) and cases where the damage is quite significant (like father-daughter incest). Rind was trying to help psychologists focus on what was truly harmful. And, when it came to the effects of things like physical abuse and neglect, he and his colleagues sounded the alarm. "What happens in physical abuse is that it doesn't happen once," Rind says. "It happens time and time again. And, when it comes to neglect, the research shows that is the most noxious factor of all—worse than physical abuse. Why? Because it's not practiced for one week. It's a persistent thing. It's a permanent feature of the parent-child relationship. These are the kinds of things that cause problems in adulthood."

All Rind and his colleagues were saying is that sexual abuse is often something that people eventually can get over, and one of the reasons that the Rind study was so unacceptable is that we no longer think that traumatic experiences are things we can get over. We believe that the child who is molested by an uncle or a priest, on two or three furtive occasions, has to be permanently scarred by the experience—just as the soldier who accidentally kills his best friend must do more than sit

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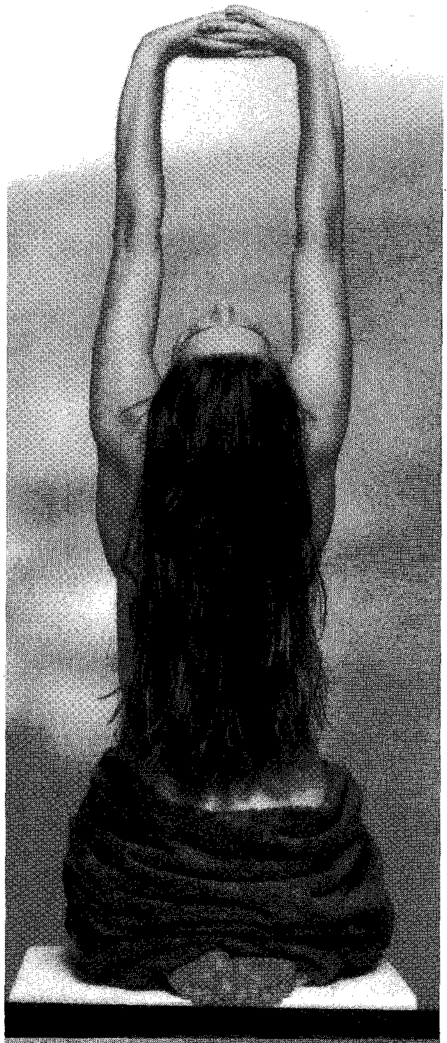

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down on the beach and decide that sometimes things just “happen.”

In a recent history of the Rind controversy, the psychologist Scott Lilienfeld pointed out that when we find out that something we thought was very dangerous actually isn't that dangerous after all we usually regard what we've learned as good news. To him, the controversy was a paradox, and he is quite right. This attachment we have to John Wade over Tom Rath is not merely a preference for one kind of war narrative over another. It is a shift in perception so profound that the United States Congress could be presented with evidence of the unexpected strength and resilience of the human spirit and reject it without a single dissenting vote.

In “The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,” Tom Rath works for Ralph Hopkins, who is the president of the United Broadcasting Company. Hopkins has decided that he wants to play a civic role in the issue of mental health, and Rath's job is to write his speeches and handle public relations connected to the project. “It all started when a group of doctors called on me a few months ago,” Hopkins tells Rath, when he hires him for the job. “They apparently felt that there is too little public understanding of the whole question of mental illness, and that a campaign like the fight against cancer or polio is needed.” Again and again, in the novel, the topic of mental health surfaces. Rath's father, we learn, suffered a nervous breakdown after serving in the trenches of the First World War, and died in what may well have been a suicide. His grandmother, whose death sets the book's plot in motion, wanders in and out of lucidity at the end of her life. Hopkins, in a hilarious scene, recalls his unsatisfactory experience with a psychiatrist. To Wilson's readers, this preoccupation would not have seemed out of place. In 1955, the population of New York State's twenty-seven psychiatric hospitals was nearly ninety-four thousand. (Today, largely because of anti-psychotic drugs, it is less than six thousand.) It was impossible to drive any distance from Manhattan and not be confronted with ominous, hulking reminders of psychiatric distress: the enormous complex across the Triborough Bridge, on Wards Island; Sagamore and Pilgrim Hospitals, on Long Island; Creedmoor, in Queens. Mental health mattered to the reader of the nineteen-fifties, in a way that, say, AIDS mattered in the novels of the late nineteen-eighties.

But Wilson draws a very clear line between the struggles of the Raths and the plight of those suffering from actual mental illness. At one point, for example, Rath's wife, Betsy, wonders why nothing is fun anymore:

> It probably would take a psychiatrist to answer that. Maybe Tom and I both ought to visit one, she thought. What's the matter? the psychiatrist would say, and I would reply, I don't know—nothing seems to be much fun any more. All of a sudden the music stopped, and it didn't start again. Is that strange, or does it happen to everyone about the time when youth starts to go?
>
> The psychiatrist would have an explanation, Betsy thought, but I don't want to hear it. People rely too much on explanations these days, and not enough on courage and action. . . . Tom has a good job, and he'll get his enthusiasm back, be a success at it. Everything's going to be fine. It does no good to wallow in night thoughts. In God we trust, and that's that.

This is not denial, much as it may sound like it. Betsy Rath is not saying that her husband doesn't have problems. She's just saying that, in all likelihood, Tom will get over his problems. This is precisely the idea that lies at the heart of the Rind meta-analysis. Once you've separated out the small number of seriously damaged people—the victims of father-daughter incest, or of prolonged neglect and physical abuse—the balance of C.S.A. survivors are pretty much going to be fine. The same is true, it turns out, of other kinds of trauma. The Columbia University psychologist George Bonanno, for instance, followed a large number of men and women who had recently lost a spouse. “In the bereavement area, the assumption has been that when people lose a loved one there is a kind of unitary process that everybody must go through,” Bonanno says. “That process has been called grief work. The grief must be processed. It must be examined. It must be fully understood, then finished. It was the same kind of assumption that dominated the trauma world. The idea was that everybody exposed to these kinds of events will have to go through the same kind of process if they are to recover. And if you don't do this, if you have somehow inhibited or buried the experience, the assumption was that you would pay in the long run."

Instead, Bonanno found a wide range of responses. Some people went through a long and painful grieving process; others a period of debilitating depression. But by far the most common response was resilience: the majority of those who had just suffered from one of the most painful experiences of their lives never lapsed into serious depression, experienced a relatively brief period of grief symptoms, and soon returned to normal functioning. These people were not necessarily the hardiest or the healthiest. They just managed, by one means or another, to muddle through.

"Most people just plain cope well," Bonanno says. "The vast majority of people get over traumatic events, and get over them remarkably well. Only a small subset—five to fifteen per cent—struggle in a way that says they need help."

What these patterns of resilience suggest is that human beings are naturally endowed with a kind of psychological immune system, which keeps us in balance and overcomes wild swings to either end of the emotional spectrum. Most of us aren't resilient just in the wake of bad experiences, after all. We're also resilient in the wake of wonderful experiences; the joy of a really good meal, or winning a tennis match, or getting praised by a boss doesn't last that long, either. "One function of emotions is to signal to people quickly which things in their environments are dangerous and should be avoided and which are positive and should be approached," Timothy Wilson, a psychologist at the University of Virginia, has said. "People have very fast emotional reactions to events that serve as signals, informing them what to do. A problem with prolonged emotional reactions to past events is that it might be more difficult for these signals to get through. If people are still in a state of bliss over yesterday's success, today's dangers and hazards might be more difficult to recognize." (Wilson, incidentally, is Sloan Wilson's nephew.)

Wilson and his longtime collaborator, Daniel T. Gilbert, argue that a distinctive feature of this resilience is that people don't realize that they possess it. People are bad at forecasting their emotions—at appreciating how well, under most circumstances, they will recover. Not long ago, for instance, Gilbert, Wilson, and two other researchers—Carey Morewedge and Jane Risen—asked passengers at a subway station in Cambridge, Massachusetts, how much regret they thought they would feel if they arrived on the platform just as a train was pulling away. Then they approached passengers who really had arrived just as their train was leaving, and asked them how they felt. They found that the predictions of how bad it would feel to have just barely missed a train were on average greater than reports of how it actually felt to watch the train pull away. We suffer from what Wilson and Gilbert call an impact bias: we always assume that our emotional states will last much longer than they do. We forget that other experiences will compete for our attention and emotions. We forget that our psychological immune system will kick in and take away the sting of adversity. "When I talk about our research, I say to people, 'I'm not telling you that bad things don't hurt,' " Gilbert says. "Of course they do. It would be perverse to say that having a child or a spouse die is not a big deal. All I'm saying is that the reality doesn't meet the expectation."

This is the difference between our own era and the one of half a century ago—between "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" and "In the Lake of the Woods." Sloan Wilson's book came from a time and a culture that had the confidence and wisdom to understand this truth. "I love you more than I can tell," Rath says to his wife at the end of the novel. It's an ending that no one would write today, but only because we have become blind to the fact that the past—in all but the worst of cases—sooner or later fades away. Betsy turns back to her husband:

> "I want you to be able to talk to me about the war. It might help us to understand each other. Did you really kill seventeen men?"
> "Yes."
> "Do you want to talk about it now?"
> "No. It's not that I want to and can't—it's just that I'd rather think about the future. About getting a new car and driving up to Vermont with you tomorrow."
> "That will be fun. It's not an insane world. At least, our part of it doesn't have to be." ♦

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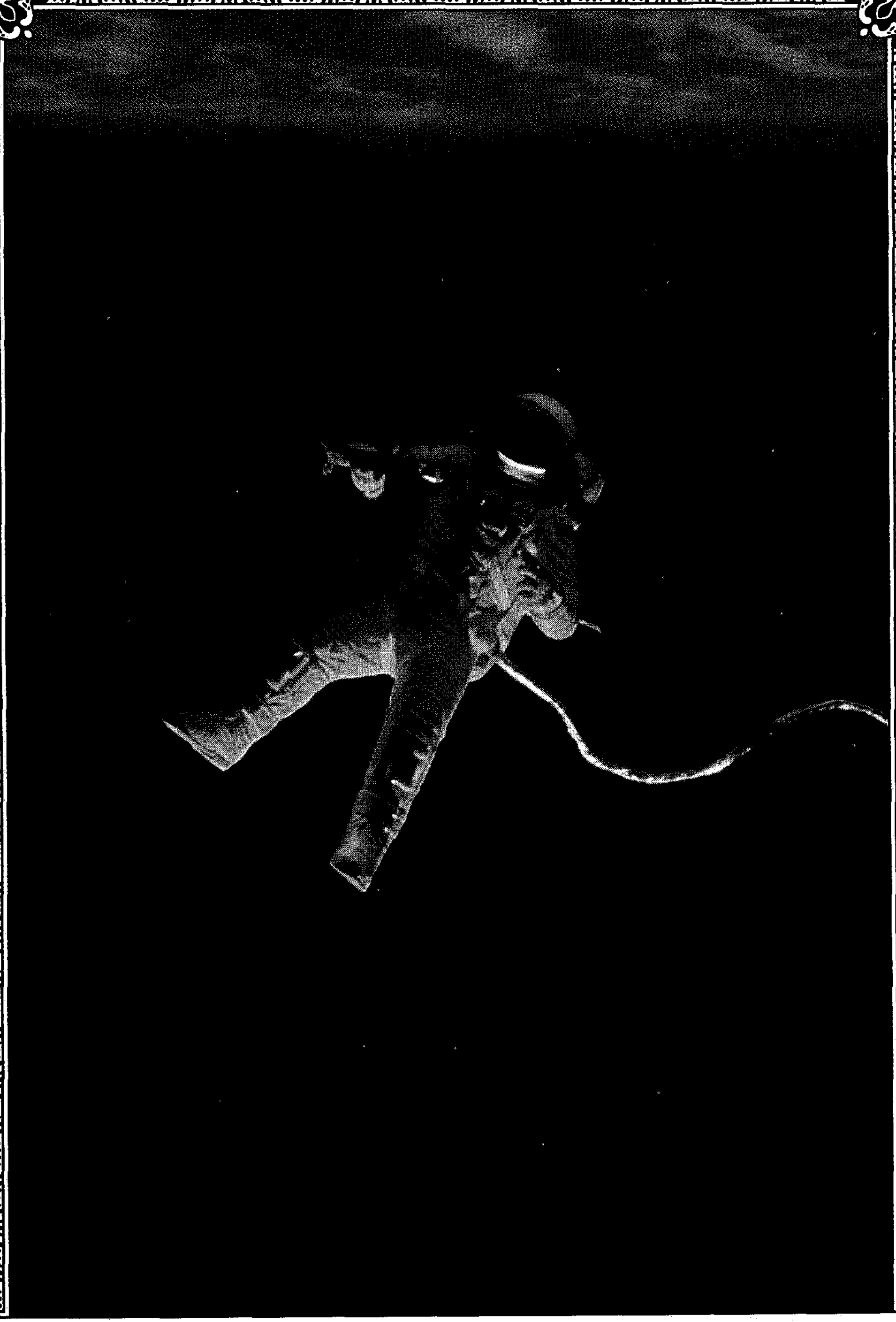

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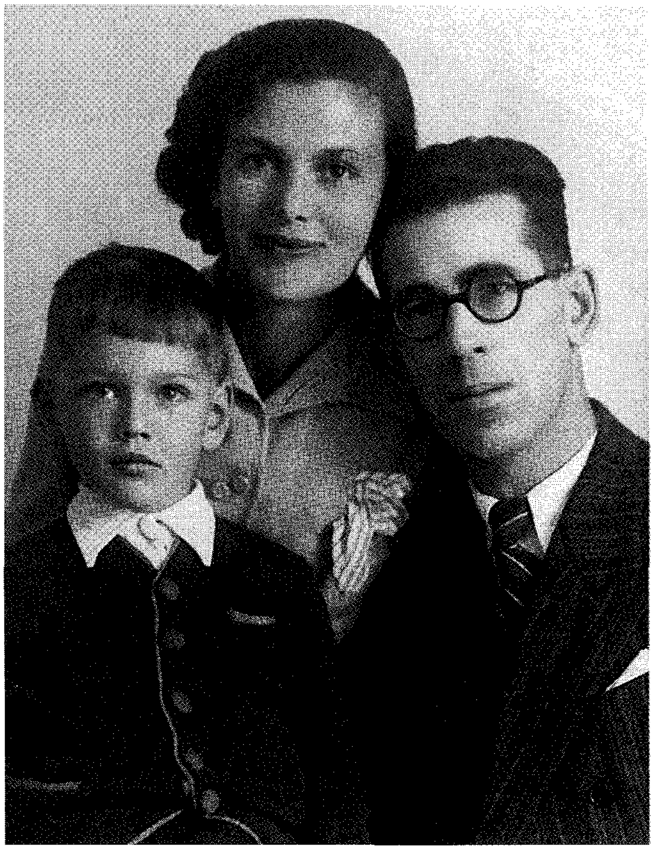


PROFILES

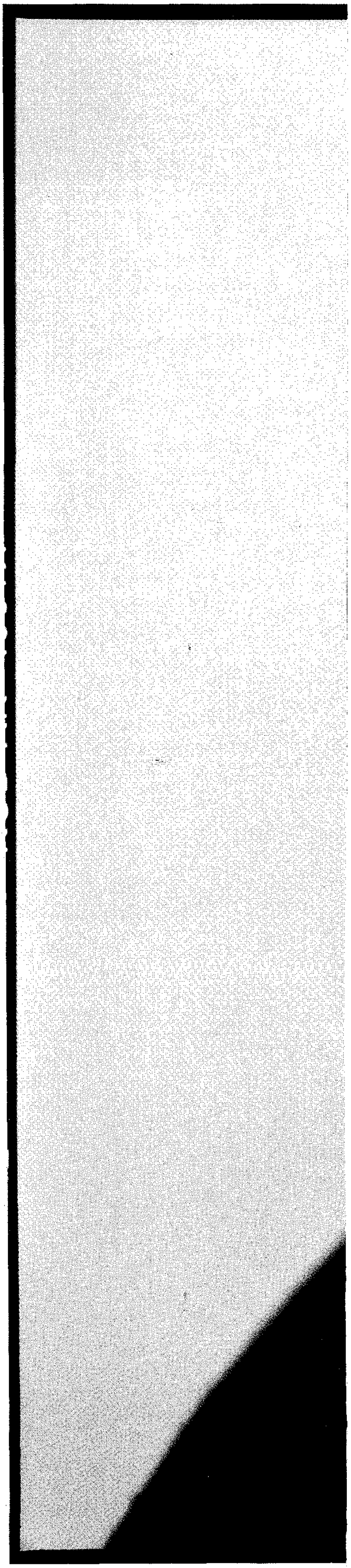
THE SPIRIT LEVEL

Amos Oz writes the story of Israel.

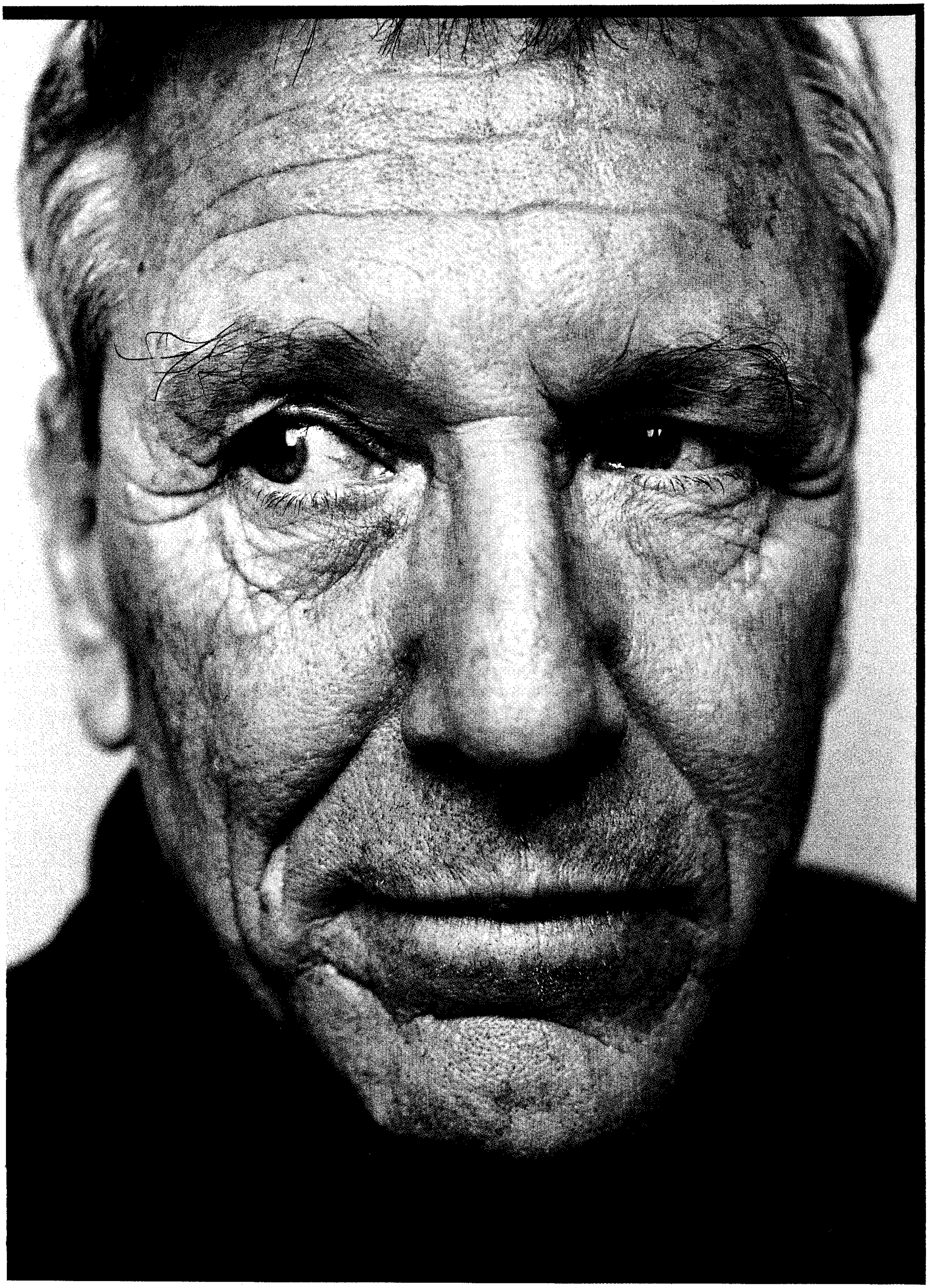
BY DAVID REMNICK

Amos Oz is the best-known novelist in Israel. For eighteen years, he has lived in the desert outpost of Arad, a town of twenty-eight thousand, between Be'er Sheva and the Dead Sea. In the late afternoon, after a day at his desk, he often takes a seat at a café in the town shopping mall. He doesn't have to wait long before someone says hello or sits down to debate, perhaps even going so far as to denounce him for his public endorsement—first sounded in 1967, in the days after the Six-Day War—of a two-state settlement with the Palestinians. Oz is a liberal, and the Russians who increasingly dominate the population of Arad are not. But he is always happy to talk, a "word-child," hyperarticulate. Fully formed paragraphs issue forth in conversation with a hypnotic, liquid ease. Sooner or later, his would-be debater is charmed and silenced.

Oz is in his mid-sixties, trim and, generously appraised, of medium height. He seems always to be squinting into a distant sun. When he first became famous, nearly forty years ago, reviewers and readers routinely commented on his rugged, emblematic looks: the light hair and light eyes, the deep tan, the spidery wrinkles near his eyes and the corners of his mouth. Dressed in rumpled chinos and a work shirt, Oz became part of the mid-century Zionist iconography: the novelist-kibbutznik, the Sabra of political conscience. His is still a handsome



Oz in 1943 with his parents, Fania and Yehuda Arieh Klausner, who immigrated to Palestine in the thirties. Right, Oz in 2004. Photograph by Steve Pyke.



face but, depending on the angle or the expression, it now exists in a kind of temporal flux. A turn of the head this way and he is back in the vineyards and olive groves, a turn that way and he is a study-bound éminence grise. He wears bifocals on a string. Several years ago, he had his knees replaced. He walks as if on broken glass.

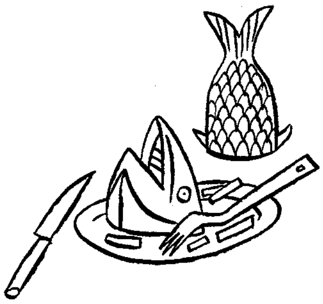
Oz is earnest, romantic, generous, sentimental, and pleasantly vain. He is well aware of his image, and is quick to make light of it. "European Zionist writing maintained that the moment the Jews set foot on Biblical soil they will be totally born again," he told me one morning in his basement study. "They will be a new race. Even physically they will change. They will become blond, suntanned. Both of my parents were dark. In a genetic-ideological miracle, they succeeded in having a blond son. Which gave them infinite pride and joy. They were raving at my blondness! They thought it was the sun, the air. It's Jerusalem! They used to call me *shaygets*. You know this Yiddish word and what's behind it? It's a little Ukrainian pig herder, who throws stones at Jews. I came from a long line of distinguished scholars and rabbis. Why would they be so happy to call their son a *shaygets*?"

Born in Jerusalem, Oz spent more than thirty years living on a kibbutz in central Israel, where he married and raised two daughters and a son. He moved to Arad in 1986. Until then, he had never owned anything more than some books and the clothes in his drawer. From the time he began earning serious royalties, with his 1968 novel "My Michael"—the story, told in a woman's voice, of a disintegrating marriage, set against the Suez War of 1956—he plowed all his earnings back into the general account of the kibbutz. "It wasn't until I was forty-six and moved to Arad that I had any private property, or even a checkbook," he said. "You will not find someone with a more exotic background this side of North Korea."

Oz is a man of nearly obsessive order: orderly sentences, orderly bookshelves, soldierly rituals. Every morning at around dawn and every evening at sunset, he leaves his modest house and makes his way to the desert. Arad is built on the flint, grit, and negligible scrub of the Negev. In the Book of Numbers, the Canaanite king of Arad battled Moses and his flock before the Israelites took the city. For three thousand years thereafter, the place made little impression. Set on a promontory with a view of Jordan, the Mountains of Edom, and the Dead Sea (a mercury gleam in the distance), modern Arad was founded in 1962 by the Israeli government, in the hope of shifting some of the growing population away from the cities of the coastal plain. The transformation came in an instant: the irrigation systems and the power grid, the housing—bungalows, concrete apartment blocks—the trees and the radar towers, the shopping mall. Arad was soon a frontier town as functional and as dull as the distant suburbs of Los Angeles.

One evening this summer, I went with Oz and his wife, Nily, on one of their desert rambles—first by car, then on foot. "The landscape here is no different than it was in the time of the prophets and Jesus," Oz said along the way. The hills are bare, but there are wolves, desert hares, jackals. There are Bedouin camps, oases. Oz takes his walks here to clear his mind of the latest news from Jerusalem and Gaza, to "keep perspective on eternity."

Nily, who has oil-black hair and a wit that is occasionally aimed at the household star, smiles patiently as Amos makes observations that she has undoubtedly heard a hundred times. Amos and Nily met as teen-agers on the kibbutz and have been married for forty-four years. Their children are grown and the distractions are few. On the drive, they showed me the oasis where their grandchildren go camping and ride camels when they visit from the suburbs of Tel Aviv and Haifa. We passed a few archeological signs, Biblical sites. As if on cue, we passed a Bedouin camp, a goat, a camel, the desert tourist's equivalent of the Empire State Building.



"Amos," Nily said, tiring of the tour, "let's make sure we get back for a walk. The sun is getting low."

Oz stopped the car and, without fear of oncoming traffic, animal or automotive, swung back toward town.

Last year, Oz published a memoir called "Sipour Al Ahava Vehoshekh"—"A Tale of Love and Darkness." (It is one of the biggest-selling literary works in Israeli history; Nicholas de Lange's English translation will be published this month by Harcourt.) For many years, Oz has drawn on the facts and landscapes of his life for his novels. What made "A Tale of Love and Darkness" an event is the power with which it entwines the intimate story of an immigrant family—a lonely, depressed mother, a distant father, and their son—with the larger historical story: Europe's rejection, the frantic search for refuge among Arabs in Palestine, the idealism and the disappointments, the establishment of Israel and the war that followed. Amos is a precocious, secretive boy, a "ceaseless, tireless talker," confused by overheard news of death camps abroad and civil war at home; he is a boy who plots the history of a new country with toy soldiers and maps spread across the kitchen floor. The book is a digressive, ingenious work that circles around the rise of a state, the tragic destiny of a mother, a boy's creation of a new self. "I was, if you wish, the Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn of history," Oz said. "To me it was like sailing alone on a raft on the Mississippi River, except it was a river made of books and words and stories and historical tales and secrets and separations."

In a novel like Philip Roth's "American Pastoral," history seems to assault the characters, wreaking havoc on a desire for tranquillity; it arrives as a shock. That has never been possible in Oz's part of the world, where war and ethnic tension have been constants. "I know that for people in the West history is something that comes across the television screen," he said. "This whole book is saturated with history. It is not a piece of tragic chamber music played against a wide screen."

Oz's eldest child, his daughter Fania, teaches history at Haifa University. She told me that "A Tale of Love and Darkness" should be read, in part, as an argument about the history of Zionism. The book, she said, portrays Zionism and the creation of Israel as a historical necessity for a people faced with the threat of extinction. It acknowledges the original sin of Israel—the displacement and the suffering of the Palestinians—but, at the same time, defends Zionism against some on the European left and among the Israeli New Historians who challenge the state's claim to legitimacy even now, almost six decades after its founding. As Amos, Nily, and I were driving from the desert valleys to an area closer to town where we could take a walk at sunset, I mentioned his daughter's idea.

Oz quickly glanced back over his shoulder. "If there had been no Zionism, six and a half million would have been dead rather than six million, and who would have cared?" he said. "Israel was a life raft for a half-million Jews."

I said that some American, European, and Israeli intellectuals were now saying that the Zionist project was lost, and that the only future was bi-national, a state of both Arabs and Jews from the Mediterranean to the Jordan River—a state that would, given the realities of borders and birth rates, become majority Arab quite fast. Had Zionism, as it was conceived by his parents' generation, been a mistake?

"I don't think there was any real practical choice," Oz said. "When anti-Semitism in Europe became unbearable, Jews might have preferred to go to the United States, but they had no chance in hell in the thirties of being admitted to America." One of his grandfathers, in Lithuania, applied for French, British, and Scandinavian visas—and he was rejected every time. "It was so desperate that he even applied for German citizenship, eighteen months before Hitler came to power," Oz said. "Fortunately for me, he was turned down. The Jews had nowhere to go, and this is difficult to convey today. People now ask, Was it good to come here? Was it a mistake? Was Zionism a reasonable project? There was no place else. There was a conference in Evian"—in 1938—"where the problem of the Jewish refugees and the Nazi persecutions was discussed. It ended with practically just the Dominican Republic expressing its readiness to accept one or two thousand Jews, and a couple of other countries. The Prime Minister of Australia said, In Australia we have no problem of anti-Semitism, thank God. But we don't want to encourage more Jews to come here. Otherwise, we might have anti-Semitism." It was a time, as Chaim Weizmann, who became the first President of Israel, described it, when "the world seemed to be divided into two parts—those places where the Jews could not live and those where they could not enter."

"It's about sex and revenge, except for a short chapter on the Continental Congress."

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Oz parked the car at a curb that marked the end of Arad and the start of the desert. We got out and looked into a long drop. Amos and Nily walked hand in hand down a path that led to a huge, martial-seeming piece of sculpture.

"I don't know what we did to deserve this lovely thing," Nily said as we approached it. She rolled her eyes and smiled.

We did not hike far. Nily was wearing a long black cotton dress, and a sharp breeze had come up suddenly.

Amos wanted to catch sight of the sun setting, and it was now at our backs. We turned around and started toward the town. A few Ethiopian men were sitting on the curb and sharing a large bottle of beer.

"Do you know what 'Addis Ababa' means?"

Oz knows a great deal. Nily is patient with this.

"What does 'Addis Ababa' mean?" she said sweetly.

The men glanced over and smiled, catching the drift.

Nily held up her hand and stopped us.

"Look down, look *here*," she said, pointing at a spot along the trail. "Ants."

"A society of ants," Amos said. "Let's skip the metaphors. And watch."

They bent over and watched with the

rapt fascination of a couple on safari.

The sun was pulsing orange and just inches from the horizon.

Nily smiled as Amos stood behind her and held her close. "I am glad to be alive," she said.

Amos waited awhile. It was darker, but it was not dark yet. He looked up. "I'm hungry," he said and headed to the car.

A few minutes later, we pulled up to a clump of low-slung commercial enterprises on the edge of town.

"Welcome to Mr. Shay's," Nily said. "The best Chinese restaurant in the Negev."

Mr. Shay, a Thai who had somehow come to Arad and married an Israeli, greeted us at our table. We were the only diners. I was concerned. But Mr. Shay turned out to be a fine cook and, though he is said to prepare a mean "kosher crab," I ordered the chicken.

We talked for a while about "A Tale of Love and Darkness." Much of it is clearly the result of memory and memory reconstructed from reading and conversations with older relatives. There are long excavations of Oz's origins, the lives of his grandparents and parents in Europe, a lost world of high culture, Jewish learning, ferocious anti-Semitism. Using the evidence, but also the liberties of a novelist, Oz tries to portray things as hidden to him as his father's love affairs and his mother's tortured inner life.

"I don't like to be described as an author of fiction," he said. "Fiction is a lie. James Joyce took the trouble, if I am not mistaken, to measure the precise distance from Bloom's basement entrance to the street above. In 'Ulysses' it is exact, and yet it is called fiction. But when a journalist writes, 'A cloud of uncertainty hovers . . . '—this is called fact!"

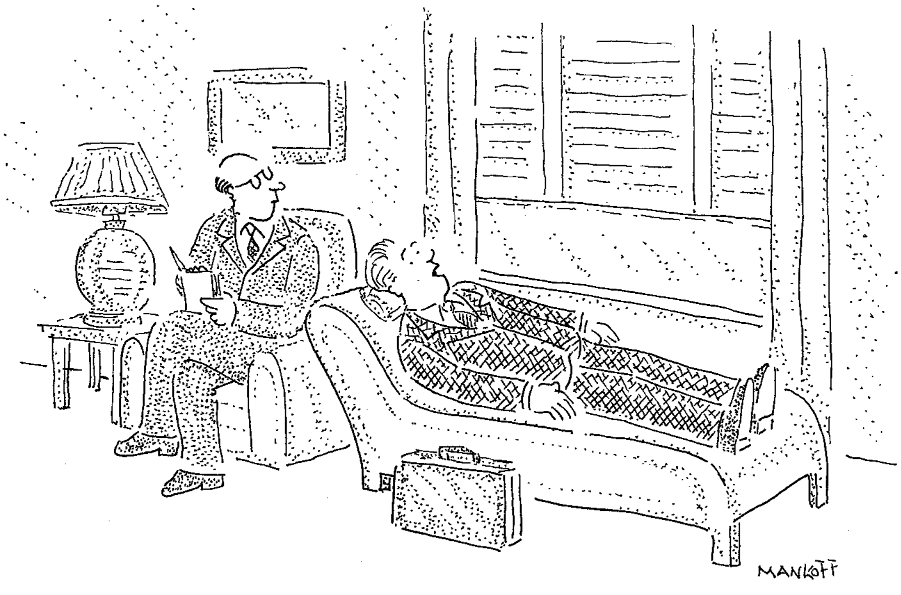
"A Tale of Love and Darkness" ultimately amounts to the founding story of Israel as told through a child's eyes—a kind of Zionist "What Maisie Knew." At a time when Zionism is under question, the book provides a dramatic, yet liberal justification for Israel's existence. Oz said that, while the conflict between the Israelis and the Palestinians is between "right and right"—between two legitimate claims demanding a decent and equitable divorce—what has been lost over time is the desperate conditions that preceded Israel's founding. Oz can only tell it as a story:

"The mother of the man who married my elder daughter is an unusual Holocaust survivor. She was taken from Holland with her mother and sister to Ravensbrück, a concentration camp, where the mother died. The two girls were nineteen and eighteen. At Ravensbrück, the girls heard stories about Auschwitz from detainees who had been there but were not sent to their death because they came from mixed marriages. Then something happened that I think was unique in the history of the Holocaust. The foreign ministry in Berlin gave an order saying, Send those two girls to Theresienstadt. There they were introduced to Adolf Eichmann, and he and several S.S. commanders interrogated them. Eichmann asked what they knew about Auschwitz. He said, 'If you ever say a word about your life in Ravensbrück or what you know about Auschwitz, you, too, will go up in those chimneys.' At Theresienstadt, they were given work. Twice during the war, Eichmann saw those two girls.

"As it turned out, this woman grew up and was one of the witnesses at the Eichmann trial"—in Jerusalem in the early nineteen-sixties. "It was hard for her to testify. At the trial, Eichmann tried to say that he was just a cog in the wheel, that he hadn't even the capacity to decide on one life. I am telling you this story because, despite Eichmann's warning to the two sisters about being quiet, they did tell everyone they could in Theresienstadt. They talked about Auschwitz and the gas chambers, but not one person at Theresientadt believed them. They were called hysterical. So: how could people in Jerusalem or New York believe something that even the inmates of Theresienstadt refused to believe? Knowing is one thing. Believing another. Understanding another."

A few years ago, I tried to arrange a meeting with Oz in Jerusalem. He demurred, seeming to prefer almost any other place: Arad, or the apartment in Tel Aviv that he and Nily bought in order to spend weekends near their grandchildren. Now he said, "I don't often spend the night in Jerusalem. I'll go professionally or to see friends. It is hyperactive. Everyone is expecting something, either the messiah or disaster or both. Tel Aviv is becoming more and more Mediterranean, like the South of France, whereas Jerusalem is moving in the direction of, I don't know where, maybe like Qum, in Iran."

Oz was born Amos Klausner in Jerusalem in 1939. His parents, Yehuda Arieh and Fania, came from Eastern Europe, in the nineteen-thirties, speaking Yiddish, Russian, Ukrainian, and German. In Jerusalem, they spoke Hebrew with their son, Russian when there were secrets to keep. In those days, Palestine was predominantly Arab. Jerusalem was not. Except in the era of the Crusades, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, there had been a continuous Jewish presence in the city. When Amos was born, the pop-



"Last night I dreamed in e-mail."

ulation was small—around a hundred thousand—and each neighborhood was distinct. The Klausners would walk from their basement apartment, on Amos Street, in Kerem Avraham, to see their more distinguished relatives in the neighborhood of Talpiot, and, Oz said, "it was in the same spirit that shtetl Jews would take the train to Warsaw to see the five-story buildings."

One morning, I met Oz at a hotel on the outskirts of the city, and we took a cab to Malchai Yisroel—Kings of Israel Street. Kerem Avraham, along with the neighboring enclaves of Geula and Mea Shearim, is almost completely Orthodox. Signs announced the opening of a new kosher butcher shop, the lecture schedules of prominent rabbis, a clothing store "for modest women." Oz pointed out an enormous walled-off compound that had first been an orphanage and then, after the British conquered Palestine, in 1917, was converted into the Schneller Barracks. The Schneller Barracks are a presence, the embodiment of the British Mandate, in many of Oz's stories and novels. When he was a boy, he and his friends used to take gum from the British soldiers and then turn around and shout "Nazi!" and throw stones.

"Imagine!" he said now. "This was one or two years after the British had been at war with the real thing." When Oz was seven, the Stern Gang, a Jewish terror organization, exploded a car bomb outside the barracks. "How I admired them for that!" he said in the same tone of self-mockery.

The day was brutally hot. Though the blocks are well-planted with cypress and Jerusalem pine, today the trees seemed limp and singed.

In many neighborhoods of the city, Jews live in houses that were expropriated from Arab families during the war of 1948, what Jewish Israelis call the War of Independence and Palestinians call the *nakba*, the catastrophe. With some relief, Oz said that Kerem Avraham was built on land bought by an English missionary, James Finn, who had the novel idea of a place where Jews could start a farm.

The overwhelming emotion in "A Tale of Love and Darkness" is of loss. Even Zionism itself felt, at that time, like a form of loss—the loss of a European culture that had rejected, and was now murdering, Jews. "Everyone in Jerusalem—Jewish Jerusalem—of those days missed something," Oz had said earlier. "Other places, other cultures, other languages, other people. It was, for most Jews, an exile, a refugee camp. But at the same time it was also a magnet for all sorts of lunatics, redeemers, world reformers, and self-fashioned messiahs. In this respect, it hasn't changed much; perhaps it is even more so. Everyone who had a way to salvage the Jewish people in three easy moves came to Jerusalem. It was full of prophets, bookbinders who prophesied, cashiers who prophesied, scholars who prophesied. And this was very exciting for a child, because every fantasy that I could summon in my little mind I could find someone who would endorse my fantasy and say, 'Yes, yes, this little boy has a vision, he knows even better than Ben-Gurion.' "

We came to No. 18 Amos Street, a modest apartment block with a tiny hardware store in the center of what had been the apartment of one small family: the Klausners.

"It's more run-down than it used to be," Oz said as we climbed a few steps and looked at a small back garden. There had been fig trees, radishes, green onions, eggplants. Now little other than some scrubby grass seemed to grow.

"If you look at this spot here," Oz went on, smiling a bit strangely, "here is where my friends and I worked day after day, when we were all about seven, trying to build a rocket that we would aim and fire at Buckingham Palace. There was a problem with the fuel and the guidance system." When he was not plotting the overthrow of King George VI, Oz wrote what he calls "Biblical poems about the restoration of the Davidic kingdom through blood and fire." His father had studied literature and history in Vilna and Jerusalem and could read in sixteen languages, though he never found a teaching berth. He made his living as a librarian and, at night, wrote books and articles about comparative literature. On the Sabbath, Fania stayed inside alone, reading—Chekhov, Tolstoy, Kleist, Hamsun, Maupassant, Agnon, Flaubert—and the men would sit in the yard "discussing the problems of Bakunin and Nechayev and whether the German social democrats were too soft." Politics was the constant conversation, and nearly all the adults in the Klausner circle were right-wing Revisionists, suspicious of the Labor Zionists and their socialist dreams.

"The remarkable thing is that those people were not fascists," Oz said. "In their own view, they rejected any racist notion. They just happened to maintain that the Arab nation has a land mass three times as big as Europe, whereas the Jewish people have nothing, and that even if Greater Israel is given to the Jews and the Arabs are forced to migrate, that would mean for the Arabs a loss of zero point five per cent of the Arab homeland. I am only trying to explain their view. . . . So yes, this Klausner environment was very right-wing, very militaristic, intoxicated by the fact that Jews can fight, and fight well. Thrilled by it in a childish way. Remember, this is two years after the Holocaust. In those years, the Jews were never accused of being bullies or thugs; they were accused of being cowards who hide and will not fight back."

Oz looked in a window of his old apartment. The shades were drawn. When he lived there, every room, kitchen and bathroom included, was lined with books, and, among the books, there were small landscapes of Europe cut from magazines: lakes, forests, snow-capped mountains. "For years, throughout my childhood, my father and others would say to me, 'One day, Amos, not in our lifetime but in yours, this Jerusalem is going to evolve and become a real city,' " he said. "I didn't know what they were talking about. To me, Jerusalem was the only real city in the world. Europe was a myth.

"And yet deep down there was this longing and yearning. You walked in Rehavia, a kind of German-Jewish, fairly wealthy neighborhood of Jerusalem, you walked there on Saturday at siesta time, when the streets were absolutely empty, and you would hear from many windows the sound of pianos. They were all craving Europe, whether it was Chopin or Mozart or Brahms."

By the end of the Second World War, expectations about the founding of a Jewish state were intense: "We were in the corridor of the maternity ward, we were like the nervous parents waiting for what was happening beyond the door." One Hanukkah, as Oz's father lit the candles, he told his only child that, one day, "not in my lifetime but in yours," as many as a million Jews would live in the country: "It sounded like science fiction, a futuristic, wild speculation."

What came next, of course, is the diplomatic and military history of 1947-1948: the United Nations declarations of two-state partition on November 29, 1947, and then the war that followed—Egypt, Syria, Transjordan, Lebanon, and Iraq on one side, the newly declared state of Israel on the other.

In his journalism and essays, in books like "The Land of Israel" and "Under This Blazing Light," Oz harbors no illusions about the nature of that war—least of all about the displacement of more than seven hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs from their villages and cities and about their lives of misery in refugee camps throughout the region. At the same time, he argues, the Arabs were "under no obligation" to start a war after the U.N. partition plan. But in "A Tale of Love and Darkness" the narrator is not a disinterested historian; the point of view is that of a young boy seeing what he could see, listening to the broadcasts and speeches and rumors all around him. He describes collecting empty bottles to make Molotov cocktails, the suspension of school for an entire year, the rumor around the neighborhood that some families had fled the country and that one had stashed cyanide tablets "just in case."

"All of the Holocaust survivors had seen all this before, from the last weeks of August in 1939," Oz said about the first days of war. "The big change came on May 14th, with the expiration of the British Mandate. That Friday morning, I saw with my eyes the British leaving the Schneller Barracks and then the Haganah"—the new Israeli Army—"rushing to take over. Then, on Friday afternoon, we were told that Israel is a nation now, it has a government, but one minute after midnight we were told that Israel is being invaded by five regular Arab armies, and that there was shelling and bombardment by artillery batteries. There was nowhere to send the kids, nowhere to go." For years, in Europe, Oz's father had seen graffiti in German and Russian and Ukrainian: "Jews Go Home to Palestine." Years later, as a citizen of Israel, he saw new signs: "Jews Out of Palestine."

At one point in the memoir, Oz writes that as a child he hoped to "grow up to be a book." When I asked him about it, he smiled and said, "There was fear when I was a little boy. People would say, Enjoy every day, because not every child grows up to be a person. This was probably their way of telling me about the Holocaust or the frame of Jewish history. Not every child grows up. I know the Israelis become tiresome when they say that the whole world is against us, but back in the forties this was pretty much the case. I wanted to become a book, not a man. The house was full of books written by dead men, and I thought a book may survive."

Fania's father had owned a mill in Rovno, in western Ukraine, and came with his family to Haifa, in 1934, to work as a carter on the docks. In the book, Oz describes his mother's knowledge, in the mid-forties, that, on the outskirts of Rovno, in the Sosenki Forest, "among boughs, birds, mushrooms, currants, and berries," the Nazis had slaughtered more than twenty thousand Jews, with submachine guns, in two days.

Even as a young boy, as he makes clear in "A Tale of Love and Darkness," Oz was keenly aware that his mother was adrift and that relations between his parents had eroded. Fania became increasingly depressed, withdrawn. "Among the immediate reasons for my mother's decline was the weight of history, the personal insult, the traumas, and the fears for the future," Oz said. "My mother had premonitions all the time, probably because of the trauma of the Holocaust. She might have sensed that what happened to the Jews in her home town would sooner or later happen here, that there would be a total massacre. This is not something she would share with a little boy, except perhaps obliquely, through some of the stories and fairy tales she told, the books she read, a hair-raising Schopenhauerian world view."

By the end of 1951, Fania's black periods had become worse and more frequent. Amos and his father were, he writes, "like a pair of stretcher bearers carrying an injured person up a steep slope." In "A Tale of Love and Darkness," the reader knows early on that Fania is doomed, and at the end of the book, as she wanders the streets of Tel Aviv in a downpour and, finally, takes her life with an overdose of sedatives, it is possible to get some sense of the son's loss and fury.

Only now, after reaching an age when he is old enough to be the father of his lost mother, Oz told me, can he look at those days with a certain detachment.

Fania Klausner killed herself in January, 1952, Oz said, for countless reasons: "She died because, for her, Jerusalem was an exile. This climate and environment and reality was alien. And she died because her hopes, if she had any, that maybe a replica of her Europe could be built here, without the bad aspects of the Diaspora Jewish shtetl, were apparently refuted by the reality of the morning after." Fania was just thirty-eight years old.

"After my mother died, my father and I never talked about her," he said. "We never mentioned her name, not once. If we referred to her at all, it was as 'she' and 'her.' We had plenty of discussions, political discussions—he thought I was a Red—but never about her."

We were soon on Ben Yehuda Street, a pedestrian arcade lined with cafés, restaurants, bookshops, and trinket stores for tourists. The area around Ben Yehuda, one of the most crowded spots in Jerusalem, has been a popular site for suicide bombers.

Oz had not been back to his old neighborhood for a few years, and he was uncharacteristically quiet as we walked. Suddenly, he ducked into an alley, headed up a small set of steps, and then went looking for a favorite café.

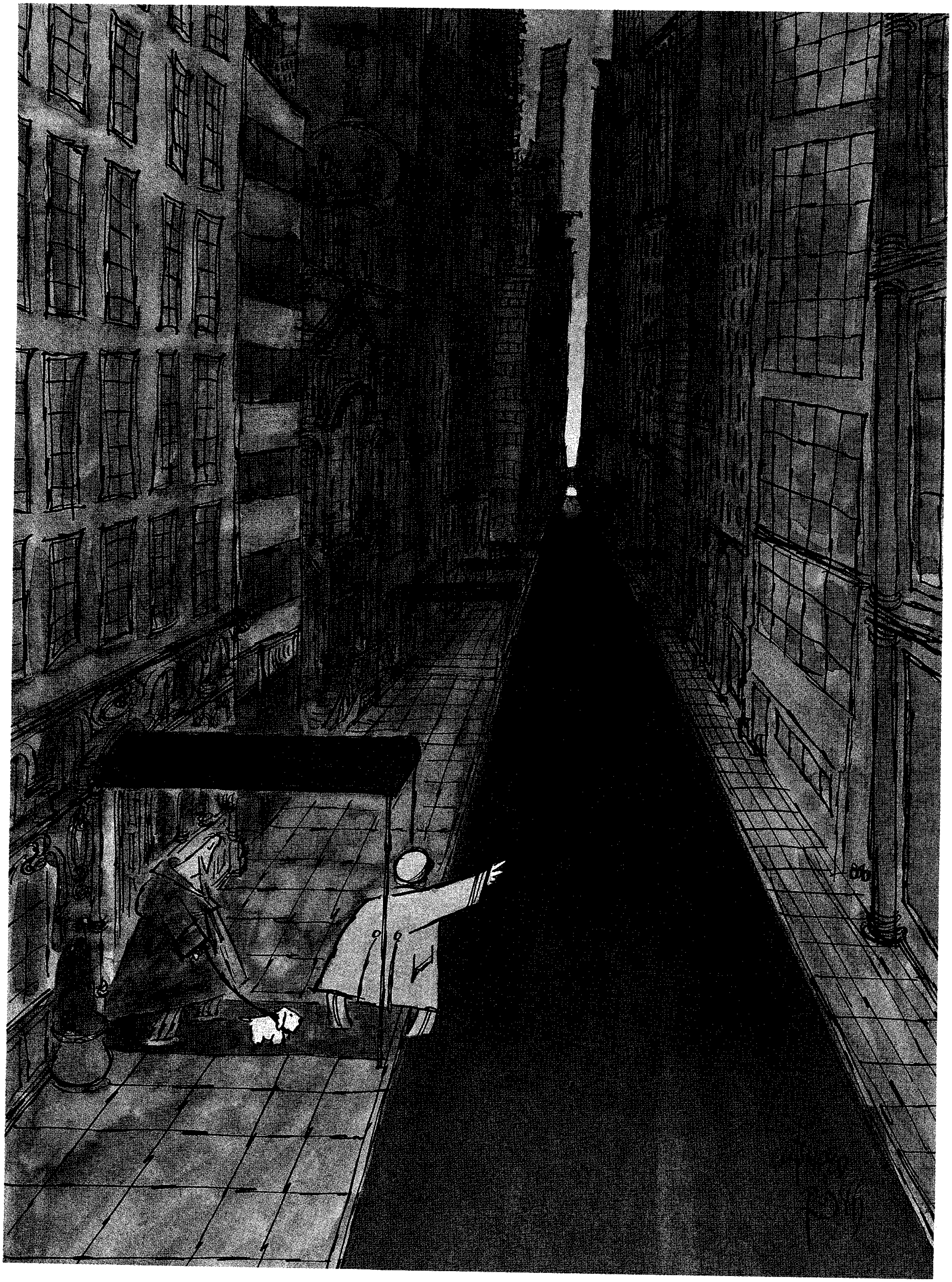
"It's here somewhere," he said. "It's right . . . over . . . yes! . . . Here."

The sign read "Tmol Shilshom"—"The Day Before Yesterday"—the title of a novel by S. Y. Agnon. In Oz's youth, Agnon was the singular literary presence in Jerusalem, an immigrant from Galicia, who wrote in Hebrew and, in 1966, won the Nobel Prize.

Oz mopped his brow and ordered a cold drink. Our walk through Kerem Avraham had been a kind of exercise, a performance on request—the writer come home to the scene of the book, the scene of the crime. Oz seemed drained by it.

"We've just visited a place that no longer exists," he said. At least, not as it was in the life and books of Amos Oz. "When I visited Oxford, Mississippi, I had to run back to Faulkner's novels. The place was a fading reproduction of the real thing." Nearly half of Oz's books—

WALKING THE DOG BY ARNOLD ROTH



among them "Where the Jackals Howl," "My Michael," "The Hill of Evil Counsel," "The Same Sea," and now "A Tale of Love and Darkness"—take place in one square mile of Kerem Avraham.

As a writer and as a teacher—he is a professor of literature at Ben-Gurion University, in Be'er Sheva—Oz says he is a committed "provincial." He is hardly ignorant of other literatures, but he is obsessed primarily with the storytellers, essayists, and poets who wrote in modern Hebrew and gave shape to cultural Zionism.

"Both of my parents knew Hebrew before they arrived in Palestine," he said. "They knew Yiddish, but Yiddish for them was shtetl talk, the talk of the previous generation, and so not to speak it was part of their rebellion against their own ancestors. For my mother, Yiddish was the language in which her parents quarrelled. The Hebrew of my childhood was a language making its first steps in the open, like a creature bred and created in a laboratory or in a zoo and set free."

After seventeen centuries of near-dormancy, Hebrew was revived as a modern instrument by a small clutch of nationalists in Europe in the late nineteenth century. "There is a myth, according to which Hebrew was revived for ideological reasons by a genius of a madman, or a madman of a genius, called Eliezer Ben Yehuda, who reinvented Hebrew and invented thousands of words—and all of it is true," Oz said. "This is at the turn of the century here in Jerusalem. But, of course, not even a genius could persuade Norwegians to speak Korean one fine morning or Greeks to speak Portuguese. So what actually happened? In the last decade of the nineteenth century, with the growing influx of European Jews coming into Jerusalem, most of them not Zionists but ultra-Orthodox, who came for religious reasons, to get buried on the Mount of Olives—when they confronted the local indigenous Jewish population, the Sephardic population, there was no common language. The only way to ask directions to the Wailing Wall or to rent an apartment in the Old City was to resort to prayer-book Hebrew. If, a hundred years ago, you put on a desert island one thousand churchgoing Catholic French people and one thousand churchgoing Lithuanians, Latin would have been revived for the same reasons."

In addition, since the eighteenth century there had been writers who wrote in what most of the world considered a dead language: Chaim Nachman Bialik, Yosef Chaim Brenner, Micha Berdichevsky, and, later on, S. Y. Agnon. When Oz travels in Europe and the United States, giving readings and speeches, most audiences want to talk about current events, not literary influences, and, even for many Jewish audiences, Agnon and the rest of Oz's literary reference points are unfamiliar. It's as if Gabriel García Márquez's readers had never heard of Cervantes. "Agnon is an imagination on the level of Robert Musil and Hermann Broch," Oz said. "Why did he stick to Hebrew? Even if he had written in Yiddish there would have been a larger audience. Here is a writer who wrote realistic, mimetic novels in a language that no one really spoke. Part of it was probably ideology, neo-Zionism. Those writers were mesmerized by the beauty of Hebrew as a musical instrument, and there was also the nineteenth-century Romanticism—1848, the springtime of nations—and the interest in folklore, back to origins. This was going on all over Europe."

The renaissance of Hebrew is the most unqualified success of cultural Zionism. Ten thousand people spoke it at the turn of the century, three hundred thousand in the nineteen-forties, seven or eight million today. "This is more than the speakers of Danish worldwide," Oz said. "And more than the number of speakers of English in the days of William Shakespeare. So this is the big story of my life, more even than creating a state or drying the swamps or winning some victories on the battlefield."

Curiously, Oz has relatively little affinity for the Jewish-American novelists of

SHE WAS A DOVE

Red are her eyes, for she was a dove once,
and green was her neck and blue and gray her throat,
croon was her cry and noisy flutter her wing once
going for water, or reaching up for another note.

And yellow her bill, though white some, and red her feet,
though not to match her eyes, for they were more suave,
those feet, and he who bore down above her
his feathers dropped around her like chaff from wheat.

And black was her mood, consider a dove that black,
as if some avian fury had overcome her
and overtaken my own oh lackadaisical state,
for she was the one I loved and I abused her.

Blue we lived in, blue was our country seat,
and wrote our letters out on battered plates
and fought injustice and once or twice French-kissed there
and took each other out on desperate dates.

And it was a question always should we soar—
like eagles, you know—or should we land and stay,
the battle I fought for sixty years or more
and still go over every day.

And there was a spot of orange above the bone
that bore a wing, though I could never explain
how that was what I lived and died for
or that it blossomed in the brain.

—*Gerald Stern*

his generation. He has read Bellow, Malamud, and Roth, and he is fully aware that some of his relatives had intended to make New York, and not Jerusalem, their promised land, and yet he seems not merely indifferent to those writers but even haughtily dismissive of their work and their subjects.

"Tongue in cheek, I can imagine myself having ended up as one of the Jewish-American writers of Russian background writing mostly about the neuroses of immigrants and their offspring," he said. "This probably would be my subject. I wouldn't be writing about the desert or the starry nights of the country. To some extent, as a reader I have some problems—and this is not a professional category and I wouldn't use it in my capacity as a professor of literature in the classroom—I have a certain problem with indoors literature. . . . So much of what I have to tell has to do with the open, the desert, the field, a kind of arid mountains around Jerusalem, the neighborhoods, the street, the garden, the kibbutz. I would feel claustrophobic."

Kibbutz Hulda, which grew over time to cover twenty-four hundred acres, lies just south of the road between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Jewish pioneers bought the land in 1904 from an Arab landlord, and in 1931 a group of young Zionists, who were followers of A. D. Gordon, a Tolstoyan visionary from Ukraine, established the kibbutz. Amos left home for Hulda when he was fourteen. He changed his name from Klausner to Oz, a Hebrew word for "strength," though when he arrived at Hulda he was hardly in possession of that. He was pale, weak, confused.

"The funny thing is, my new life was not far below the grain of my father's expectations, for the idea was always transmitted to me that you will have to be completely different," Oz said. "You will have to be simple, uncomplicated tractor drivers and soldiers."

I asked Oz why he didn't just run away to Tel Aviv, to the secular night life, to hedonism or books—anywhere but a place where the workday began at four in the morning.

"Tel Aviv was not radical enough—only the kibbutz was radical enough," he said. "The joke of it is that what I found at the kibbutz was the same Jewish shtetl, milking cows and talking about Kropotkin at the same time and disagreeing about Trotsky in a Talmudic way, picking apples and having a fierce disagreement about Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. It was a bit of a nightmare. Every morning you would wake up and you were in the same place! I was a disaster as a laborer. I became the joke of the kibbutz."

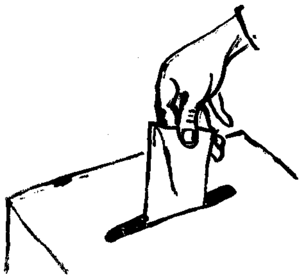
The other young people were already accustomed to the kibbutz life: the way children lived apart from their parents in a kind of barracks-dorm, the free and easy sexual life of the teen-agers. "It was an old story: I was an Eastern European Jewish boy trying to assimilate into a society that had its accepted codes, even a particular set of accents and body language," Oz said. "It was a teen-age 'Lord of the Flies,' with better weather and a sensual permissiveness."

We pulled off the highway and headed down a road toward Hulda. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, Israel's communal farms were a khaki-colored banner of the Zionist project, its hardiness, its soft semi-socialism—though even then the kibbutzniks made up only four per cent of the Israeli population. (Now it's less than two per cent.) By the nineteen-eighties, young people were moving away from the kibbutz, rebelling against their earnest, idealist parents. The life was too hard, too plain. They grew tired of the lack of privacy, they wanted their share of the new proto-American consumerism in the cities.

Our first stop was a small graveyard shrouded by pines.

"Two-thirds of all my characters are here in this graveyard," Oz said.

As we walked, he pointed out one familiar grave after another: Pinchas Lavon, a minister of defense. The Zuckermans, Nily's parents. A pair of friends. An intellectual dandy known as "the Count" who argued philosophy and made his own wine. Then a row of twenty identical graves, all young men killed in battle on a single day in 1948. In the origins of those men, Oz said, was the story of the early state, and he read them as he walked along the row of flat stone markers: "Born in Poland. Born in Tripoli. Born in Russia. In Tel Aviv. Gaza. Czechoslovakia." After reading them all, he lingered awhile, and then he said, "Many here died in Israel without ever having lived in it, really. They came to Israel, and, within three weeks of independence, they died in battle."



We stopped at the grave of a young man who had been a student of his when he taught literature in the kibbutz school: "Died in the 1967 war." Then a four-year-old child, dead of drowning.

"I knew all these people, who hated whom, who loved whom, who was cheating with whom," Oz said. "It's an extended-family cemetery. We'll be buried here, too."

It was late morning, and most of the adults were working in the fields and the vineyards. The sun hammered down hard and the air was full of dust and everywhere was the smell of cow shit and hay. There are more than fifty buildings on the grounds. As the population has thinned, some of the buildings have been abandoned. We stopped by the low-slung concrete bungalow where Amos and Nily lived when they were first married. Kibbutz socialism was infinitely gentler than its East German cousin, but the architecture was just as brutal. The apartment was smaller than a freshman-dorm room. Oz smiled as he knocked on the door. In contrast with seeing the house on Amos Street, revisiting this place seemed to bring him pleasure. Oz wrote "My Michael" in the tiny bathroom. "I sat up smoking all night, sitting there with the toilet seat down, and a pad of paper and a book on my knees, writing," he said. "I wanted to become a simple, dumb tractor driver. But I began to write secretly. I couldn't resist it."

A rangy young man, shirtless, sipping a bottle of beer, let us in. He recognized the face.

"Amos Oz?" he said.

"The same," Oz said.

The young man smiled and showed us around—all four corners of the room. Oz inspected the corners carefully, joyfully, as if he were going to find his younger self under the mattress, behind the dust balls. Finally, he thanked his inheritortenant, stepped outside, and pointed to a large pecan tree.

"I planted it when my older daughter was born," he said.

We walked around the farm: to an abandoned arms depot; to the "children's republic," with a jungle gym, a school, and the long barracks where the children slept; and on to the dining hall, where Oz worked Saturdays as a waiter ("the fastest on the kibbutz"). The buildings have slouched, peeled, gone to seed. Across Israel it is widely speculated that, in a generation or so, there will be no more kibbutzim; the land will be turned into private farms or suburban developments.

"In a sense, the kibbutz left some of its genes in the entire Israeli civilization, even people who never lived on a kibbutz and rejected the kibbutz idea," Oz said. "You look at the West Bank settlers—not my favorite people, as you can imagine. You will see kibbutz genes in their conduct and even their outward appearance. If you see the directness of Israelis, the almost latent anarchism, the skepticism, the lack of an in-built class hierarchy between the taxi-driver and the passenger—all of those are very much the kibbutz legacy, and it's a good legacy. So, in a strange way, the kibbutz, like some bygone stars, still provides us with light long after it's been extinguished."

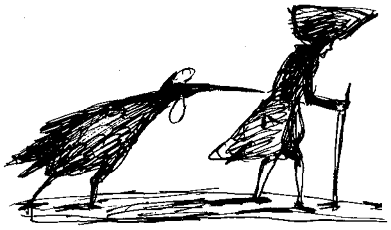
When Oz began publishing his first stories and asked for time off from his farming work to write, there was an intense debate among the elders: "Who is he, at twenty-four, to declare himself a writer? What if everyone calls himself an artist? Who will milk the cows and plow the land?"

Finally, after long discussion, Oz was given one day a week to write. (He taught for two days and spent three days in the fields.) With each book or so, he got an extra day to write. When "My Michael" became a best-seller, Oz continued the socialist practices of the kibbutz. "I became a branch of the farm, yet they still said I could have just three days a week to write," he recalled. "It was only in the eighties when I got four days for my writing, two days for teaching, and Saturday turns as a waiter in the dining hall."

Although their children never liked the kibbutz, Amos and Nily stayed on long past the peak years. But in the mid-eighties doctors told them that their third child, Daniel, was suffering from acute asthma and needed a change of climate. Arad has probably the cleanest, driest air in the country—"an asthmatic's mecca," Oz calls it—and the family moved there in 1986. "What kept me in the kibbutz was personal friendships, loyalty, also a certain sense that I didn't want to defect from a sinking boat," he said.

In "A Tale of Love and Darkness," in his novels, and in conversation, there is little about his years on the kibbutz that Oz does not confront: the initial loneliness, the cramped atmosphere of labor and gossip and sex and dreams, the sense of living out a set of ideals and then seeing those ideals run down, fade. And yet there is almost no mention of his participation in the true Israeli universal: the Army. In the late fifties, in the regular Army, he was part of a kibbutz-oriented unit called Nahal, and he was involved in skirmishes along the Syrian border. During the 1967 war, he served with a tank unit in Sinai; during the 1973 Yom Kippur War, when Israel nearly lost to the combined forces of Syria and Egypt, he was with a unit in the Golan Heights, on the Syrian border.

"It is difficult for me, either in an interview or in a book, to talk about the experience of fighting," he said. "I have never written about the battlefield, because I don't think I could convey the experience of fighting to people who have not been on the battlefield. Battle consists first and foremost of a horrible stench. The battlefield stinks to high heaven. It's hard to imagine the stench. This doesn't come across even in Tolstoy or Hemingway or Remarque. This stifling mixture of burning rubber and burning metal and burning human flesh and feces, everything burning. A description of the battlefield that does not contain the stench and the fear is not sufficient. It is where everyone around you has shit their pants." At one point, he talked about how he and his fellow-soldiers thought for two or three days during the 1973 war that they would not live through the fighting and that Israel would be destroyed. "But I don't think I can describe that without resorting to clichés," he said. "I tried writing about it a couple of times a long time ago. I destroyed the drafts when I realized that language, at least mine, could not contain this experience. I could write about sex, I could write about the kibbutz, about envy, about sunsets, about howling jackals. Not this."



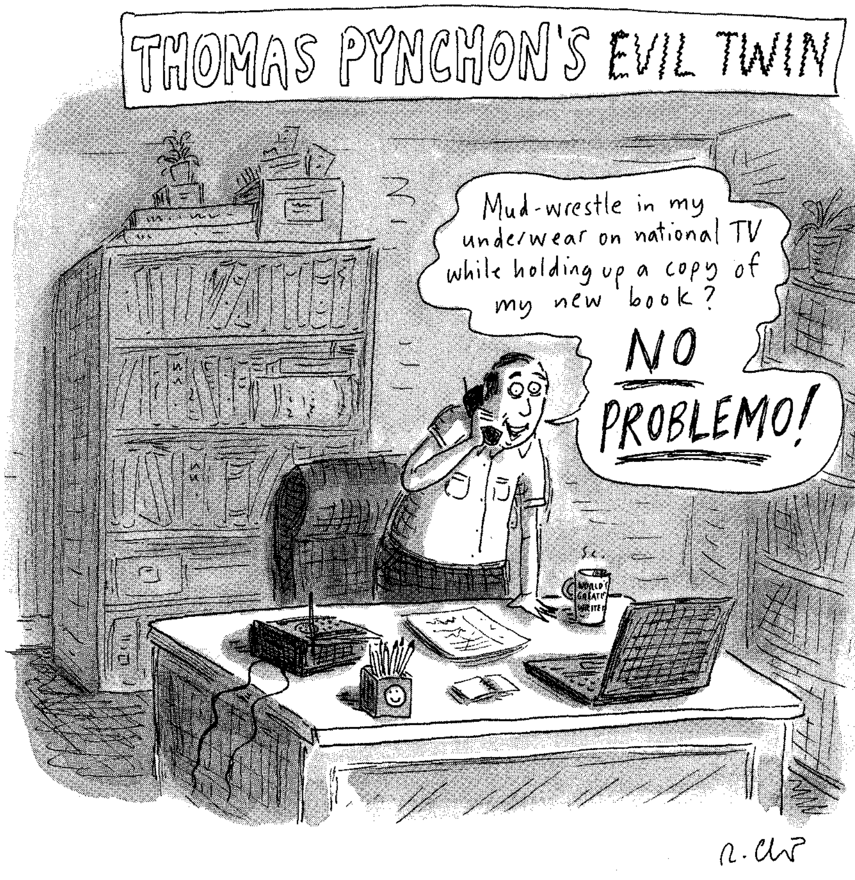
In the nineties, when Shimon Peres was thinking about retiring from the leadership of the Labor Party, he said that he could imagine three inheritors: Ehud Barak (who eventually became Prime Minister), Shlomo Ben-Ami (who became Barak's foreign minister), and Amos Oz.

"Ever since I was a little boy, I've been running this country in my head, and I do this today," Oz said. "I know what to do better than the Prime Ministers." Then he smiled and became appropriately modest. "If I look at history, I know what to do, but this doesn't mean I can be Prime Minister. I know one or two things that Shimon doesn't, but I have a physical disability: I cannot pronounce the words 'No comment.' How can I be a politician?"

Oz is an ardent admirer of Václav Havel. He may even envy the way Havel, a political artist, was suddenly thrust into the role of statesman-visionary, becoming the first democratically elected President to govern in Prague since the rise of Communism. Oz emerged as a political actor just two months after the end of the 1967 war. He was twenty-eight, an obscure writer on a small kibbutz, but he had the nerve to send an article called "Land of the Forefathers" to the Labor newspaper, *Davar*, calling for the government to begin negotiations immediately with the Palestinians over the West Bank and Gaza. Like very few others at this moment of national exaltation, Oz gloomily forecast moral and political disaster should Israel retain the territories. "Even unavoidable occupation is a corrupting occupation," he wrote.

Support for a two-state solution—for an end to occupation and for a secure division of Israel and Palestine—is now a near-consensus position in Israel. Even Ariel Sharon, who is now acting to dismantle the Gaza settlements, concedes as much. But in 1967, as people around the world celebrated "tiny Israel's" triumph, as tourists from abroad began to flock to the liberated Western Wall, that position was considered off-the-board radical. At the kibbutz, Oz had clearly abandoned his right-wing Revisionist upbringing for a far more liberal politics, but even at Hulda he did not encounter unanimous agreement. Some demanded that he be fired from his teaching. His children were mocked in school. There were nasty letters in the right-wing press: "betrayal," "collaborator with the deadly enemies of Israel," candidate for the local Judenrat. I asked him how he came to take such a bold public position at such an early moment.

"It was my imagination," he said. "I couldn't help thinking of my own childhood under the British in Jerusalem. As a child, I had nightmares—genetic, family nightmares—of uniformed aliens coming to our little street to kill us: the British, the Arabs, the Romans, tsarist soldiers, anyone from the long Jewish martyrology. My father bowed to the uniformed British, the same reaction he had in Lithuania. In 1967, suddenly I was the uniformed alien. I was in the West Bank in uniform with a submachine gun released for reserve service, and those Palestinian kids were willing to kiss my hand for chewing gum."


THOMAS PYNCHON'S EVIL TWIN
Mud-wrestle in my underwear on national TV while holding up a copy of my new book? NO PROBLEMO!

After the Yom Kippur War, advocates of the two-state solution were no longer considered members of the Flat Earth Society, and, in 1978, Oz, along with many other liberal activists and former Army officers and reservists, created the grassroots movement called Shalom Achshav—Peace Now. Most of his activism has taken the form of editorial writing. He has written countless columns, first for *Davar*, and then, when *Davar* folded, a decade ago, for the tabloid daily *Yediot Achronot*. Although his positions are invariably left-wing, he seldom writes for the most élite left-wing paper, *Ha'aretz*. "In my political articles, I think of my audience as Edith Bunker," he said. "I can never convince Archie Bunker. He is beyond me."

Oz believes (as the pollsters do) that both the Israeli and the Palestinian publics support a two-state solution—a realistic, "clenched-teeth compromise"—but that neither Sharon nor the ailing Palestinian leader, Yasir Arafat, has the courage to carry the process to its conclusion. ("The patients are ready for the operation, but the surgeons are cowards," he says.) That is now fairly conventional wisdom, at least in moderate and liberal circles. What Oz adds to the political debate is an emotional, imaginative dimension. Dreamily (but aware of it), Oz tries to envisage a series of improbable gestures that would break the deadlock: "Suppose Sharon gave a Sadat-style speech to the Palestinian National Assembly expressing empathy, saying we'll do anything to heal the Palestinian wounds short of committing suicide, saying it will be hard but you will have an independent state with a share of Jerusalem. Suppose he said it on the anniversary of the massacre of Palestinians at Deir Yassin. Can you imagine the earthquake? And suppose Arafat went on Palestinian television and said that after a hundred years of bloody wars I finally realize that this is the Jewish national home, too. We need a two-state solution. Can you imagine? I realize this is not a likely scenario, but this is what was missing in the nineties. Imagine the reverberations in every Palestinian refugee camp and the entire Muslim world. But no one is ready to do it."

The four leading novelists in Israel—Oz, Aharon Appelfeld, A. B. Yehoshua, and David Grossman—are all on the political left, supporters of a Palestinian state, but they are distinguished by different emphases in their writing: Appelfeld by his memories of genocidal anti-Semitism in Europe; Grossman by his empathy with the Palestinians in journalistic accounts such as "The Yellow Wind"; Yehoshua by his connection to the non-European Jews, the Sephardim of North Africa and the Arab countries; and Oz by his liberal Zionism. Of the four, Oz is the best-known abroad, not only as a teller of tales but as a political artist. There is something about him—the lofty eloquence, the liberal opinions, the kibbutz-poster-boy good looks—that continues to draw crowds to his readings. Oz does not mind the attention, but he invariably finds himself out of step with his audiences. (When he is asked about Israel's new Security Wall, Oz has stunned more than a few on the left by saying, "The Wall, unfortunately, is a necessary thing. The only problem is that it's in the wrong place. It should run roughly along the 1967 borders.") In Europe especially, he is well to the left of the synagogue groups and to the right of more secular audiences. Over lunch one day, Oz described how in Europe he often gets the question "How long have

We're with the band!

ROCK 'N' ROLL HEAVEN

you spent in Israeli prisons?"—the idea being that, somehow, the Israeli government does not permit contrary opinion. Among some younger writers and historians in Israel, too, Oz is rebuked because he continues to criticize both the Israeli and the Palestinian leaderships rather than seeing the situation as a version of the French disaster in Algeria.

"They're angry at me because I refuse the colonial analogy," Oz said. "Zionism may be a monster, but it is not a colonial monster. There was a strong element of self-righteousness and shortsightedness in the early Zionists, and they overlooked the presence of the Arab population and its significance. They had the self-righteousness of victims preoccupied with their own victimization to the degree that they could not even imagine that they could commit any kind of injustice to another. But then there is the problem of the left: in its struggle for the rights of the Palestinians, it overlooks the rights of the Jewish people."

I asked Oz why he had an especially hard time conveying his view in Europe.

"Many Americans and Europeans are sentimental about conflict resolution," he said. "They think the first thing to do is solve the hatreds, make friends out of enemies, and only then make peace. But, historically, deadly enemies, swearing inwardly to cheat and betray, sign peace treaties. This would be a divorce that results not in a honeymoon but in an emotional de-escalation that will take generations. Look at the Europeans. It took them a thousand years to make peace. Even as they wag their finger at us like a Victorian governess, they have a history of rivers of blood. I will risk a prophecy: It will not take the Middle East as long to make peace as it did Europe. And we'll shed less blood."

In the political imaginations of Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs, "Europe" continues to play an overwhelming role. "The Jews and the Arabs had the same oppressors," Oz said. "The Europeans were guilty of anti-Semitism and the Holocaust, and the Europeans were guilty of colonialism in the Middle East and of the exploitation of the Arabs. In Brecht's poems, the oppressed join hands and march together. But the two children of the same oppressive parent can often be the worst of enemies. The Palestinians look at me, the Israeli, as an extension of white, sophisticated, colonizing Europe, which returned to the Middle East to do the same old thing: dominate, humiliate, like European crusaders. The other side, the Israelis, see the Palestinians not as fellow-victims but as pogrom-makers, Cossacks, Nazis, oppressors in kaffiyehs and mustaches playing the same ancient game of cutting Jewish throats for the fun of it. You will hear this in many synagogues: They are pharaohs, the goyim, and we are lambs surrounded by seventy wolves. Neither party will ever give up this sense of victimhood and will forever dispute who was David and who was Goliath."

Oz is on the Israeli left, but he is not to be mistaken for a supporter of a binational state. In his novels, the Arab is the Other: the figure of fantasy, of authenticity, and, nearly always, seen from a distance. Oz grew up surrounded by but not among Palestinians, and he has not travelled much to Arab countries. An episode in "A Tale of Love and Darkness" that rings false is one in which young Amos and his family visit the home of a wealthy Arab family and Amos inadvertently causes a young Arab boy to suffer a severe accident.

Although in Israel most criticism of Oz comes from the right, he has been attacked from the left more and more in recent years as a younger generation enacts a kind of Oedipal battle against the founding generations. There is an Israeli version of "liberal parents, radical children" going on when scholars like Ilan Pappe, or the poet Yitzhak Laor, rebuke their elders for holding fast to the versions and iconographies of even liberal Zionism.

"They would ask, How can he be disengaged at such a time?" Oz said. "Why isn't he writing anti-Zionist pamphlets at this moment of colonial oppression? Then they criticize the subject matter—Jerusalem of the fifties, the kibbutz—as irrelevant, like a Wild West story for the younger generation."

Oz has no sympathy for Arafat—"He imagines himself as a combination of Che Guevara and Saladin"—but he does for the broader Palestinian claim. "The Arabs were deeply injured by the creation of Israel, by its relative prosperity, by what they regard as an endorsement of Israel by most of the West," he said. "The Palestinians were injured by the fact that they lost a significant part of their homeland. But this is not war of civilizations. Just the term—'The Clash of Civilizations'—is a hopelessly Hollywood thing, kind of like 'Star Wars.' This is a conflict about hundreds of thousands of people who lost their homes, Palestinians and Jews from Europe and the Arab countries. There was one-hundred-per-cent ethnic cleansing by the Jews in the West Bank and Gaza in 1948. It is about one very small country inflicting a terrible, humiliating defeat on a people who have not had a military victory since the days of Saladin."

One afternoon, I met Oz in downtown West Jerusalem at a restaurant called Cavalier. It wasn't an ordinary lunch. The other guests were Israel Kantor, a lawyer and an old friend of Oz's, and Mo'en Khoury, a Palestinian Christian and a lawyer, who lives in Nazareth and has business in the Occupied Territories, Jerusalem, and elsewhere in the Middle East. A few months before, in March, Khoury's nephew George Khoury, a twenty-year-old student at Hebrew University, was jogging in the French Hill area of Jerusalem at around seven-thirty in the evening when he was shot in the head, the neck, and the stomach by a group of men passing by in a car. He was pronounced dead at the Hadassah University Medical Center. Initially, the news of the shooting was announced in the Palestinian press as a victory, and the Al Aqsa Martyrs Brigades, which is linked to Arafat's Fatah organization, claimed responsibility for the killing. But when it became known that Khoury was Palestinian, and that his father, Elias, was a prominent lawyer who had contested land cases against Israeli settlements, Arafat's office called the Khoury home twice to apologize, and the Brigades declared George a *shaheed*—a martyr—and said the killing was a case of "mistaken identity." The Khoury family disdained the overture.

"This is a barbaric act that will not change my world view, which includes deep faith in Palestinian rights," Elias Khoury said. He called on the Palestinian movement to stop encouraging terror and on religious leaders to denounce terror "in a loud and clear voice." He told Israeli radio, "Terrorism is blind. It does not discriminate between Jews and Arabs, or between the good and the bad."

Police caught three suspects who said they had been cruising the French Hill area looking for a Jew to shoot, and when they spotted a young jogger one assailant got out of the car and opened fire. One of the suspects had only recently been released from jail.

"I'm glad we could meet today," Mo'en Khoury was saying now. "Elias is going abroad today."

For a while, Khoury, Kantor, and Oz talked about George, and how he was planning to study law and go into the family business. Khoury recalled how his brother had led a fight against settlers in the nineteen-seventies in Sebastia and Elon Moreh. His father, Daoud, and twelve other people were killed in 1975 when a refrigerator packed with explosives detonated on Zion Square, close to where we were eating. Fatah claimed responsibility.

The violence of the past three years, Mo'en said, has been a catastrophe "all around." In Nazareth, a popular place especially among Christian tourists, "one hotel after another has closed," and one, which opened in 2000, has been converted into a prison. "The Pope's visit in March, 2000, was supposed to be the beginning of a new era," he said. "It turned out to coincide with disaster"—the start of the second intifada.

They talked about the settlements for a while, agreeing that they had been ruinous for both the Palestinians and the Israelis. "The original sin of the Israeli Jews is that they thought too much about land and not enough about people," Kantor said.

The extended Khoury family, which is as close as it is prosperous, was interested in making public gestures that would demonstrate their feelings about the killing of George beyond their private grief. Kantor, who knew both Elias and Mo'en well, suggested that they read "A Tale of Love and Darkness" and consider the relatively rare and even expensive venture of underwriting a translation into Arabic. Oz has published twenty-five books, and they have appeared in dozens of languages; only two, "My Michael" and "Soumchi," a novel for children, have been published in Arabic. Neither Oz nor Khoury thought that Arab readers would somehow be converted by "A Tale of Love and Darkness."

"It's just a matter of knowing the other," Khoury said.

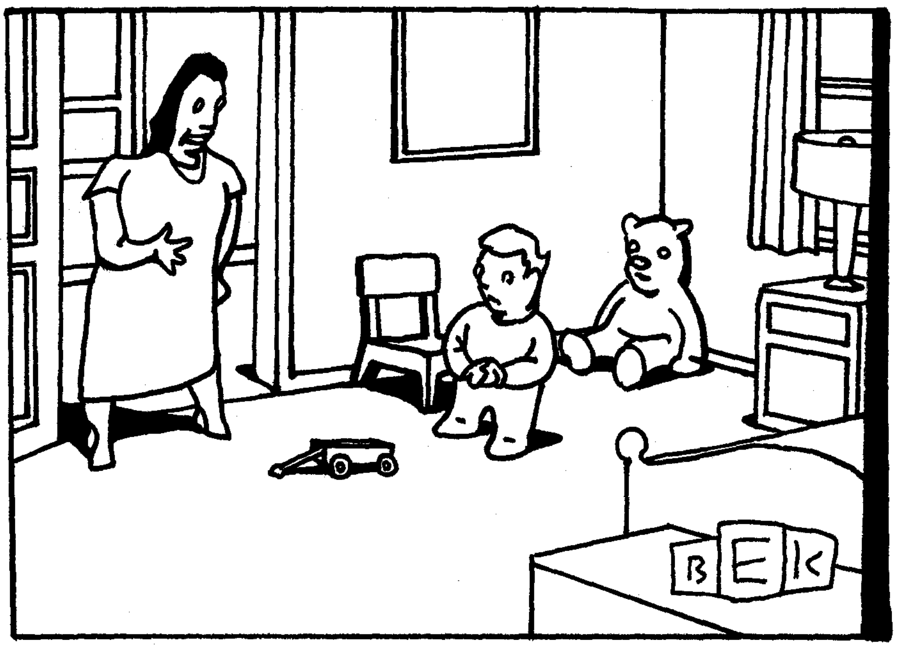
"It's a peek though the window," Oz said in agreement. "A chance to see the private lives of other people."

Finally, over coffee, Khoury agreed to underwrite the translation. The dedication of the Arabic edition would be an extended tribute to George, written by Amos Oz.

"Please see if that is acceptable to your family," Oz said.

"I certainly will," Khoury replied.

We left the restaurant. Khoury headed to his office in Nazareth, and Oz walked along the streets of Jerusalem, moving quickly, uneasy in the city of his birth, eager to get back to his home in the desert. ♦



"What should we attach shame to today?"

ANNALS OF INTELLIGENCE

LEARNING TO SPY

Can Maureen Baginski save the F.B.I.?

BY ELSA WALSH

Philip D. Zelikow is a professor of history at the University of Virginia and an expert on the predicaments of government. He worked on the National Security Council for the first President Bush and wrote a book on German reunification with his former colleague Condoleezza Rice. Recently, he took on a more demanding assignment: he was appointed the executive director of the 9/11 Commission, and oversaw its staff of eighty-two.

The commission's report, which was released this past summer, tried to explain why the United States was unable to protect itself from the attacks of September 11, 2001, and it made recommendations on how to better safeguard the nation. A particularly delicate task was analyzing why the Federal Bureau of Investigation, despite its storied history in law enforcement, failed as a domestic intelligence agency. "There were some things about what the F.B.I. had become that were just really indefensible," Zelikow told me in a recent interview. The question facing the commission was simple and far-reaching: Could the F.B.I. be reformed? Or, as many commission members had argued at the outset, should a domestic intelligence agency modelled on the British M.I.5 be established, limiting the bureau's responsibilities to fighting crime?

The F.B.I. director, Robert S. Mueller III, had started work a week before September 11th (he replaced Louis Freeh, who had resigned in June, 2001), and he quickly realized that the bureau had a major problem. "He understood that the F.B.I. did not fundamentally have the mind-set, institutional culture, or organization to collect and disseminate intelligence," Zelikow said. Zelikow was not referring to the bureau's publicized missteps: from revelations about sloppy practices at its forensic laboratory in the nineteen-nineties to the latest embarrassment—a report by the Justice Department's inspector general, released in late September, which concluded that tens of thousands of hours of taped material related to terror investigations have not been translated and, in some cases, have been erased. Rather, Zelikow said, Mueller—and, subsequently, the commission—was alarmed by the bureau's basic failure to provide usable intelligence.

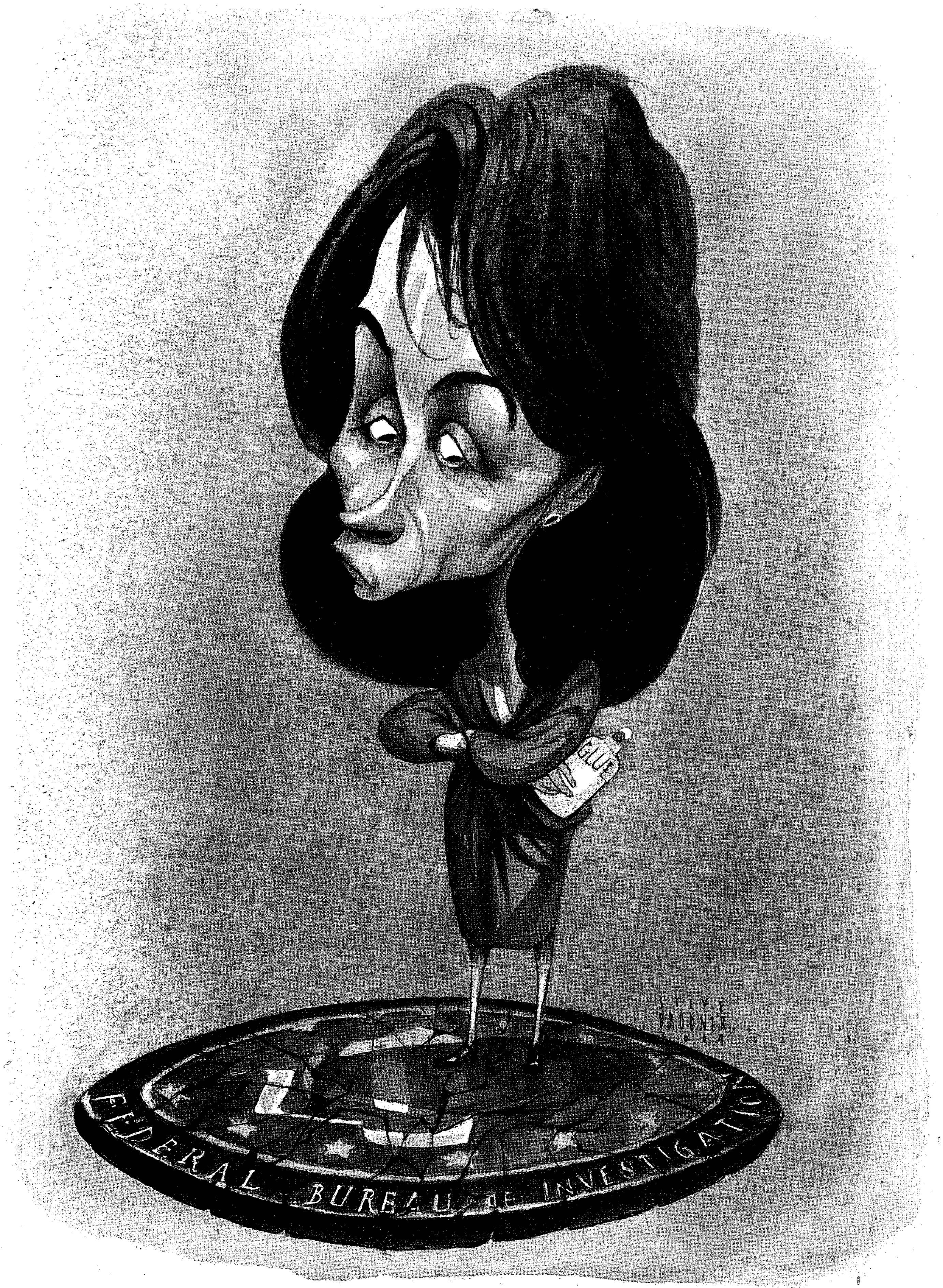
"They literally didn't write intelligence reports," Zelikow said. Instead, agents would describe their interviews in a report called a "302," and put it in a case file. These reports sometimes were lost because the bureau's computers were several generations out of date and there was no reliable cross-indexing system. The other issue, Zelikow said, is that F.B.I. agents "don't ask questions the way an intelligence agent would ask questions. The agent is typically interested in the facts of an event. An intelligence agent is really interested in a person's whole world."

The F.B.I., which began in 1908 as a national detective force of thirty-four, now employs about twelve thousand agents. The commission, in its report, pointed out that the bureau "has long favored its criminal justice mission over its national security mission." F.B.I. agents, trained to gather evidence in criminal cases, tend to think like policemen—operating after the fact. Intelligence, almost by definition, deals with ambiguity. "F.B.I. people generally think that the intelligence people are creative thinkers who play fast and loose with facts . . . willing to be freewheeling and speculative without being unduly burdened by rigorous attention to evidence," Zelikow said. Jamie Gorelick, a commission member and a deputy attorney general in the Clinton Administration, told me that trying to get the F.B.I. fully integrated into the national-security apparatus "was probably the greatest source of frustration for me during my entire tenure at the Justice Department." The evolution of the bureau into a counter-terrorism agency that continues to investigate major crimes, such as kidnapping or public corruption, has become Mueller's biggest challenge.

In private meetings with Mueller, the commissioners had been brutal, but they were impressed by his willingness to revamp the bureau. Mueller, Zelikow said, gave the commission "unprecedented access to bureau employees and bureau files." The commission's recommendation that the bureau be left intact, the report said, depended on the F.B.I.'s ability to make "an all-out effort to institutionalize change." The conventional wisdom, Zelikow said, is that "the F.B.I. was the poster child for the broken agency," even though the C.I.A.'s performance in assessing and coördinating intelligence before September 11th was far worse. Mueller and the bureau were undoubtedly helped by personal contrasts between Mueller and the C.I.A.'s director, George Tenet, who was less willing to acknowledge management failures. In Tenet's testimony, Zelikow said, there were "a variety of important issues on which there was little or no recollection." Zelikow also said, "We didn't believe him anymore." (Tenet, who announced his resignation in June, said he was "outraged" by that characterization of his testimony, adding, "I told the truth about everything I've done." Several commission members have defended him; former Senator Bob Kerrey called Zelikow's criticism "completely unfair.")

As a signal of the F.B.I.'s commitment to major change, Mueller, in May of 2003, hired a former Russian linguist named Maureen A. Baginski to run the bureau's new Office of Intelligence. The job is something of a work in progress, but if the bureau takes the next step and establishes a separate Directorate of Intelligence—the "service within a service" which Mueller has asked for and the commission has endorsed—Baginski would head it. In the event that Con-

STEVE BRODNER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Baginski argued that the F.B.I. had to figure out how to get at "the secrets worth knowing"—to begin to "hunt, not gather."

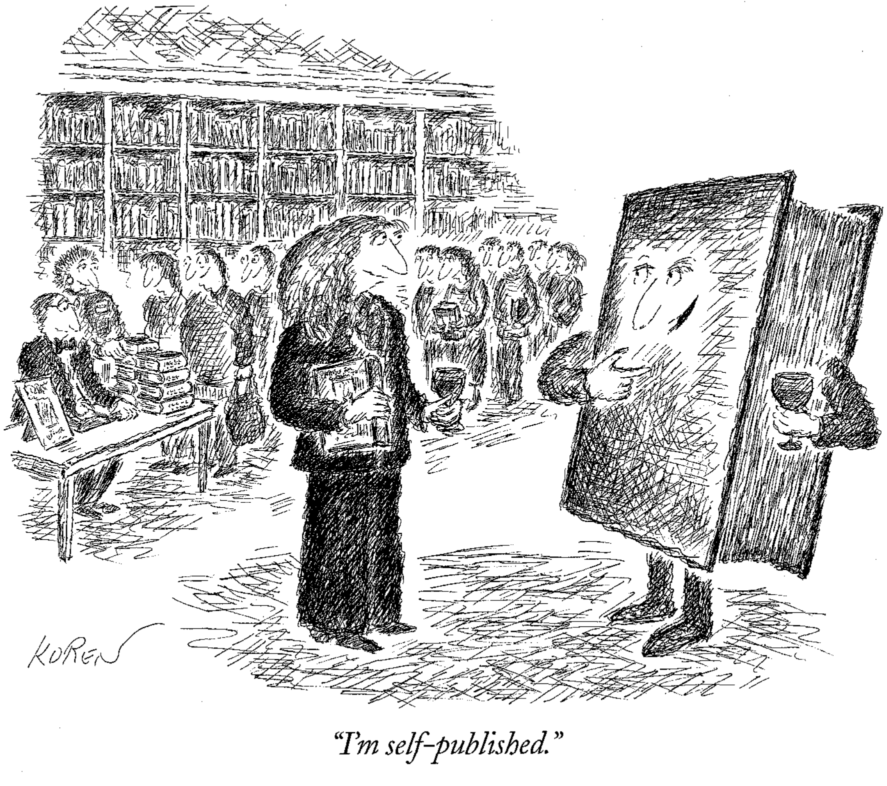
gress creates a Cabinet-level "intelligence czar," Baginski may report simultaneously to Mueller and to the intelligence chief.

Baginski had spent the previous twenty-four years at the National Security Agency, the nation's largest and most secretive intelligence service, which focusses on intercepting intelligence from abroad. In her last post at the N.S.A., she was the head of Signals Intelligence, or SIGINT, which oversees the interception of electronic transmissions—the heart of the N.S.A. operation in Fort Meade, Maryland. "She became a personal symbol of Mueller's reinvention of the F.B.I.," Zelikow said.

Mueller had tried a number of fixes in the year and a half before he hired Baginski, and perhaps his most fundamental reform was to centralize counter-terrorism investigations at F.B.I. headquarters. Investigations had formerly been run from the bureau's fifty-six field offices, where the Special Agents in Charge often set their own agendas. Commission members were startled to learn that neither Mueller's immediate predecessor, acting director Thomas Pickard, nor his top deputies had been aware of the detention of Zacarias Moussaoui, the suspected "twentieth hijacker," by the bureau's Minneapolis office on August 15, 2001, although Pickard had called every Special Agent in Charge that summer warning of new threats.

Some reforms had the paradoxical effect of producing more intelligence than the F.B.I. could absorb. Mueller had tripled the number of intelligence analysts assigned to counter-terrorism, from a hundred and fifty-nine to four hundred and seventy-five. (Today, there are nearly fifteen hundred intelligence analysts, the majority of them assigned to counter-terrorism.) In the past, analysts were often promoted from support-staff positions; to improve their calibre, Mueller created the College of Analytical Studies, a seven-week training program modelled in part on a C.I.A. course, at the bureau's academy, in Quantico, Virginia.

Passage of the U.S.A. Patriot Act, in October of 2001, greatly expanded the surveillance powers of law-enforcement and intelligence agencies, and helped to tear down the "wall," shorthand for restrictions that kept criminal and intelligence investigators from sharing information. As much a "cultural edifice," as Zelikow put it, as a legal barrier, the wall took shape in the nineteen-seventies, after the exposure of F.B.I. abuses of power, such as the notorious harassment of Martin Luther King, Jr. Its elimination so increased the flow of information that one senior F.B.I. official likened it to "trying to get a drink of water from a fire hydrant." As a result, Mueller began assigning many more agents to the counter-terrorism center. Larry Mefford, who until last October was the bureau's head of counter-terrorism and counter-intelligence, said that the level of stress became intense. "We had a couple of heart attacks of employees," he said. "I had one employee commit suicide. His wife said that he was very concerned about missing something." Mefford, who is now in charge of global security for Wynn Resorts, added that the task was overwhelming: "We had to reëngineer the F.B.I. We had to fight the war"—on terror. "And we had to justify everything we were doing."



"I'm self-published."

The Defense Department had started its own ad-hoc domestic-intelligence operation shortly after September 11th. At first, this was simply an attempt to collect information about the security of military facilities, but the operation expanded, and the Pentagon often passed on tips—sometimes picked up overseas—to state and local officials. "It created a huge problem for the F.B.I., because the military unilaterally would share raw intelligence that was totally uncorroborated or, worse yet, absolutely wrong," Mefford said. "It could be everything from you name it—e-mail threats that came in, telephonic threats. Or it could be stuff brought from overseas that the military got totally out of context—that somebody in a bar in Hamburg, Germany, talked about blowing up a dam near Las Vegas. And, *boom*—it was in enforcement circles, and before we could get a handle on it to see if it was credible or not we had everyone going crazy."

I met with Maureen Baginski, who is forty-nine, several times during the past year, and one Saturday in June I visited her at the house that she and her second husband, a microbiologist and Russian linguist, had built four years ago. The house, about fifty miles from Washington, sits on twelve acres that the couple have been clearing and turning into a series of gardens overlooking a creek. A collection of girl action figures given to her by her staff—Xena the Warrior Princess and Wonder Woman among them—are perched on a bookshelf in her home office. For Baginski, the house is a place to escape and relax; on weekends, she sometimes cuts back brush with a chainsaw, a gift from her husband. On an ordinary workday, she leaves home at 4 A.M., and usually gets back at around 8:30 P.M.

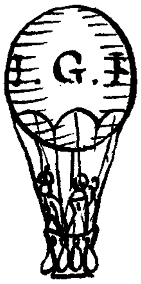
Sitting at her kitchen table, wearing black jeans and a lavender T-shirt, Baginski told me that in her first few weeks on the job she had an "absolute crisis of confidence." She had been startled by how different the bureau seemed from the N.S.A. She thought of the F.B.I.'s Office of Intelligence as a "start-up company," and at one point said, "There was nothing there."

After a month of initial panic, Baginski said that she called in representatives from every section and told them that she wanted to capitalize on the F.B.I.'s investigative strengths—its attention to solid evidence, or what she called "the pedigree of the source," and the willingness of agents and analysts to acknowledge when they needed more information. "There's no inherent shame here in not knowing something. That just means go and get more so you can build. But in the intelligence community they are a little less comfortable telling you what they don't know."

After ten weeks, Baginski and her staff began to try to reinvent the bureau's intelligence program. "I draw a very strong parallel to my challenge at N.S.A.," she said, adding, "I was telling somebody the other day, 'I guess I'm incapable of new ideas, because I actually do realize I'm doing exactly the same thing at the F.B.I. that I did there.' "

Baginski started at the N.S.A. in 1979, as a Russian-language instructor. She had studied Spanish and Russian at the State University of New York at Albany, not far from where she grew up, the fifth of six children: her father had run the telecommunications center at SUNY-Albany after a career as an actor and a high-school English teacher. In 1976, Baginski spent a year in Moscow as an exchange student. The harsh conditions of Soviet life made her appreciate America, she said, and she returned determined to work in public service. After a short stint teaching, she was hired by the National Security Agency. She rose quickly to the agency's most senior positions, and, in 1997, Lieutenant General Kenneth Minihan, the N.S.A.'s director at the time, asked her to become his executive assistant, a job akin to chief of staff; in October of 2000, Lieutenant General Michael Hayden, who succeeded Minihan, gave her the job of heading Signals Intelligence.

Like the F.B.I., the N.S.A. had resisted change, in part from institutional inertia but also from a lack of resources; during the nineties, after the collapse of the Soviet Union, Congress had steadily cut the N.S.A.'s budget by about a third. The agency was, and to some extent remains, obsessed with classification and compartmentalization; words like "warlord" were frequently used to describe the territorial proclivities of its managers, who functioned with much the same autonomy as Special Agents in Charge do within the F.B.I. The technology used to collect data, for example, was often seen as being more important than the data—and the overriding impulse was to hold on to information and not share it. Even such essential functions as collection and analysis were kept separate. "You have to understand the culture here," Lieutenant General Hayden told me. "Security is very important—watertight door, so to speak—so if you spring a leak in one place you don't sink the whole ship."



Hayden wanted Baginski to remake and reorganize the N.S.A., and Baginski took on the assignment with great energy. She pushed her technical team to find new ways to monitor the Internet, something that the N.S.A. had resisted. She also helped to make "geolocation"—the precise, geographic location of a target's position—a deadly tool. She urged representatives from the collection and analytic units to be more responsive to other agencies, such as the C.I.A. and the Defense Intelligence Agency, which over the years had complained about the N.S.A.'s inattention to their requests. All this, in hindsight, seems like common sense, but at the time it was the equivalent of an organizational shakeup. "She was trying to break people out of 'This is what I do and this is only what I do, and I'm really good at it and leave me alone,' " Hayden said.

The N.S.A., and its signals-intelligence operation, had been built on a near-legendary ability to eavesdrop on the world, but by the turn of the twenty-first century SIGINT was functioning as if the Soviet Union still existed and the information age did not. America's enemies no longer had a fixed address, and they had learned to use new technologies and encryption techniques. Yet, according to Michael Wertheimer, who held the most senior technical position at the N.S.A. at the time and was part of a team that Baginski had asked to assess SIGINT capabilities, there were employees in the field who were still focussing on ancient technologies, such as what was called "manual Morse code"—people speaking dots and dashes out loud. "About seventy per cent of our resources were going toward traditional industrial-age stuff"—put up an antenna, aim it at the sky, and vacuum up everything you could, Wertheimer said—in inverse proportion to where his team had concluded that important information would be found. "I wanted them to stop the vacuum cleaner, to get at the secrets worth knowing," Baginski said. "You just wind up drowning in data, and you're not necessarily any smarter." She called it "hunt, not gather," a phrase that later became associated with everything she tried to change.

Baginski and Hayden were still determined to fix the way that information was shared inside the N.S.A., and, in early 2001, she announced a test run of what was called Operation SIGINT. Among other goals, the experiment focussed on the Internet, and it aimed to bring intelligence gathered from many sources into one accessible place. Baginski and her technical team chose five strategic and tactical areas, including access to a Chinese communications system and attempts to learn whether Russian organized crime was the source of weapons of mass destruction in Iran. "They weren't spring-training games, because they were against real targets," Hayden said.

Throughout Operation SIGINT, which involved about twenty-five volunteers from the agency, there was strong internal opposition. Senior supervisors in particular felt that Baginski was usurping their authority by organizing the team around "hot issues," which meant that some employees could circumvent their chain of command. The team had its most difficult time with the China analysts. When the team discovered that a communications system targeted by the N.S.A. was about to be phased out, the China analysts admitted that, although they knew about it, they had no alternative source of information. The Operation SIGINT team found a new source. "The country knew a lot more at the end of the six-month experiment than they would have had we not done it," Baginski said.

In the Russian project, the group pulled together information from across intelligence agencies that, in separate pieces, had not been useful: passport numbers, aliases, frequent-flyer numbers, credit-card and cell-phone numbers. In particular, the team was told to look for e-mails, even though other analysts did not believe that their targets used e-mail. In the course of the experiment, the group learned the truth about a connection between the Russians and Iranian W.M.D.s. "I can't say true or false, but I can tell you they got the answer," Wertheimer said.

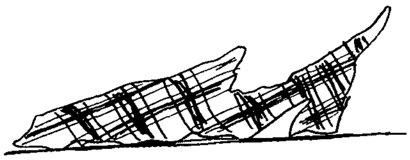
Senior managers also complained that Baginski could be too abstract in stating her goals. "What came so easily to her, what was so self-evident that it didn't need to be said, just didn't work for other people," Wertheimer said. This gave her a reputation as a micromanager, because, inevitably, she'd end up walking people through each step. Others thought that she took failure personally. Wertheimer told me, "I have sat in the room when her displeasure was absolutely written all over her face. As sweetly as she said it, people left grumbling, 'God damn it, we didn't do it right again. What is it she wants?'"

During the summer of 2001, the intelligence community had been picking up hints of an impending attack. (On August 6, 2001, the Presidential Daily Brief was entitled "Bin Laden Determined to Strike in U.S.") The UBL (Usama bin Laden) unit at the N.S.A., a cadre of about ten language analysts, was aware of a high level of "chatter," but none of it was specific. After the attacks, Baginski called together her team and the discussion veered toward data collection: Which phone numbers should be listened to? Which antennas should point in which direction? "The immediate reaction was, Let's backpedal," Wertheimer recalled. "She said, 'No, that will not happen. We have a plan'"—referring to the strategy tested by Operation SIGINT.

After a few false starts during the course of September 11th, Baginski took over, with an approach that will be familiar to any reader of police procedurals: on a large piece of paper, she wrote the initials "UBL" and drew a box around them; then she asked her team to come up with any plausible connections, social and otherwise. As Baginski and her allies saw it, groups like Al Qaeda have to use banks, computers, and cell phones. "Their job is to blend in, so they aren't quite the cryptographic challenge" that, for example, the Chinese Embassy is, Wertheimer said. That means they're as susceptible as the average person to computer viruses and identity theft—and to being spied on.

Many analysts were sure that Al Qaeda didn't use the Internet—a theory based, apparently, on the fact that they had seen no evidence of it. "We said, 'You are now to presume [they] use e-mail. Find it,'" Wertheimer said. They started looking for clues in old intercepts. There were unhelpful detours (including a request for all Arabic-language e-mails), and a moment of near panic when an associate of the bin Laden family made a call to the East Coast and mentioned a "string of pearls," which was considered a code for nuclear weapons. (It turned out that the pearls were intended as a wedding gift.) But analysts began to build a system that could deliver quicker, more reliable intelligence.

When the Bush Administration began the bombing campaign in Afghanistan, in October of 2001, Hayden, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, and Tenet, among others, had lists of so-called high-value targets. "Geolocation became a massive issue for us that it never was before," Wertheimer said. This was the first war in which the N.S.A. could locate a communications device within yards; in practical terms, it meant that the N.S.A. staff was going to provide information that would be used to kill someone. The C.I.A., which was launching missiles from unmanned Predator aircraft, hit several targets during the Afghan campaign. Baginski could see fear on the faces of the civilian analysts. "It's a very hard thing to do when you're thousands of miles away in Fort Meade, Maryland, and you're going, 'Oh, my God, I wonder if I'm wrong. I wonder if I've made a mistake, wonder if this is an innocent person,'" Baginski recalled. "I had long talks with General Hayden about that—that these guys are not in uniform. These guys are civilians. We are going to have to walk them through this and let them know that right behind them is me—that no one is ever going to blame these guys."

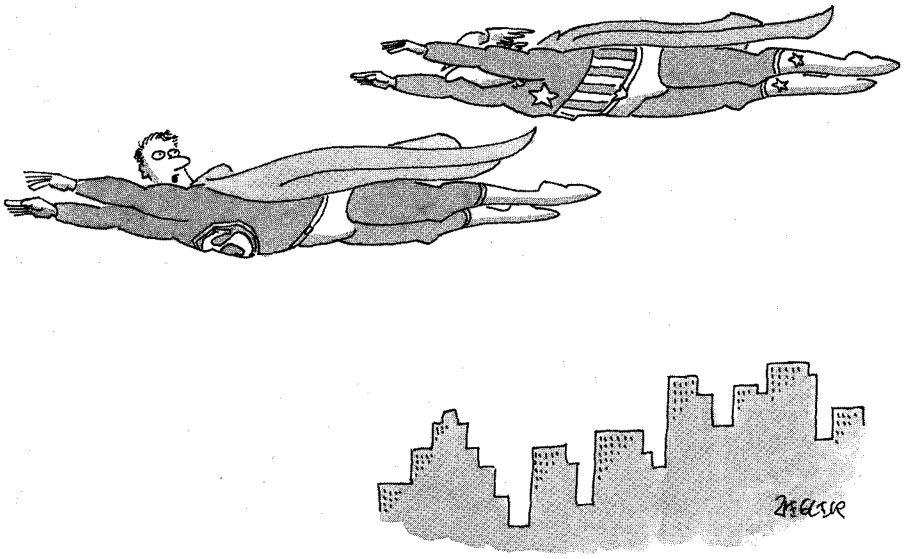


Baginski's father had been a bombardier at age twenty-three during the Second World War and had been deeply affected by the experience. "He had dropped bombs on humans, and I think that's a pretty heavy burden for a very deeply religious man to bear," she said. She told the analysts, "I know what we're asking you to do is hard, and we have absolute confidence in you and you must know that we will support you." Eventually, Baginski created a separate geolocation unit of willing participants. "We have to advance the tradecraft," she said. "It was new—very new." There were some terrible mistakes, including the December 29, 2001, bombing after a wedding party, which left dozens of Afghan civilians dead. When that happened, Baginski tried to reassure the unit. "Just stay focussed," she recalled saying. Geolocation helped to find bin Laden's military planner, Mohammed Atef, who was killed in a bombing raid in November, 2001, and, four months later, Abu Zubaydah, who was the first top Al Qaeda leader to be captured. There have been other successes, although Osama bin Laden and his second-in-command, Ayman al-Zawahari, are still at large.

In the late spring of 2002, Hayden told Baginski to start coming up with a plan for Iraq. She was going to be his J-3—chief of operations, he said. It "tells everybody in the extended enterprise exactly what I think of her," Hayden told me. But, for the first time in two decades at the agency, there was a serious debate about going to war. Baginski had questions about the justifications, and she worried about the strains on her staff. She nevertheless told them that war was likely "and if anyone had a lack of comfort with that, then they needed to make a different decision about their workplace." To me, she said, "When I talked to the workforce, I was talking to myself at the same time."

The Iraq war was a chance for Baginski and others to create for the military giant chat rooms, known as "ZIRCONchat," which provided intelligence about the battlefield almost as fast as it could be collected. The system would permit a properly equipped soldier in a Humvee to get a live feed on the most up-to-date intelligence and have instant contact with a large group; as many as two thousand people could be in touch at any given time. This gave American soldiers an enormous advantage as they went into combat. "We had more situational awareness about where the Iraqis were than they had about themselves," Lieutenant General Hayden said.

By then, however, Baginski was seeking a change for herself. She sensed that Hayden wanted to slow the pace of institutional reform, and that her efforts would become increasingly less welcome. "It is not necessarily a bad decision," she said. "It just wasn't what I thought was right." In January of 2003, she told Hayden that she wanted to leave after the military phase of the war was complete—perhaps for private industry or for teaching. On March 19, 2003, the night the Iraq war began, Baginski recalled that she walked through her building at the N.S.A. campus in Fort Meade. Computers were on, and everything seemed to be working. That night, she said, "I knew it was O.K. to leave. They had taken it beyond me."



"Yes, but what I really want to do is write children's books."

Two months earlier, Robert Mueller spent a half day at the N.S.A. "He talked about his analytical challenge, about trying to change the culture of the bureau," Hayden recalled. "Did I have someone to recommend to him? And it wasn't long in the conversation before the name of Maureen came up." Baginski had her first meeting with Mueller in March of 2003; she started work two months later, at a salary of a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.

Everybody, Baginski said, tends to make intelligence "sound so hard and mysterious, and it's really not. You need something, you go get raw material, and you add value to it. You put out a product and you keep adjusting, based on the feedback that you get. That really is all it is." Yet intelligence also relies upon effective tools, and until this past spring, when the F.B.I. finished installing nearly thirty thousand new desktop computers, high-speed networks, and a counter-terrorist database, agents often had to use nineteen-eighties-era technology with dial-up modems; it took eleven keystrokes to complete a search. When the final elements of the F.B.I.'s new computer system are fully installed—sometime in 2005, after more than a year's delay and at a cost of nearly six hundred million dollars—whatever is known about a case should be easily available to analysts.

One day, I asked Baginski what would happen now if someone like Zacarias Moussaoui were to be picked up, or if an agent in the field wrote a report like the famous "Phoenix memo," from July 10, 2001, warning of an effort to enroll Al Qaeda operatives in flight schools in Arizona. The difference, she said, is that every field office has a field-intelligence person. "And that field-intelligence person has the responsibility for insuring that the sum total of investigative product that the F.B.I. has is reviewed for intelligence value and disseminated. The other big difference is that at headquarters we have what we call 'operation specialists,' and their job is to then connect the dots across from Seattle and New York and Jacksonville." All threats, she said, were immediately shared with relevant internal law-enforcement authorities. She was sure that a Phoenix-like memo would be seen and acted upon.

Paul McCabe, a Special Agent who also serves as a spokesman for the bureau's Minneapolis field office, where Moussaoui was first detained, talked about changes he had experienced. He mentioned a recent tip that, in the past, would have gone into a "zero file"—ignored—"because it didn't have any criminal implications." With the sort of cross-checking that is now available to analysts, he said, the information had thrown up enough "red flags" to send it on to the Joint Terrorism Task Force in Minneapolis, where it is still under investigation.

Every day, the intelligence community gets about thirty-five intelligence reports from the F.B.I., up from four a day when Baginski started and compared with a couple of hundred from the C.I.A. But the quality of the bureau's threat-assessment and intelligence reports is still inconsistent. In late May, during a Senate Judiciary Committee hearing, Senator Dianne Feinstein, of California, complained that an April, 2004, intelligence report that she had requested from the L.A. field office was little more than a compilation of older data and "random comments on ongoing investigations." Baginski agreed with Feinstein. "It's uneven," she said of the threat assessments. John Brennan, a C.I.A. veteran and the head of the government's recently created Terrorist Threat Integration Center, sees improvement. He pointed to the involvement of the bureau and Baginski in raising the threat level during the 2003 Christmas holidays, when several international flights to the United States were grounded because of suspicious names on the passenger manifests. Brennan said that the bureau's response showed that the F.B.I. was on the right course. But it was also a reminder that too much information can be overwhelming.

In early summer, I asked Baginski if there have been any significant penetrations of Al Qaeda. "I'm confident that we are doing an incredible job getting into their information space," she said. "I really am. But I'd have to leave the penetration thing out of it, because it is very classified stuff." She went on, "Like any sober individual, you can be very happy with what you know, and then what keeps you up at night, of course, is what you don't know. So that's what my job is—to keep pushing what you don't know."

A critic of the bureau, John MacGaffin, who had been the C.I.A.'s No. 2 person for clandestine operations until 1993, and, until 1998, a senior consultant at the F.B.I, was pessimistic. MacGaffin, who had met with the 9/11 Commission, believed that the key problem was not a failure to connect the dots but a failure to find enough of them. "The thing that is not better—that is not more intense and is the sine qua non to doing this right—is spies," MacGaffin said. "People in the innermost councils of those who would do us grievous harm. And we do not have those in any adequate—even approaching adequate—number. And that's the only way you're going to beat this." He called this a failing of both the F.B.I. and the C.I.A.

When I repeated this analysis to Baginski, she said, "He's wrong. He's wrong. He's wrong," although she would not say in what way. Baginski, who has met with MacGaffin, added, "I honestly work in a different F.B.I. than he did."

MacGaffin shrugged off Baginski's response. The F.B.I., he added, not only failed to understand the reach of Al Qaeda's presence in the United States but also didn't know if there were sleeper cells here. Philip Zelikow, the 9/11 Commission's director, doubted that domestic sleeper cells pose a great threat. "The United States is a more hostile environment in which to operate than it was," he said. "It's more like operating behind enemy lines in enemy territory."

Mueller, in Zelikow's view, had addressed the most "indefensible" areas that had plagued the bureau but noted that some technology problems, which were never fixed under Freeh, Mueller's predecessor, still aren't solved. Mueller has sought advice from computer entrepreneurs like Larry Ellison, the head of Oracle, and, in June of 2002, he brought in a former I.B.M. executive, Wilson Lowery, to oversee the upgrading of the bureau's system. (Lowery had reportedly likened his challenge to "teeing off two hundred yards behind Tiger Woods.")

Baginski, Zelikow said, is trying to train F.B.I. agents to be better at collecting intelligence; agents can no longer become assistant Special Agents in Charge without intelligence training. But, Zelikow added, as "with a lot of these things, the implementation is ragged." Last summer and in the fall of 2003, the commission staff visited five of the bureau's field offices and found gaps between good intentions and reality; for instance, some analysts reported that they were still being called in to perform the duties of support staff.

To help make its case for survival, Zelikow said, the bureau provided the commission with case studies of post-9/11 investigations. Based on information obtained from Khalid Sheikh Mohammad, a key plotter of the 9/11 attacks, Iyman Faris, an Ohio truck driver, was secretly taken into custody in March, 2003, and accused of being part of a plot to bring down the Brooklyn Bridge by severing the suspension cables. Although the bridge operation was not considered feasible, there were concerns about a second wave of attacks. "Traditionally, the primary focus would be, Can we put this person in jail for what he did?" Kevin Brock, who was then the Special Agent in Charge of the Cincinnati office, told me. In this case, agents wanted Faris's help.

Attempts to gain coöperation, Brock said, are always "a delicate and fascinating dance"; agents told Faris that he faced a prison sentence of life without parole and, according to his lawyer, possible incarceration in the government's detention camp at Guantánamo Bay. Alternatively, they said, if he coöperated his sentence might be reduced, and he and his family might even be placed in the government's witness-protection program. Faris quickly agreed to coöperate and was moved to a safe house. A month later, he secretly pleaded guilty to pro-

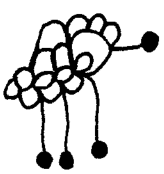
"When he goes outside to smoke, don't let him back in."

viding material support to Al Qaeda and, over the next couple of months, was debriefed by both the bureau and the C.I.A. Unlike sessions conducted before September 11th, experts on Al Qaeda were monitoring the interviews. "They were driving the questions," Brock said.

Faris provided information on how Al Qaeda communicated and used the Internet, and agreed to make contact with other Al Qaeda associates; one of those associates was charged earlier this year with plotting to blow up shopping malls in Columbus, Ohio. In June, Faris moved to withdraw his guilty plea, saying that he had tried to deceive the F.B.I. because he wanted to gather material for a book. The court rejected this claim, and Faris was given a prison sentence of twenty years.

Zelikow, along with Baginski and other bureau officials, wouldn't talk about other specific cases. When I asked Zelikow if the F.B.I. had thwarted any attacks, he replied, vaguely, that the bureau has had some success, but said, "The more you know, the more it makes you modest about how much we really understand. And there are things about the 9/11 plot we still don't fully understand." Zelikow was struck by a singular difference between the attacks on New York and Washington and those which have occurred since. "The operatives were trained in country X and are deployed and act months, much later, in a country ten thousand miles away," Zelikow said of September 11th. "That's an international operation, and a fairly complex one on a micro scale. The singular feature of all the major post-9/11 attacks is that they are not really that international. They are regional and local, using assets that are more or less in place in the area. That's a striking thing."

Zelikow said that all the evidence he has seen suggests that Al Qaeda would have liked to launch another operation in the United States by now. The fact that it has not occurred reaffirms his belief that the collective efforts of the intelligence community have been able to degrade Al Qaeda's ability to conduct complex international operations. He went on to say that the absence of an attack before the Presidential election could be seen as "a testament to incapacity." But he still believed that the United States would be the target of an attack sometime in the next decade. Kevin Brock, who became Baginski's deputy earlier this year, said, "What concerns me is that most successful terrorist operations are born from very simple things to execute. So we also don't want to get too distracted by trying to overanalyze and try to guess at every exotic threat scenario that ever pops up."



In early October, a longtime senior official who has access to sensitive intelligence told me that Al Qaeda may be planning a "Tet-like offensive" of twenty to thirty simultaneous attacks across the United States. Brock said, "We all share in the worry that Al Qaeda wants to do us harm. Nobody disputes that. I can assure you, in my twenty years' experience I have never seen us turn over more stones than we're turning over right now."

John Pistole, who, in early October, became Mueller's deputy, has a gloomy view of what lies ahead. Pistole, who is forty-eight, is a lawyer and the son of a minister, and a twenty-one-year F.B.I. veteran. The intelligence function, he said, "is not a finished product here. Clearly, the roads have been laid, we're building it." But, even with the improvement, he told me, "every day that goes by brings us a day closer to the next attack." Earlier intelligence reporting indicated that "certain attacks are being held in abeyance in order to do a more spectacular attack," and the F.B.I., along with the C.I.A. and other intelligence agencies, was using all information, including interrogations of detainees and coöperating sources, to come up with possible scenarios. The C.I.A. regularly briefed the F.B.I. on its "red cells" exercises, in which it brought together diverse groups and asked them how they would launch an attack that would cause maximum economic and psychological damage. The groups included thriller writers and people whose backgrounds mirrored those of the nineteen hijackers. Some red cells lasted a year; one looked at how Al Qaeda could generate a disaster like a forest fire or a power-outage emergency. "If it's something we've never thought of, and is clearly a top priority, we investigate," Pistole said.

In June, Pistole told the 9/11 Commission, "I think we've probably prevented a few aviation attacks against both the East and West Coasts," but he cautioned that there were "operatives involved in those plots that we still cannot account for." He told me that there were six cases abroad where the F.B.I. had obtained information so specific that a foreign service was "able to go out and locate and arrest people in the process of buying materials." The F.B.I., he went on, had vastly improved its ability to track money contemporaneously, to the point where it could see where money was being spent at that moment, or tell a foreign service where "somebody using this code is going to come in and pick up some money to launch a terrorist act."

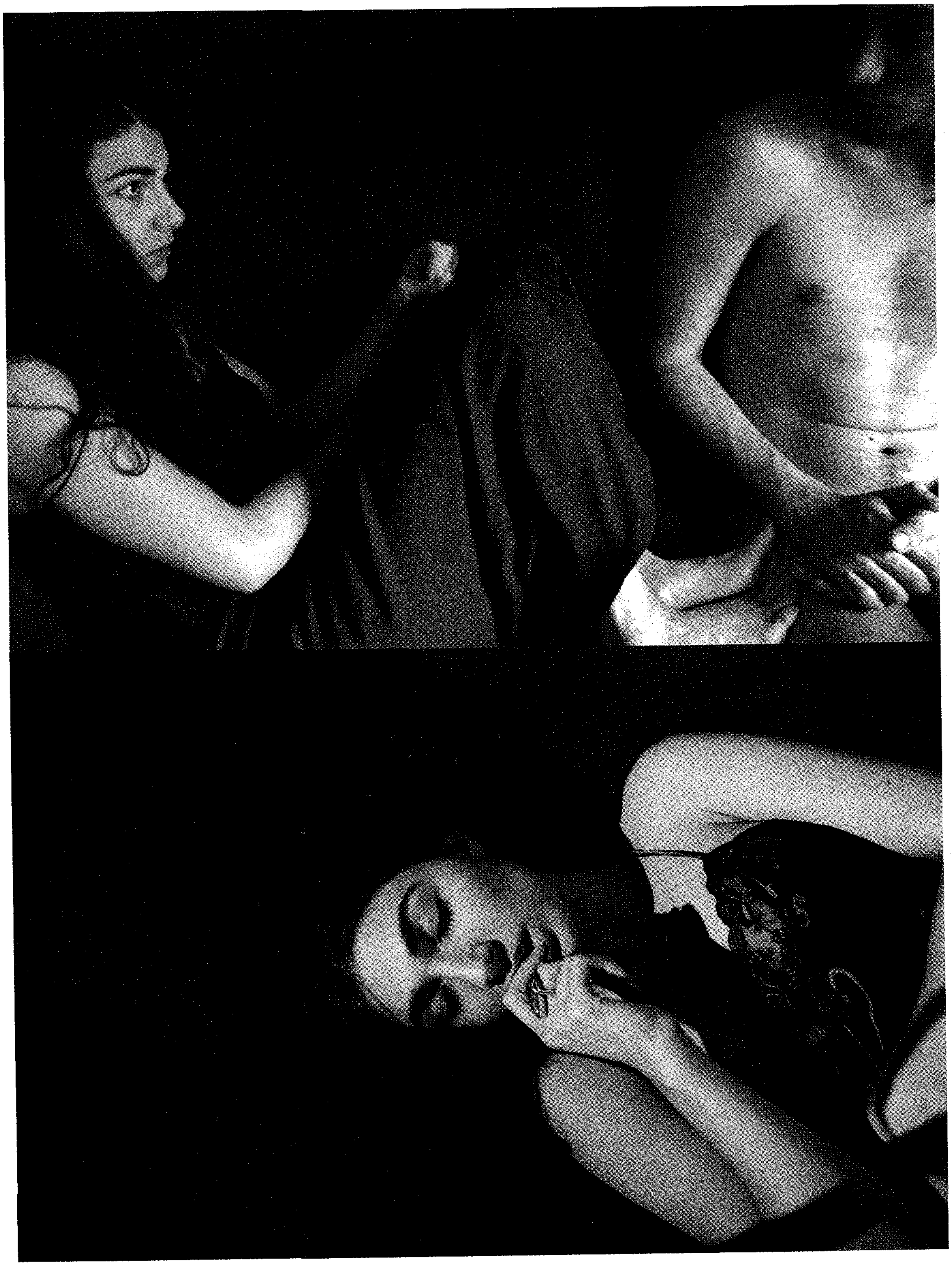
One F.B.I. counter-terrorism official told me that the bureau had recently sent informants to the Middle East, and that the C.I.A. had brought some of its sources to the United States in a joint effort with the F.B.I. to penetrate radical Islamic circles. There have also, apparently, been attempts by terror groups to recruit non-Arab-looking individuals and American citizens. I was told by two sources that the F.B.I. had interviewed a blond Arab-American whom the Saudis had arrested last summer; he had confessed to plotting to assassinate George W. Bush and was still in Saudi custody. Other intelligence agencies have been picking up apparent references to assassination plots against Bush and people close to him. Baginski, meanwhile, continues to make repairs in what has been a troubled institution—for instance, those thousands of untranslated and erased terror-related tapes and documents. Mueller said that the translation division is being transferred to the planned Directorate of Intelligence—in other words, the problem is being handed over to Baginski.

But the F.B.I. remains relatively small—the New York Police Department, with nearly forty thousand officers, is more than three times as large—and its resources are finite. At one point, Baginski told me that there would almost certainly be another terrorist attack in the United States. We were in her office, just down the hall from Mueller's. I had brought lunch, and Baginski had barely eaten a bite. "But when you ask me based on what evidence, it's nonspecific, just as it was, quite frankly, in the run-up to September 11th," she said. ♦

FICTION

BREAKUP STORIES

BY JONATHAN FRANZEN



Our friend Danni's young husband had been intending, since before he was her husband, to talk about his feelings about having children, but because these feelings consisted mainly of reluctance and aversion, and because Danni, who was a few years older than he, was unmistakably determined to have a family, this conversation promised to be so unhappy that the young husband still hadn't managed to begin it by the time Danni reached a career plateau and announced that she was ready. The young husband told her that he needed to go to Burlington, Vermont. He said he needed to replenish his store of antique lumber for his custom-renovation business. From Burlington he called Danni every few days, sounding worried about her emotional state, but it was not until Danni received a card from the postal service, confirming the young husband's change of address, that she understood that he wasn't coming back. She said on the telephone, "Did you leave me? Are we not together anymore?" For the young husband, unfortunately, answering these questions would have meant initiating precisely the conversation that he couldn't bring himself to have. He replied that all of a sudden, in Vermont, nobody was naïve about lumber anymore. Every single person in the state seemed to know that antique thirty-foot oak beams now sold for three thousand dollars. Even very stupid and isolated rural people were aware of this. He said that, as information became cheaper, markets became more perfect and real bargains impossible to find. Probably online auction sites like eBay contributed to this trend, which was bad for entrepreneurs like himself but good for rural Vermonters, he had to admit. A few days later, while Danni was on a business trip, the young husband drove to New York in his pickup and fetched his personal things, including a sixty-pound chunk of maple burl, from their apartment on East Tenth Street. Even after Danni had met a twenty-seven-year-old psychotherapist and become pregnant with his child, the young husband remained unable to tell her that he didn't want children and should never have married her. The divorce was done by mail.

Danni's old college friend Stephen, a jazz guitarist and a fixture in the downtown free-improv scene, had been living with a fabric designer named Jillian for seven years when he informed his friends that he was getting married. "Yeah, so, Jillian's the love of my life at the moment," he said, "and she really wants to make things official, so." Jillian had lately grown impatient with Stephen's poverty and his insistence on staying out until three every night and the favors he was always doing for nuns, such as giving nuns rides to family funerals in distant states or hauling around crappy nun furniture in a truck provided by his parish priest (Stephen had been schooled and intermittently raised by nuns), and it was Jillian's notion that marriage would settle Stephen down, make him less susceptible to the wishes of nuns and more susceptible to her own wishes, and he would start cleaning his fingernails better and getting home before midnight and so on. These expectations of Jillian's came as a surprise to Stephen once they were married. On the weekend after their little wedding, which was held on the lawn of an upstate friend in bright October sunshine, Stephen retiled the bathroom of a nun named Sister Doina and returned from a late-night gig near dawn. Jillian moved out three weeks later. When the time came for the newlyweds to use their plane tickets to Pittsburgh for Christmas, Jillian jostled her way through the US Airways concourse at LaGuardia, looking for the one seat that was maximally distant from each of the many barking airport TV screens. She knew she had finally located this seat when she found Stephen sitting in it, his fingers pressing on his special miniature deep-insertion stereo earphones, which doubled as noise-reducing earplugs. In Pittsburgh, he and Jillian received felicitations from eighty-odd party guests of Jillian's parents, who were well-to-do and had also bought the plane tickets, and for several nights the newlyweds had trembling, furtive kiddie sex in Jillian's childhood bed, although she had already filed New York State paperwork for a legal separation and was constantly on the phone with her new, non-Catholic, nonmusical boyfriend in Manhattan, reassuring him, every day, that she was so, so over Stephen.

A few months before Ron started introducing his friends to his new girlfriend, Lidia, his father died and left him enough money to buy the kind of West Village duplex that Ron had always wished he could afford. Ron taught philosophy at the New School. Over the years, he had confided to various friends that he feared his only purpose on the planet was to insert his penis in the vaginas of the greatest possible number of women; the roster of insertees included both former students and students actively enrolled in one or more of his classes, various junior and senior New School faculty, fellow-guests at philosophy conferences in other cities, the grown daughters of his accountant and his wine dealer, the fabric designer Jillian, the girlfriend of a former next-door neighbor, and several female staff members at the local branch of the New York Sports Clubs. Ron's academic specialty was moral philosophy. A big reason women fell for him so hard was that he was a person of great feeling and conscience. He listened to women with patience and active sympathy; he was like the tender, respectful brother or father they'd always imagined having. And even though these were the very qualities that led women to invest their trust in him and thus advance what he feared was his sole mission in life, he genuinely was a nice man; there genuinely were good reasons that he had so many loyal friends. Which was why, as the years went by, he chastised himself so bitterly for his inability to stay faithful to any girl for longer than about sixty days. Every once in a while, he confessed his sins to his friends, who were grieved to see him suffering and beating up on himself and who hastened to reassure him that he was not a sick monster. His bad behavior caused him so much pain that you wanted to comfort him, not condemn him (although it certainly helped, in this regard, that you never got to see whatever pain his behavior might have caused the girls who trusted him). Whenever a new girl entered his life, he disappeared with her behind closed bedroom doors, as if to avoid potentially compromising interactions with his friends (in whose minds, as the years went by, his many identically slender and dark-eyed young dates and short-term girlfriends all kind of blurred together) and to minimize the fuss of dumping the girl when the time for dumping came. Finally, though, with the death of his father, and with his acquisition of a duplex on Bank Street, and with the looming of his fortieth birthday, Ron decided to put childish things behind him. Within weeks of

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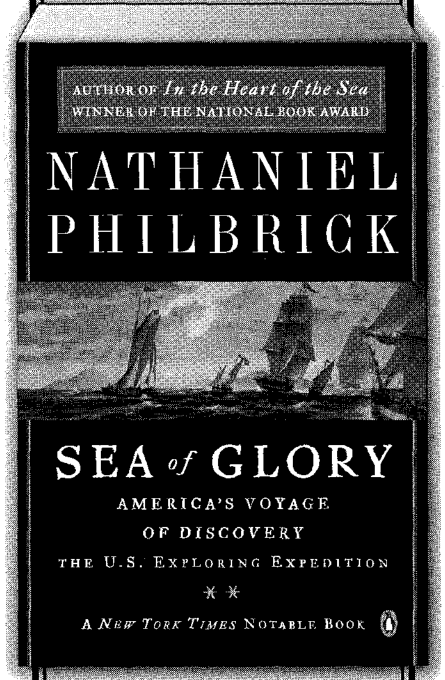
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meeting Lidia—a young Ecuadoran beauty from Jackson Heights who prosecuted drug cases for the Manhattan district attorney—he made a point of introducing her to all his friends. Sitting beside Lidia in various restaurant booths, he averred to his friends that he had finally met his intellectual match. While Lidia was in the bathroom, he further disclosed that his relationship with her was “basically a done deal,” that there was “no backing out now,” that he and she were so definitely “on track to get married” that he was preparing to adopt her three-year-old daughter from her short-lived first marriage, and that, although it would obviously require titanic effort on his part, he was determined to stay faithful to Lidia for the rest of his life, because he was in awe of her intellect and she had such a great sense of humor. Ron delivered this huge news in a curiously abstract tone of voice, without meeting his friends’ eyes. When Lidia returned from the bathroom, having darkened her lipstick and mascara, Ron’s friends couldn’t help noticing that he sat facing away from her, leaving twelve or fifteen inches of space between them, and that she said “expresso” and “eck cetera” and “between you and I,” all of which famously grated on Ron’s ears. You almost got the sense that Ron wasn’t even listening to Lidia. While she spoke of their upcoming camping trip to British Columbia, glancing eagerly at Ron to reassure herself of his approval, he gazed off into the distance like a man trying to empty his mind while a phlebotomist took blood from his arm. Now and then he came back into focus, leaned over and put his arm around Lidia, and instructed her, for example, to tell his friends about the word she’d played in Scrabble the other night for eighty-seven points. Lidia lowered her eyes to her napkin. The word, she said, was “plenary”—not even that great a word. But Ron insisted that he had never seen this word before, that her vocabulary was much larger than his, and, absurdly, that he had never in his life scored eighty-seven points in one Scrabble play. “I’m happy,” he said simply, his body angled toward the restaurant’s front door. “I feel like I could be content to play Scrabble with Lidia for the rest of my life.” A few months later, during summer vacation, when some of his friends asked him how things were with Lidia, Ron sounded distracted and impatient, as if his feelings were well known by now and he found it weird even to be asked about them. He said that he and Lidia had recently passed their six-month mark and might as well be married—it was pretty much a done deal; he couldn’t back out now—and, yeah, O.K., sometimes it was hard to imagine having sex with the same one person for the rest of his life, but he was forty years old, and it was time to grow up, and he was committed to making this relationship work, and so, basically, yeah, things were really, really, really good between the two of them. A few weeks later, he dropped out of all voice, e-mail, and face-to-face contact. When he surfaced again, toward the end of August, it was to send his friends terse e-mails with a new postal address and phone number. Pressed for an explanation, Ron replied in an irritated tone that he’d rented a two-room box on East Twenty-eighth Street and was working on his Heidegger book. Lidia he preferred not to talk about at all, though he did refer to a summer-school student named Kristin several times, and under close questioning he admitted that taking moral responsibility for his many broken promises to Lidia had been costly to him financially. Lidia was devastated, he said, when his involvement with Kristin came to light—an involvement that he didn’t insult his friends’ intelligence by pretending was going to last past Labor Day—and, since there was no conceivable excuse for his misbehavior, he’d made amends as well as he could by providing a thirty-per-cent down payment on a comfortable West End Avenue apartment, a classic six suitable for a single professional woman and her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, which had necessitated putting the Bank Street duplex on the market and pricing it to sell, which was why he was now living in an anonymous box in Murray Hill. Ron was probably the world’s leading authority on Heidegger’s moral philosophy; he was renowned for his extemporaneous and wittily annotated classroom translations

DRY SEASON

In the country of the ochre afternoon
it is always still and hot, the dry leaves stirring
infrequently sometimes with the rattling pods
of what they call "women's tongues," in
the afternoon country the far hills are very quiet
and heat-hazed, but mostly in the middle
of the country of the afternoon I see the brown heat
of the skin of my first love, so still, so perfect,
so unaltered, and I see how she walked
with her sunburnt hands against the still sea almonds,
to a remembered cove, where she stood on the small dock—
that was when I thought we were immortal
and that love would be folded doves and folded oars
and water lapping against eroding stone
in the ochre country of the afternoon.

—*Derek Walcott*

of knotty Greek and German texts; and so his friends, even his very smart friends, were simply too intimidated intellectually to question his cash payment of several hundred thousand dollars for the sin of cheating on his girlfriend of six months. That his real-estate transactions must already have been in motion even as he was assuring his friends that he and Lidia were practically married—that the entire private drama of exposure and shame and penance couldn't possibly have been jammed into the three and a half weeks that he'd dropped out of sight—became just another of the never-again-referred-to mysteries that were the price you paid for the pleasure of Ron's company.

Stephen's cousin Peter, on the other hand, when he'd been having unprotected sex with his Pilates instructor, Rebecca, frequently enough (and then some) to make her pregnant, went straight to his wife, Deanna, with whom he already had two children, and said that although he was committed to their marriage he was also in love with Rebecca, and he wanted to be involved with raising their child, and perhaps everyone could just learn to get along? Peter's plan was financially realistic—he was a radiation oncologist with a busy uptown practice—and he felt that if Deanna was realistic herself she could hardly say no. Peter was a nice, late-blooming Midwestern boy who had married his plain and rather clingy college girlfriend and let her go to work at a bank to support him in med school. He could see now that a successful Manhattan oncologist could do a lot better, spouse-wise, than a sour, fussy, pinch-faced mom with large thighs, and that to stay with her would be like continuing to pay eighties-level interest rates while the rest of the world refinanced its mortgages—there was no earthly reason for it, basically—but, at the same time, he recognized that he owed a lot to Deanna, and he loved his kids, and one of the many excellent things about Rebecca was how comfortable she was with the idea of French-style family arrangements. So it wasn't like there were any jerks in the picture here. Everyone was doing his or her best to be nice and responsible while remaining, of course (as Peter stressed in his presentation to Deanna), *realistic.* It was only after Deanna had hired a capable lawyer and won full custody of the kids and a financially eviscerating divorce settlement that Peter realized how wrong he'd been, from the very beginning, about Deanna—she'd never really been nice at all! she was homely *and* mean!—and how lucky he was to have Rebecca, who was not just young and shapely but also (as witness her willingness to share Peter with Deanna) genuinely menschy, although, as he sometimes admitted to himself in the shower, or in bed at three in the morning, when his second Martini was wearing off, or when he happened to think of Deanna in

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her bloated new house up in Harrison, with her atrocious S.U.V., and caught himself mentally addressing her in terms like “Old Pig Eyes,” niceness was a relative term and Deanna probably viewed the matter somewhat differently.

Or, as Peter’s friend Antonia liked to tell visitors to the high-floor parkside unit on Central Park West that she’d bought with the proceeds of her own divorce settlement, there came a point in every failing marriage when you found yourself in a room with a waxwork hologram of yourself: when you saw, through your spouse’s demented eyes, the monster he projected in your place, a monster who resembled you superficially (though it was probably somewhat fatter and more wrinkly than you really were, just as his youthful idealization of you had probably been firmer and sexier than you’d really been back then) but was in every other respect a fantastic and wholly unfamiliar creature. Antonia made all her visitors remove their shoes at the door to her place on the Park and never let more than one friend at a time come to see her; even her daughters had to visit one at a time, without bringing overnight guests or wearing shoes inside. These were just some little house rules that Antonia allowed herself to enforce after twenty-plus years of motherhood and hellish corporate-wifedom in Palo Alto. The decisive moment in her own marriage had come in her Palo Alto kitchen, after she made an unloving remark to her husband. The remark was no different from a thousand other unloving remarks she’d made in the previous ten years; but this time the husband, who was a small and mild and nose-scrunchingly nervous man with a face familiar to viewers of “Wall $treet Week,” grabbed her by the throat with his right hand and pressed his thumb into her windpipe. With his left hand, he pinned her wrists against her chest. He brought his face very close to hers, which was rapidly turning purple, and pleaded with her: “*Why are you doing this to me?*” To which Antonia could only say, “Kegh. Ecck!” And so the husband screamed directly in her face, “Why are you doing this to me! Would you please stop doing this to me!” As Antonia later told her visiting, shoeless friends, one by one, this was the moment when, in spite of her growing fear, she had suddenly seen herself as her husband saw her: as a crushingly strong and evil person who had been causing him terrible harm for many years; as the monstrous figure who kept him from attaining every pleasure and every freedom he’d ever wished for, who annihilated his manhood with her cunning and her wit. Nevertheless, she tried to point out the patent absurdity of his plea. “Guaggh—kgheck,” she said. Some time later, when she regained consciousness, she found herself lying on her back on the kitchen floor. The husband was leaning against the utility island, eating a folded-over piece of sandwich-style rye bread. Antonia’s throat was raw and clogged, but she had more of a sense of humor than of self-protection. “I was trying to say,” she said, coughing as she laughed, “who’s strangling who?” The husband’s reply was matter-of-fact: “I wasn’t strangling you.” “Then why,” Antonia said, “is my windpipe practically broken and me lying on the floor?” The husband stated flatly, “I never touched you.” And the curious thing, Antonia told her friends, was that he believed what he was saying. And she saw what he meant, and she believed him, too; because how could he have touched her when she, the real she, wasn’t even in the same room (or, possibly, the same universe) that he was in? Nevertheless, she said, it worried her to see him behaving psychotically. “Honey?” she essayed tenderly, from the floor. At this, the husband reached out and seemed to strangle invisible Antonias in the air all around him, his eyes beseeching Heaven. “What will it take to get rid of you?” he cried. “What do I have to do to make you stop doing this to me?” Oh, the poor little man, Antonia thought; I’ve nearly killed him. “Just give me half the money,” she said, putting her hands on her throat. “Just—*haugh, guagg, hack, kkgh!* That’s all! Just *aaaghkk* the money, honey!” She laughed and coughed, and the husband ran from the room ashen-faced, as if he’d seen a fulminating witch, a dead woman speaking, some kind of horror-flick apparition. In later years Antonia never, in her stocking-footed friends’ hearing, spoke of him with anger, always only pity, because, she said, he knew himself so poorly. And her friends, listening to her tell these stories in a voice that grew more cartoonishly little-girlish with each year she spent on Central Park West, felt sorry for the husband, too. ♦

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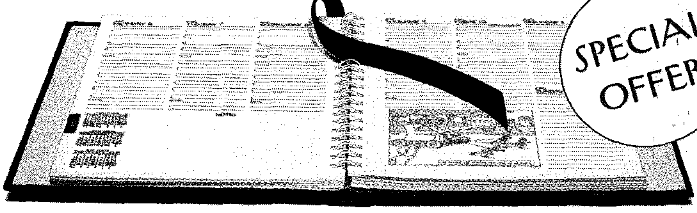

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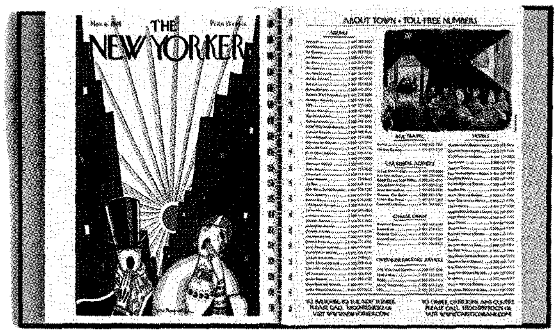
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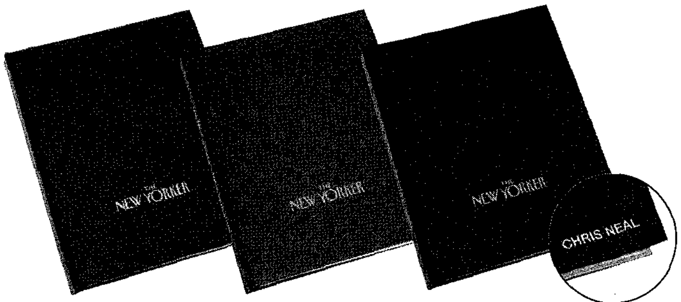
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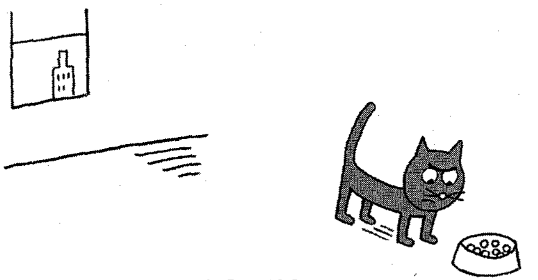

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Anatomy of an inaugural.

BY LOUIS MENAND

Catholics in the Washington, D.C., area were relieved of the proscription against eating meat on Friday, January 20, 1961, by special order of His Holiness Pope John XXIII, in recognition of the inauguration, that day, of the first Roman Catholic President of the United States. John F. Kennedy took advantage of the papal dispensation by having bacon for breakfast. He was a man accustomed to the discreet aid and succor of the intelligent, the beautiful, and the well-placed.

The Pope's dietary intercession must be one of the very few stories with a connection to the inauguration that did not make it into "Ask Not: The Inauguration of John F. Kennedy and the Speech That Changed America" (Holt; $25), Thurston Clarke's earnestly exuberant, nearly minute-by-minute re-creation of the writing and delivery of Kennedy's famous inaugural address. (The story appears in Richard Reeves's illuminating "President Kennedy: Profile of Power.") "Ask Not" is a short book, but there are many berries on the bush. There was plenty of press around in 1961, and lots of cameras, but it was still only the dawn of the era of the unblinking media eye, our own panoptic regime, in which every twitch of the celebrated is monitored and made instantly available for mass titillation. Not all of the celebrated had made the adjustment in 1961, and there was some amusing leakage around the borders of the official script. Frank Sinatra (a well-placed friend if you happened to be interested in making the acquaintance of compliant young actresses) responds to a reporter's query at the entrance to a pre-inaugural party by snapping, "Where are you from? Bulgaria?" In the car on the way to the inauguration, Mamie Eisenhower makes conversation with Jackie Kennedy, who is the wife of a man about to become the first Irish-American President, and who is seven-eighths Irish herself, by remarking, "Doesn't Ike look like Paddy the Irishman in that hat?"

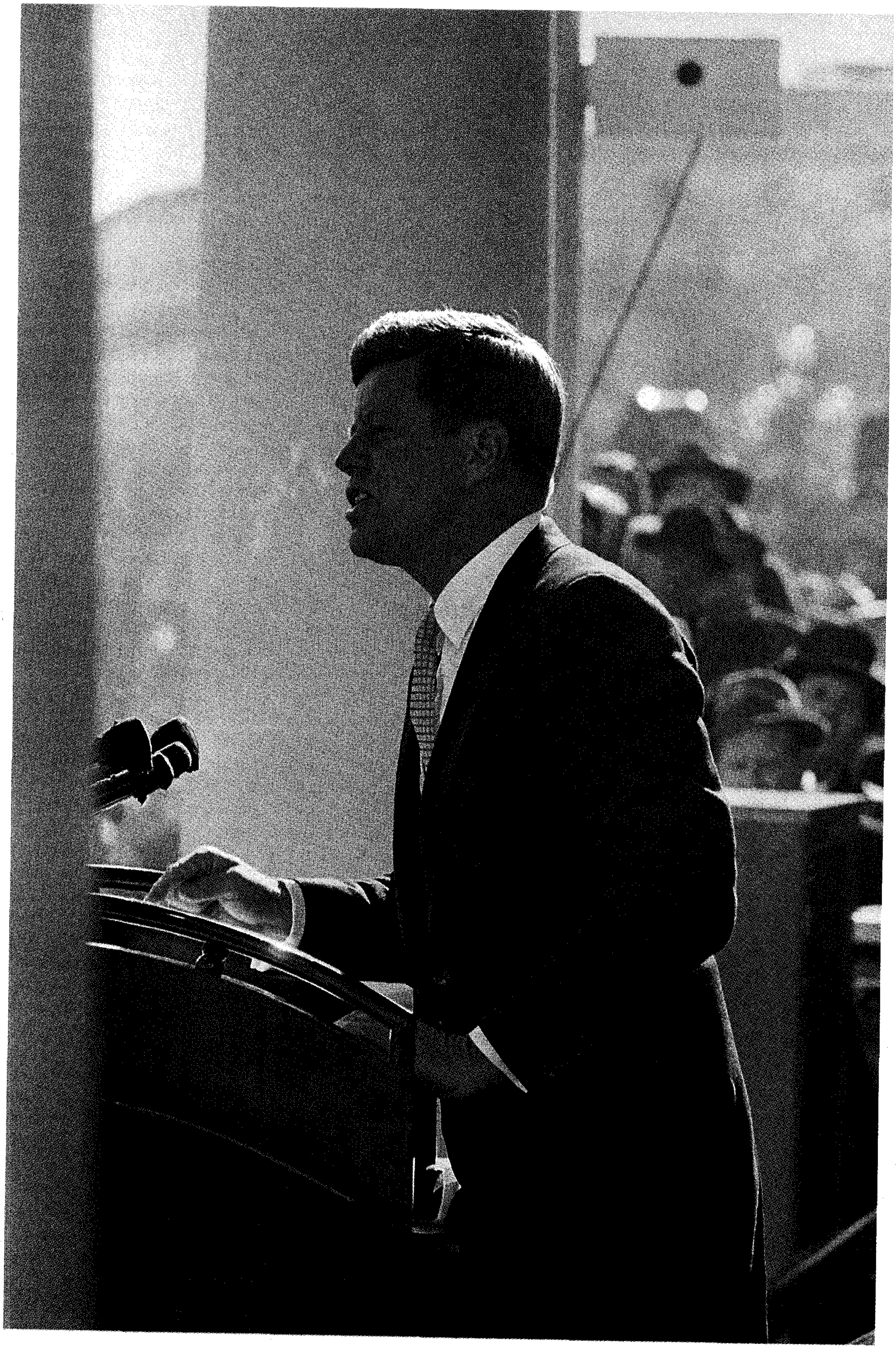
At the inaugural ceremony, Cardinal Cushing, of Boston, delivering the invocation, notices smoke issuing from the lectern. Believing it to indicate the presence of an assassin's bomb, the Cardinal slows down what is already being regarded as an interminable address, in the hope that, when the bomb goes off, his body will shield Kennedy from the blast. (The smoking stopped when an electrician yanked, more or less at random, one of the wires running under the lectern.) Congressman Howard Smith, Democrat of Virginia, walks out before Marian Anderson sings the national anthem. (Smith later led the opposition in the House to the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The opposition in the Senate was led by that cynosure of senatorial rectitude Robert Byrd, of West Virginia.) As Kennedy repeats the oath of office, his left hand nervously slips off the Bible, leading some Protestant divines to argue, afterward, that he had never really been sworn in. Robert Frost, before reciting his poem "The Gift Outright," as a prelude to Kennedy's speech, refers to "the President-elect, Mr. John Finley," apparently confusing Kennedy with the master of Eliot House, at Harvard. As Kennedy gives his speech, Lyndon Johnson, sitting behind him and in the view of a television audience of sixty million, notices a piece of paper on the floor, picks it up, retrieves his reading glasses, puts them on, examines one side of the paper, turns it over and examines the other side, and places the paper in a pocket of his suit. The chair in Row B in the stands reserved for Kennedy's brother-in-law Peter Lawford is empty, because Lawford has a hangover and is back at the hotel, watching the ceremony on TV with Sinatra.

There was also, as Clarke, like other historians, enjoys pointing out, an almost comic web of dislike and suspicion uniting the dignitaries assembled on the platform to hear Kennedy's speech. Eisenhower referred to Kennedy as "Little Boy Blue." Truman despised Kennedy, because he despised Kennedy's father, Joe, whom he had once threatened to throw out a hotel window. Eleanor Roosevelt, another enemy of Joe's, had campaigned to prevent Kennedy from getting the nomination and declined to sit on the platform with the other grandees. Jackie called the Johnsons "Colonel Cornpone and his Little Porkchop." Johnson called Bobby Kennedy "that little shitass"; Bobby described Johnson as "an animal in many ways." Adlai Stevenson resented the Kennedys for naming him Ambassador to the United Nations, and not Secretary of State, the job to which he believed he was entitled, and the Kennedys resented Stevenson for pouting about it, which he was, quite blatantly, doing. And practically no one liked Richard Nixon, not even, when all was said and done, Nixon—a man who, during the campaign, had insisted that "America cannot stand pat," apparently forgetting the name of his own wife.

The core of "Ask Not" is an anatomy and an appreciation of Kennedy's speech, which Clarke calls the centerpiece of "a moment when Americans would step through a membrane

JOSEPH SCHERSCHEL/TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

John F. Kennedy disliked public posturing, and was not a naturally gifted speaker, but he took speechmaking very seriously.



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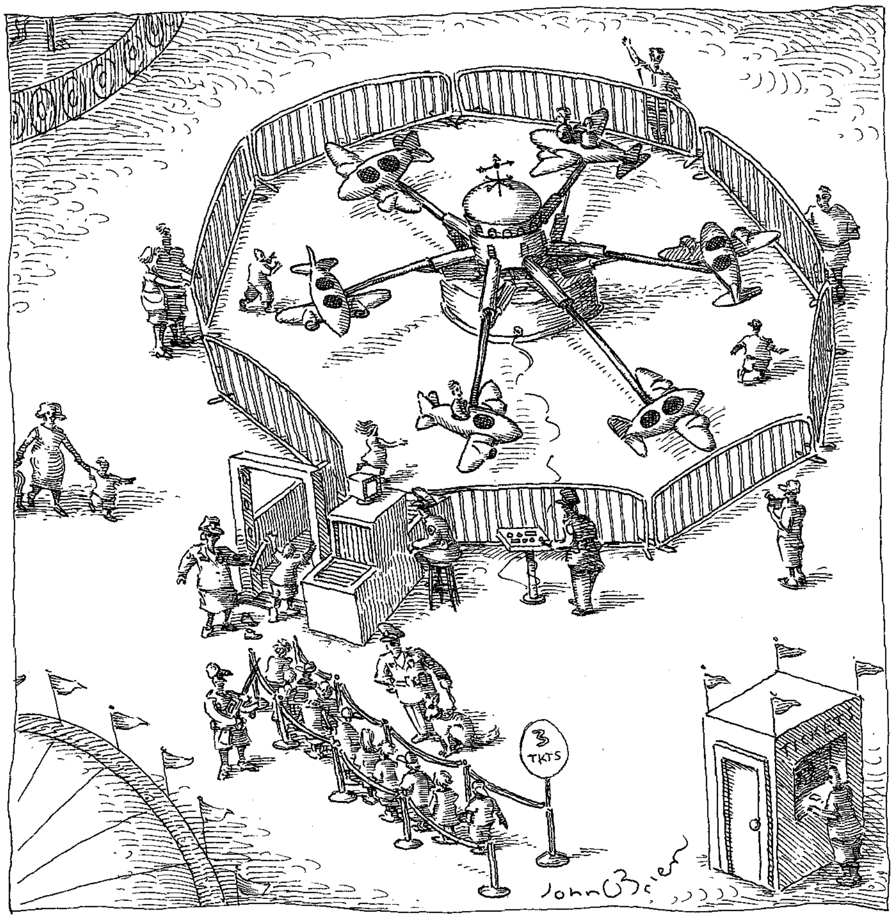
in time, entering a brief, still seductive era, of national happiness." It is therefore a work a little "in the tradition of" (as publishers like to say) Garry Wills's popular book on the Gettysburg Address, "Lincoln at Gettysburg," to which it dutifully alludes. Clarke, however, has a problem unfamiliar to students of Lincoln, which is the conviction, shared by many, that Kennedy's rhetorical sails were filled by the wind of other men. Kennedy's dependence on speechwriters has become thought of as just part of his general reliance on the talented people who tended to be drawn to him, as another feature of his sense of prerogative. That good sport Nixon, asked what he thought of Kennedy's speech, said, "It's easy for Kennedy to get up and read Sorenson's speeches. I don't think it's responsible unless he believes it himself."

Theodore Sorenson had been working on Kennedy's speeches since 1953, but Clarke thinks that it is accurate to call Kennedy himself the author of his inaugural address—and certainly of the lines that everyone remembers, including "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." His evidence is the drafts made by the speechwriter, the shorthand records of Kennedy's own dictation, and Kennedy's pre-election speeches. He thinks these demonstrate that what Kennedy said in the inaugural address was his own thoughts in his own words. Clarke is not quite as persuasive as he wants to be, but he is as persuasive as he needs to be.

Kennedy took speechmaking very seriously. He was infatuated with Churchill; at home, he used to orate along with Churchill on the "I Can Hear It Now" LPs, narrated by Edward R. Murrow. Kennedy was not a naturally gifted orator. He felt uncomfortable in crowds; he had that semi-comic Harvard accent; and he was an impatient man who read quickly and disliked public posturing. He once promised himself that he would never, no matter what, raise his arms above his head and flash a V-for-victory sign. He left that sort of thing to Nixon. But he was a keen student of political rhetoric, as he was a keen student of all the ingredients of political accomplishment. Like Franklin D. Roosevelt, another of his heroes, he was a pragmatist who wanted to be a great man. It is not the worst combination of attributes in a politician. Kennedy gave the job of speechwriter to Sorenson for the good reason that he thought Sorenson knew what he wanted to say and how he wanted to say it. Sorenson liked to maintain, later on, that, in the course of his relationship with Kennedy, "their style and standard had become increasingly one." This may seem self-serving, but people who knew them shared the view—that Sorenson, in his speechwriting mode, "was" Jack Kennedy.

Clarke's view is that when Sorenson produced a draft of the inaugural address he was expanding on points dictated to him by Kennedy and formulating sentences that recast things that Kennedy had said before. (Often, of course, those things must have been in speeches written by Sorenson.) Kennedy, Clarke says, was an active agent. He did not just read a script; he provided the raw material and supervised the crafting. This is all probably true, but it is not what most of us mean by "authorship." Kennedy was furious when it was rumored that he had not written "Profiles in Courage," which, published in 1956, won a Pulitzer Prize. When the columnist Drew Pearson claimed that the book had been ghostwritten by Sorenson, Kennedy hired Clark Clifford, then a Washington lawyer, to help compel a retraction. (Pearson issued the retraction; it was ghostwritten for him by Sorenson.) One of Kennedy's recent biographers, Robert Dallek, concludes, from the tapes of Kennedy's dictation, that Kennedy was more involved in the composition of "Profiles in Courage" than skeptics have imagined, but that the book "was more the work of a 'committee' than any one person." It was neither the first time nor the last that a politician produced a book in this manner. It has been said that it took a village to make "It Takes a Village." What readers want to feel, in books like those, is not that every word was sweated over in isolation by the famous person whose name is on the title page but that what is expressed is what the famous person really believes. The basketball star Charles Barkley's complaint that he was misquoted in his own autobiography signals a certain betrayal of faith.

And, in the case of the inaugural



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address, so what? Kennedy solicited ideas for the speech from many people. Some were advisers whose views he cared about; some were opinion-makers whom he wished to feel invested in the result. Walter Lippmann, for example, was shown a draft by Sorenson. Lippmann proposed a small change, which was duly made, and then proceeded, after the inauguration, to publish a column in which he described Kennedy's address as a "remarkably successful piece of self-expression" that "exemplified the qualities which the world has come to expect of the President." Lippmann did not, as Clarke notes, disclose his own modest contribution. Kennedy would have been a fool not to have asked for input, or, having received suggestions, to have ignored them completely. He naturally delegated the main business of composition to Sorenson, whose drafts he used as the basis for his own dictation and rewrites. Kennedy had an ear; he had wit; he liked to turn a phrase. The speech was better for his emendations and his careful and repeated polishing. He made thirty-two changes—mostly, it seems, for the better—extemporaneously, while he was delivering the address. There are Presidents who are mouthpieces, who utter what they have been programmed to utter. There is little danger of their going "off-message," because, apart from the message, they have nothing much to say. Kennedy was not one of those Presidents. He would not have received full credit for his inaugural address in English class, but Presidential inaugurations, fortunately, are not English classes.

Clarke is intrepid in tracking down the sources for many of the phrases in Kennedy's speech. Unsurprisingly, there are a number of echoes of Churchill. It is a little disheartening to learn that the headmaster of Kennedy's prep school used to say that it's "not what Choate does for you, but what you can do for Choate." On the other hand, Clarke reminds us, the phrase "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," in Roosevelt's first inaugural address, probably came from a department-store ad in a newspaper. And who remem-

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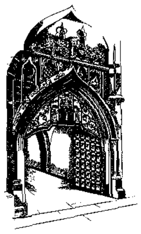
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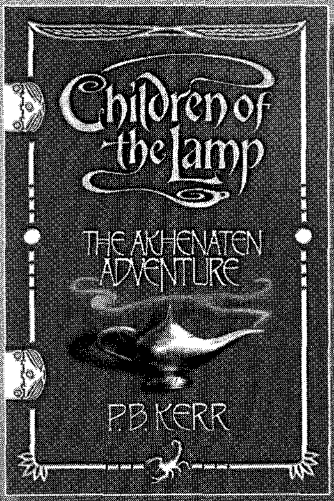
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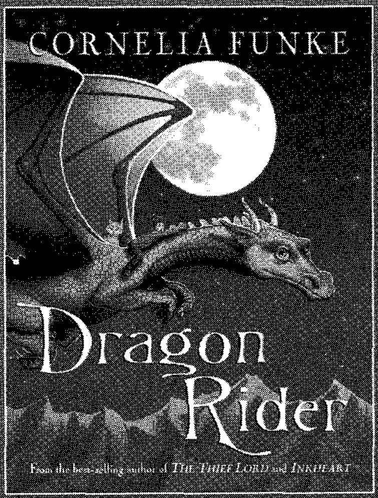
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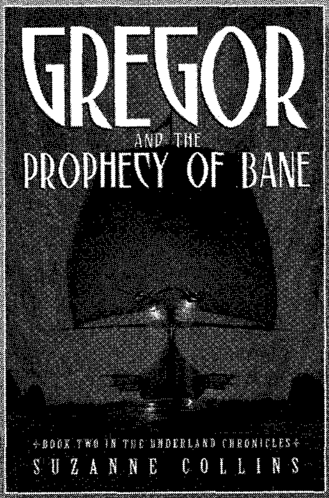
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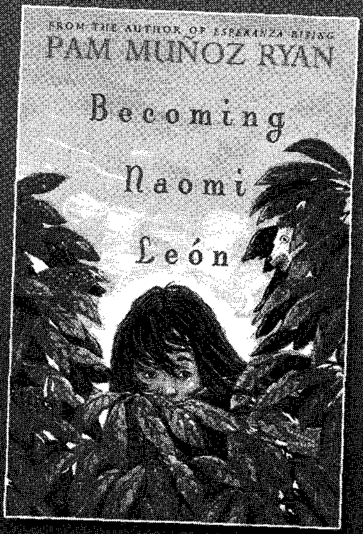
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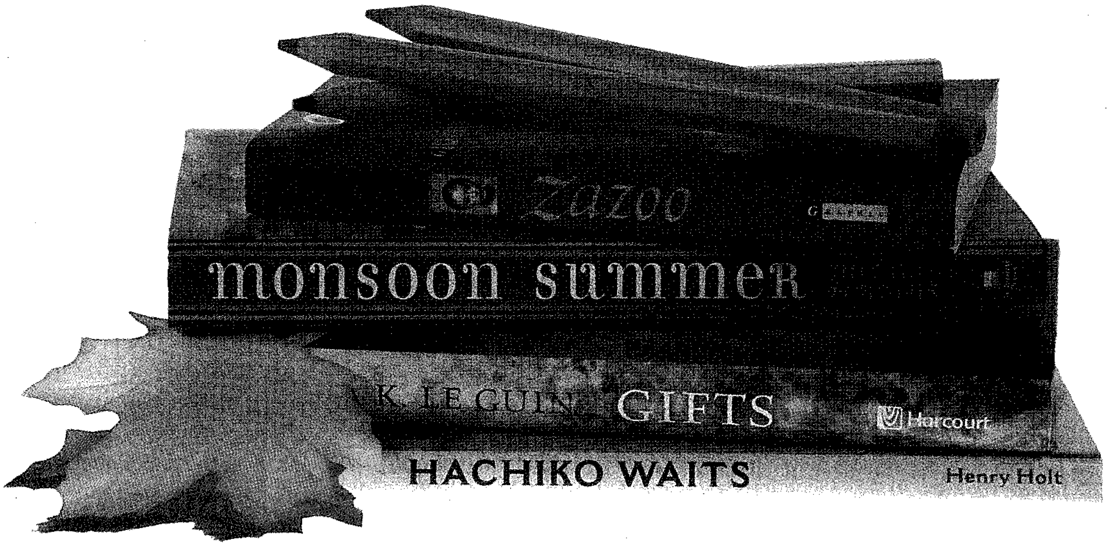


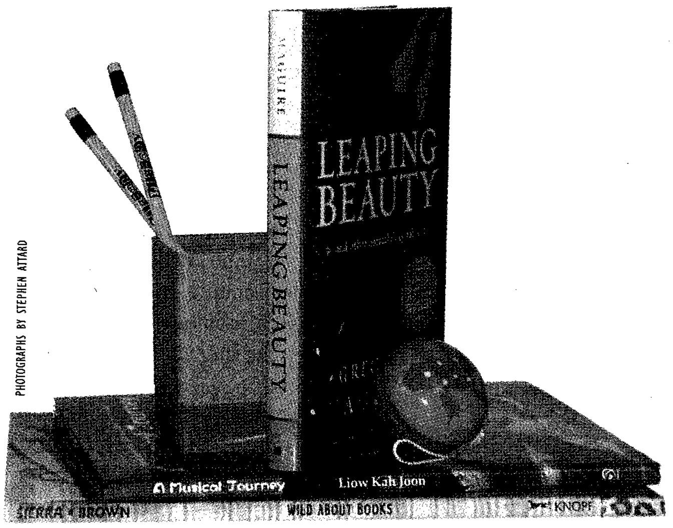
just kidding

books for children and young adults

by Meakin Armstrong

Adventure stories and visits to other worlds intrigue the young—even while they're tethered to classroom desks. Books are arguably the best entrée into those exotic places, but which book is the best one to give? Bookstore visits can be dizzying experiences: immediately, you're confronted with a plethora of volumes, all of them covered with effusive blurbs and snake oil promises. Independent booksellers can cut through the hype. They make personal recommendations to their customers everyday, each one tailored to a particular child.

The **Book Sense Children's Picks** list—a companion to the adult edition—is a compendium of those booksellers' finds and insights. Highlights from the latest list follows, with a selection of books for children from teens to toddlers.



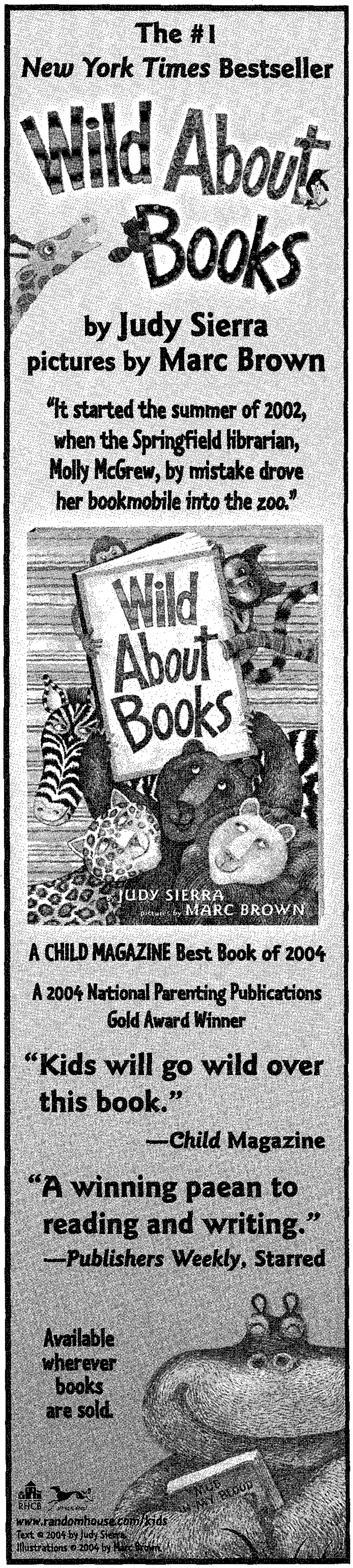
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN ATTARD

LIVING OUT FANTASIES

Newbery Honor and National Book Award-winning author Ursula K. Le Guin's **Gifts** (Harcourt) takes place in the Uplands, a barren land settled by families who possess various powers passed through their bloodlines. While some of these so-called gifts could be considered good, others are terrifying, like the ability to inflict blindness. Kim Fox of Schuler Books & Music in Grand Rapids, MI, calls Le Guin's latest "an intelligent teen fantasy" whose characters "find the courage to throw off their families' expectations and envision a world of light and grace."

Thirteen-year-old Zazoo writes poetry and swims in the canal alongside her house. She was born in Vietnam, but has lived in the French countryside since she was two. Life's pleasant calm is interrupted when a young stranger asks her questions about the local pharmacist she can't answer. Zazoo's investigations lead her to a deeper understanding of both World War II France and the Vietnam conflict. **Zazoo** by Richard Mosher (Graphia/Houghton Mifflin) "is a gem of a story," says Sue Carita of The Toadstool Bookshop in Milford, NH. It's about "the wonders of nature, wartime memories, and regrets."

Sometimes travel isn't strictly voluntary. In **Monsoon Summer** by Mitali Perkins (Delacorte Press), fifteen-year-old Jasmine "Jazz" Gardner secretly loves her best friend, Steve. The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Wild About Books

by Judy Sierra
pictures by Marc Brown

"It started the summer of 2002, when the Springfield librarian, Molly McGrew, by mistake drove her bookmobile into the zoo."

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trouble starts when Jazz's mother returns to India, the country where she was born, in order to help build a clinic. Jazz has to leave California comforts and crush-worthy Steve far behind. Nicole White of Vroman's Bookstore in Pasadena, CA, calls "Monsoon," "accessible to teens, with a positive portrayal of young women."

ANIMAL TALES

The younger the reader, the more animal-oriented our highlights become. A good example is **Hachiko Waits**, by Lesléa Newman and illustrated by Machiyo Kodaira (Henry Holt). "Hachiko" is based on the true story of an Akita puppy who each morning accompanied his master to a Tokyo train station, and then returned to walk with him home. But one day, Hachiko's owner died while still at work. Hopeful he would someday see his master again, Hachiko diligently waited at the station for the remainder of his life. Dana Harper of Brystone Children's Books in Fort Worth, TX, calls this book "a beautiful tribute" to Hachiko who "embodies all the best qualities of a dog."

Gregory Maguire, who reimagined "The Wizard of Oz" in his book (and later, the hit Broadway musical) "Wicked," continues his irreverence for the classics with **Leaping Beauty and Other Animal Fairy Tales** (HarperCollins). Illustrated by Chris L. Demarest, these fractured fairy tales include Cinder-Elephant who also goes to the ball (but with glass pie plates on her feet, instead of slippers) and a cobra named Rumplesnakeskin. Carl Wichman of Varsity Mart in Fargo, ND, says, "Each tale is fun to compare with your memory of the original."

Laura Ziock of Altamont Books in Livermore, CA, asks, "What do you suppose happened to the Lilliputians whom Gulliver brought to England?" T. H. White, author of "The Once and Future King," answers the question in **Mistress Masham's Repose** (The New York Review Children's Collection). This rediscovered classic about "an orphaned heiress with evil guardians," who discovers a tribe of Lilliputians living on her tumbledown estate, is "marvelous," Ziock says.

A Musical Journey: From the Great Wall of China to the Water Towns of Jiangnan, by Liow Kah Joon (SilkRoad Networks) is a whirlwind travelogue of China's twelve major cultural regions. Included are smatterings of history and facts, drawings of costumed children—and a CD of original compositions, in the style of traditional music. Intended for those who seek to know more about China, "A Musical Journey" is recommended by Leigh Ann Johnson of Seattle's University Book Store because it guides "readers through China in an artistic, informative, and fun way."

IMAGINATIONS RUN WILD

Children who resolutely read aloud to their pets will love **Wild About Books** by Judy Sierra, illustrated by Marc Brown (Alfred A. Knopf). A wayward librarian ends up at the local zoo, and "by reading aloud from the good Dr. Seuss . . . quickly attracted a mink and a moose." Betty Bennett of Bennett Books in Wyckoff, NJ, says, "The animals discover the joy of books and, in their own unique ways, become avid readers. The fanciful illustrations make this a book you will want to read again and again."

Little is known about Aesop, the fabulist who lived more than 2,500 years ago, but his tightly written tales of talking animals with varying vices and vanities succinctly demonstrates the foibles of modern life. Carol Moyer of Quail Ridge Books & Music in Raleigh, NC, calls the illustrations to the adaptation **Unwitting Wisdom: An Anthology of Aesop's Fables**, retold and illustrated by Helen Ward (Chronicle Books), "elegant and sophisticated." She also notes that its "oversize format makes it great for sharing with a large group."

Barbara Cooney, author and illustrator of the well-loved "Chanticleer and the Fox," also illustrated **When the Sky Is Like Lace** by Elinor Lander Horwitz (Viking). Kelly Justice of The Fountain Bookstore in Richmond, VA, says the reissue of this poetic ode to "bimulous" nights "is cause for celebration. I love the Lewis Carroll-like prose, and the lavender, cornflower blue, and ochre softness of the silly illustrations that gives this absolutely delightful gem a glow, reminding me of lantern light."

WARM AND FUZZY

Dogs, fish, and even a dragon dominate the selection for toddlers and preschoolers. **Dog Blue** by Polly Dunbar (Candlewick Press) is "a charming story," says Wendi Gratz of Joseph-Beth Booksellers in Cincinnati, OH, of a boy who desperately wants a blue dog, only to get a black-and-white one. After a moment of doubt and disappointment, the boy comes to love his variegated canine.

The Best Pet of All by David LaRochelle, illustrated by Hanako Wakiyama (Dutton Children's Books), has a retro-fifties flavor to its illustrations, befitting the tale of a boy

The BEST PET of ALL
Dog Blue
Polly Dunbar
GOODNIGHT GOODNIGHT
Ten Little Fish
HELEN WARD • UNWITTING WISDOM • an anthology of Aesop's Fables

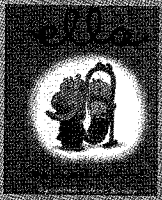
and his beatnik dragon who likes to "roast hot dogs in the living room." Susie Fruncillo of Lake Country Booksellers in White Bear Lake, MN, says the book has "terrific illustrations that match its sweet and funny story."

Razor-sharp, digitally produced renderings make **Ten Little Fish,** by Audrey Wood and illustrated by Bruce Wood (The Blue Sky Press/Scholastic), "the counting book for the twenty-first century," says Erin Shuster of Schuler Books & Music in Lansing, MI. She adds, "Any fan of 'Finding Nemo' will be thrilled with this fun adventure."

Goodnight Goodnight Sleepyhead, by Ruth Krauss and illustrated by Jane Dyer (HarperCollins), may be the perfect bedtime story—children are asked to say goodnight to their toys, and even to their bedroom walls and floors. "It's a beautiful, newly illustrated edition of an old favorite," says Lois Proctor of The Bookseller in Ardmore, OK. "Warm fuzzies reach out from the pages as you work your way to sleepy time. A true delight!"

For more information on the Book Sense Children's Picks list, consult your local independent bookseller or visit www.BookSense.com.

PUBLISHERS' PICKS



Ella is an elephant on an island of elephants, who's nervous about her first day of school. She wears her grandmother's lucky hat, but that only brings her scorn. Classmates taunt Ella and tease her—until the pachyderm (and her wide-brimmed hat) save the day. Fashionably illustrated, **Ella the Elegant Elephant** by Carmela and Steven D'Amico (Arthur A. Levine Books) is an ideal read for the sartorially distinctive child.

Mark Teague

A whodunit, **Detective LaRue: Letters from the Investigation**, by Mark Teague (Scholastic Press) follows Ike LaRue, a dog accused of kidnapping a pair of cats. Told in a series of letters by the canine to his owner, the plot gets increasingly shaggy-dogged as Ike solves the crime while also evading the long arm of the law.

Everything is pink on Priscilla's planet. Her toys and bike are rosy-tinted, as are her shoes and clothes, and morning porridge. Priscilla journeys through pink swamps, past pink meadows, in search of other colors until she finds a multihued butterfly. **Priscilla and the Pink Planet** by Nathaniel Hobbie, illustrated by Jocelyn Hobbie (Little, Brown and Company) is perfect for those girls with persistently pink preferences.

In **Saving Francesca**, by Melina Marchetta (Alfred A. Knopf), sixteen-year-old Francesca transfers to St. Sebastian's, a former boy's school where she is one of only thirty other girls. What could have been a paradise for Francesca alternates between "living in a fishbowl" and feeling like she doesn't exist. Adding to the strain, her mother suffers from acute depression. Richly drawn, Francesca finds her way, despite insurmountable odds.

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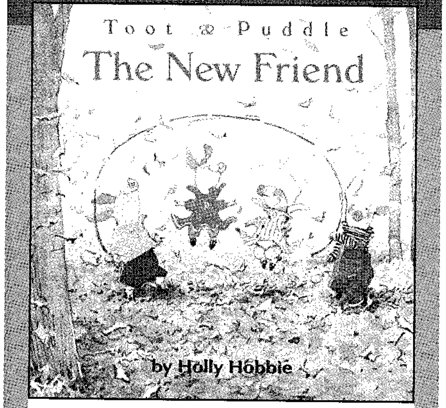

Opal has brought her new friend, Daphne, to visit Woodcock Pocket. At first Daphne seems to be "the best" at everything, from jumping rope to standing on one leg the longest.

But as the visit unfolds, Daphne turns out to be less than perfect and Opal learns that everyone is special their own way.

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"Toot and Puddle [are] on the fast track to . . . literary immortality."
—*New York Times Book Review*

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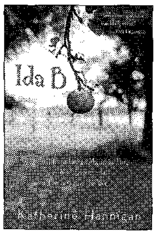
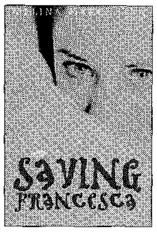


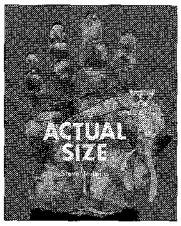
"A fearless and joyful homeschooled 10-year-old, Ida B becomes a surly, withdrawn student when she is forced to attend school after her mother is diagnosed with cancer. Still, with the love of her family, the support of her remarkable teacher, and her own fortitude and insight, Ida B remains wonder-filled and triumphant."—**Coral Jordan, Harry W. Schwartz Bookshop, Mequon, WI** Also a Listening Library Audio (Unabridged, 1400090938)



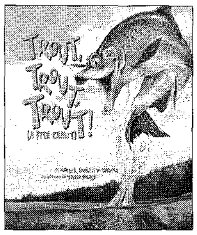
"*Saving Francesca* is achingly real—funny and thoughtful at the same time. Like the girls in *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants*, these characters are strong and well-defined—a pleasure to discover!"—**Erin Ostrander, The Secret Garden, Seattle, WA** Also a Listening Library Audio (Unabridged, 140009075X)

The Best Pet of All

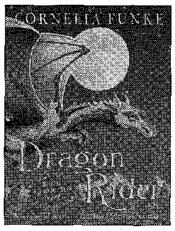
"This is a delightful story about a boy whose mom says no to a pet dog—but yes to a dragon! When the dragon messes up their home big-time (and the boy discovers that dragons are afraid of dogs), you guessed it, they end up with a dog."—**Susie Fruncillo, Lake Country Booksellers, White Bear Lake, MN**



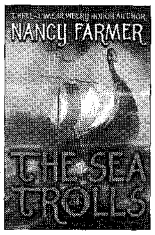
"Jenkins' cut-and-torn paper collages illustrate amazing creatures. The four-inch-long teeth of the great white shark zigzag across two pages, and, in contrast, the dwarf goby—smallest of all fish—could ride on the tip of a thumbnail. An intriguing book for youngsters."—**Jody Shapiro, Adventures for Kids, Ventura, CA**



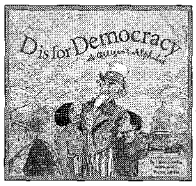
"'Yazoo Darter, shout it out! Cavefish, Swampfish, Trout, Trout, Trout!' This is a really cool book with great humorous pictures to share with your favorite little 'fisherperson' around the campfire, or after hauling in those 'keepers' all day long."—**Linda Wright, Chesterfield Books, Chesterfield, MI**



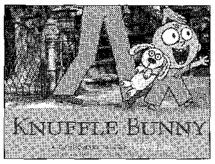
"This is a wonderful adventure story about dragons trying to find a safe place to live away from humans. It's a story—filled with mythical animals and a human boy—that tells how they bond and help each other out. Children will love Funke's latest."
—**Lee Musgjerd, Lee's Book Emporium, Glasgow, MT** Also a Listening Library Audio (Unabridged, 1400090903)



"Eleven-year-old Jack is apprenticed to the Bard when the berserkers kidnap him and his younger sister (whom they mistake for a princess). This hearty, realistic fantasy will delight kids and adults alike. But be warned: Their adventure kept me up too late for several nights in a row."—**Jodi Schneider, Odyssey Bookshop, South Hadley, MA**



"*D Is for Democracy* reminds children (and adults) of the principles our country was built upon. It is a nonpartisan reminder of the importance of participation in our government. What a great election-year treat!"—**Kay Vincent, Bohannons' Books With a Past, Georgetown, KY**



"Mo Willems—author of *Don't Let the Pigeon Drive the Bus*—has done it again! With terrific illustrations and an endearing story, this will be an absolute favorite. There is something about being able to relate to a character not yet capable of talking and the eventual triumph of speech."
—**Mary Gleysteen, Eagle Harbor Book Company, Bainbridge Island, WA**

Becoming Naomi León

"Naomi León Outlaw is an immediately likeable character, and you will be rooting for her to find herself, her voice, and her father. The author has written a beautiful, intense book full of family and friends and imbued with the rich culture of Mexico."—**Jill Bailey, BookPeople, Austin, TX** Also a Listening Library Audio (Unabridged, 1400090873)

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Kennedy's inaugural address is remembered as a call to public service. That's how Clarke remembers it. Actually, the speech is almost exclusively about the Cold War, addressed as much to Khrushchev as to the American public. The "Ask not" line follows right after an exhortation modelled on Franklin Roosevelt's "rendezvous with destiny": "In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it." The note throughout is one of alarm: "The trumpet summons us again"; "the burden of a long twilight struggle"; "that uncertain balance of terror." The call to alleviate poverty and disease is a call to alleviate poverty and disease *in other countries*, implicitly on the Cold War theory, dating from the Marshall Plan, that poverty and disease is a breeding ground for Communism. It is not a speech about service; it is a speech about the containment of Soviet Communism. It could have been delivered, almost without a word changed, in 1948.

Kennedy's is the fourth-shortest inaugural address in American history (Kennedy wisely insisted on brevity): fifty-two sentences, fewer than fourteen hundred words. Ten of those words are words for freedom ("free," "freedom," "liberty"). Eleven are variants of "new" ("anew," "renew," "renewal"). "Generation" appears four times, "revolution" or "revolutionary" three times. The "world," "globe," "earth," "planet" is mentioned fourteen times. There are exactly two words about domestic issues. They appear in a sentence pledging not to "permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world." The last six words in that sentence were a late insertion, made in response to a plea by two Kennedy advisers, Harris Wofford and Louis Martin, to say something to acknowledge the support that Kennedy had received from African-Americans. "At home" constitutes the speech's entire consideration of civil rights.

It is a strong and streamlined speech, and its style suited perfectly the persona of the man who delivered it. It is hortatory, but it was a hortatory occasion. There is only one clunky moment ("And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion"), and when you read some of the undeliverable epigrams that Kennedy's advisers proposed—John Kenneth Galbraith: "Penuriousness is not the path to greatness"—you realize that one mismatched metaphor is not so bad. But it is a sad speech to read today. This is only partly because, as Clarke rightly says, that was a time of civic faith and optimism, and a time when it gave Americans pleasure to think of the President as someone special, a different breed from the rest of us, and not a man who has to constantly pretend to be one of the guys. The speech is also sad because it articulates, in the noblest terms, the Cold War aspiration of winning the hearts and minds of the decolonizing world—the aspiration that came to grief in Vietnam.

The inaugural address is canonical, but it is not Kennedy's most remarkable speech. That was the speech he gave at the Rudolph Wilde Platz, in West Berlin, on June 23, 1963. A million people turned out; the ones who fainted were held upright by the crush. The speech is under seven hundred words, and Kennedy improvised much of it, though he had the German spelled out phonetically for him. His advisers, in fact, were appalled by its bellicosity. But Kennedy understood Berlin, and he understood its significance in the history of the century. He had been there in August, 1939, leaving just days before the invasion of Poland. He revisited the city in July, 1945, three months after the death of Hitler, and he was stunned by what he saw. Berlin had been destroyed. Kennedy could be a cold and vain man, and he led a life of privilege. But he knew something about the world; he also cared about it. His speech in 1963 ends with that grand gesture of solidarity: "All free men, wherever they may live, are citizens of Berlin, and therefore, as a free man, I take pride in the words '*Ich bin ein Berliner*.'" The gesture is in the spirit of Roosevelt and Marshall, and it was the last time an American President could make it without immediately raising doubts about its authenticity. Five months later, Kennedy was dead. ♦

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A CRITIC AT LARGE

NANCY DREW'S FATHER

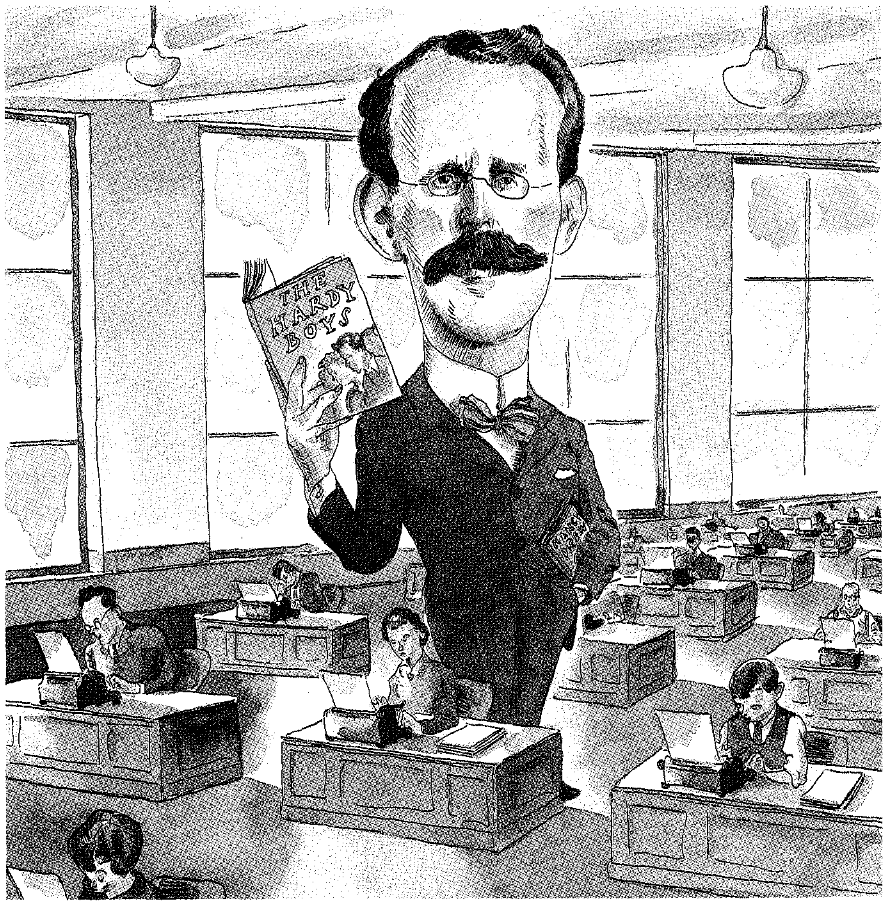
The fiction factory of Edward Stratemeyer.

BY MEGHAN O'ROURKE

The summer I was seven, a sudden adventure shanghaied my parents, and they hastily deposited me at my grandmother's home, in suburban New Jersey, for the weekend. I was sitting mournfully by the back-yard pool, without the prospect of a playmate, when my grandmother came down the flagstone path, a box in her hands, and announced, with an air of genial relief, "I've found your mother's old Nancy Drews." Warped and moldy, "The Bungalow Mystery," on top of the box, appeared unpromising—and, at two hundred pages, *long*. But desperation will drive a child to great lengths. I began to read and, it now seems, didn't look up for several years.

What I was reading were dozens of variations on a single story, which went something like this: Nancy Drew, a sixteen-year-old girl in the suburb of River Heights, visits a friend and learns of a mystery, typically involving a lost treasure or a missing heir. An anonymous note slipped under her door warns her, "Keep off the case, or else"; high jinks and a car chase ensue. While sleuthing, Nancy gets knocked out by a crook, and comes to in an elegant old mansion ("Nancy saw lovely damask draperies, satin-covered sofas and chairs"), where she partakes of a refreshing tea service and cinnamon toast; renewed, she discovers a secret passageway, thanks to a cunning knob of some kind, rapidly solves the mystery, and restores social order.

As Bobbie Ann Mason points out in her excellent 1975 history, "The Girl Sleuth," Nancy Drew is a paradox—which may be why feminists can laud her as a formative "girl power" icon and conservatives can love her well-scrubbed middle-class values. She climbs fences like a tomboy but cries "How dainty!" upon spotting a gold bracelet. Her friends have marvellous weddings, but Nancy never frets about her future; more than a kiss from Ned Nickerson, her worshipful beau, would only interrupt her sleuthing. Like many juvenile heroines of her time, she is missing a mother. (Hers died when she was three.) But there are no shadows behind her "sparkling" bright-blue eyes. The shadows are in the world, and they are easily detected and vanquished, for they have squinty eyes, poor grammar, badly mended clothes, and a habit of wearing too much rouge.



Stratemeyer relentlessly perfected his formula, producing dozens of series simultaneously.

BARRY BLITT

Next year, Nancy turns seventy-five, and, having sold more than two hundred million books, she has been rewarded with a twenty-first-century makeover. "Nancy Drew Girl Detective" is a new series launched last spring by Aladdin Paperbacks, a division of Simon & Schuster. The contemporary Nancy is more attuned to emotional issues than the old Nancy, as one can only expect in our therapeutic age. But her gaze remains unshadowed.

I don't remember wondering much about Carolyn Keene, the book's putative author, although I must have eventually asked how she could write so many books; I recall my father gently suggesting that Keene had been replaced by a ghostwriter. This concerned me for one reason: what if the books changed? I needn't have worried. The truth is that Nancy Drew, like her comrades-in-sleuthing the Hardy Boys, was never the creation of a single mind. From the start, she was the product of a corporation—a literary syndicate. The man who created the syndicate was not a feminist or a brilliant writer. But in his own unassuming way he was, like Nancy Drew, a phenomenon.

Edward Stratemeyer was born in 1862 in Elizabeth, New Jersey. His parents, Henry and Anna, were middle-class German immigrants with a staunch work ethic. Henry was a tobacconist, and

Santa may be delayed this year.

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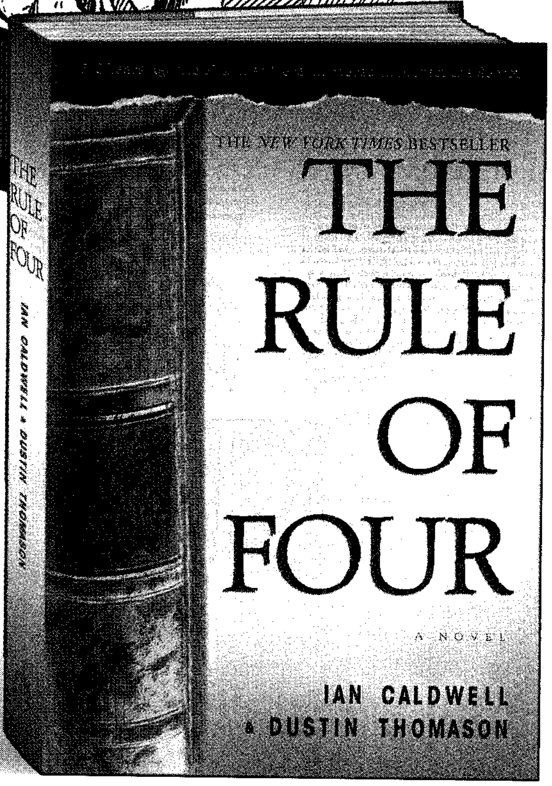
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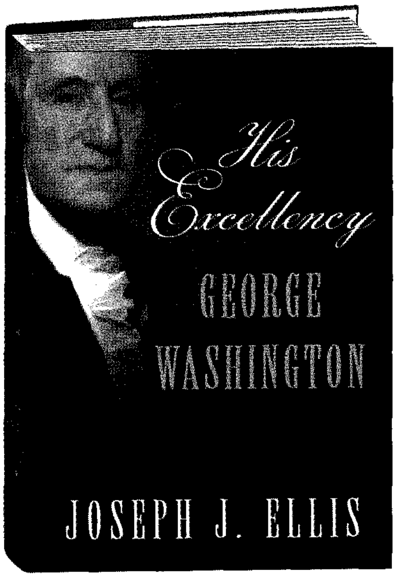
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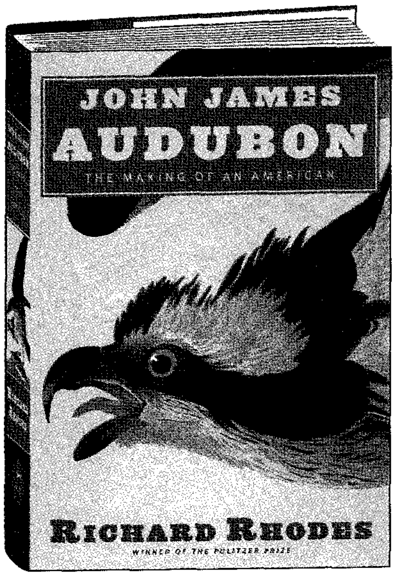
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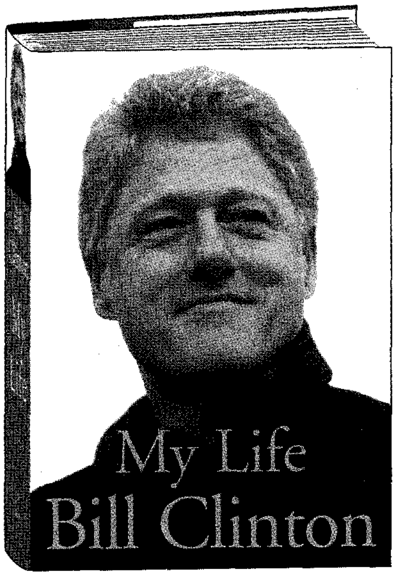
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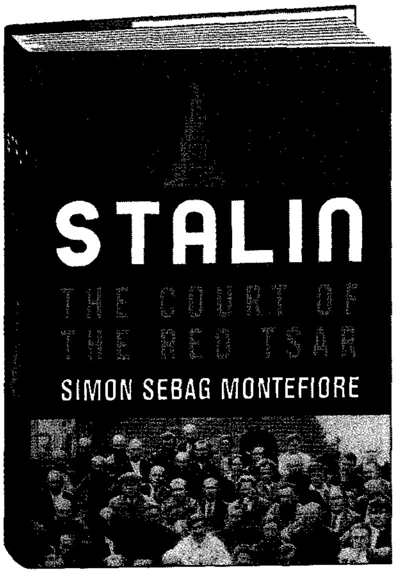
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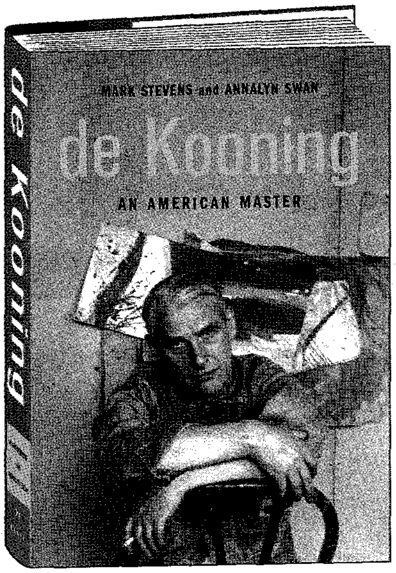
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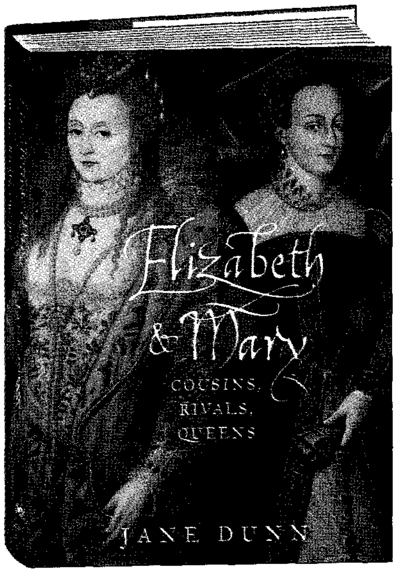
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Anna, who had been married to Henry's brother before his death, reared six children; Edward was the youngest. As a boy, he idled away his time reading the popular rags-to-riches tales of Horatio Alger and William T. Adams (a.k.a. Oliver Optic). As a teen-ager, he had a printing press and amused friends by printing broadsheets and stories, including an early effort titled "Revenge! or, The Newsboy's Adventure." His father spoke to him of wasting time. According to Deidre Johnson's "Edward Stratemeyer and the Stratemeyer Syndicate," he was twenty-six when he sold his first story, "Victor Horton's Idea," to *Golden Days*, the beloved boys' magazine, for seventy-five dollars—about six times the standard weekly wage. Later, he liked to claim that he had written the story on brown wrapping paper in the tobacco store, and recalled showing the magazine's check to his father, who promptly said, "You'd better write a lot more for them."

He did. He wrote "Poor but Plucky" as Fred Frisky. He wrote "Dashing Dave, the Ever Ready Detective" as Captain Ravell Pinkerton, of the U.S. Secret Service. He wrote "Joe Johnson, the Bicycle Wonder" as Roy Rockwood. He also worked as a stationer—he did not sell enough stories to support himself—and then, later, became an editor at *Good News*, where his heroes Alger and Optic published their work.

Every Horatio Alger hero's rise to riches depends on a lucky break. Stratemeyer's was his proximity to Alger himself. In 1898, the older man, in failing health, wrote to Stratemeyer at *Good News* and asked him to complete a story that he was too ill to finish. "Can you take my story and finish it in my style?" he inquired. "You will divide the proceeds equally with me but I shall retain the copyright. . . . I fancy it would be easy work for you as you have a fluent & facile style."

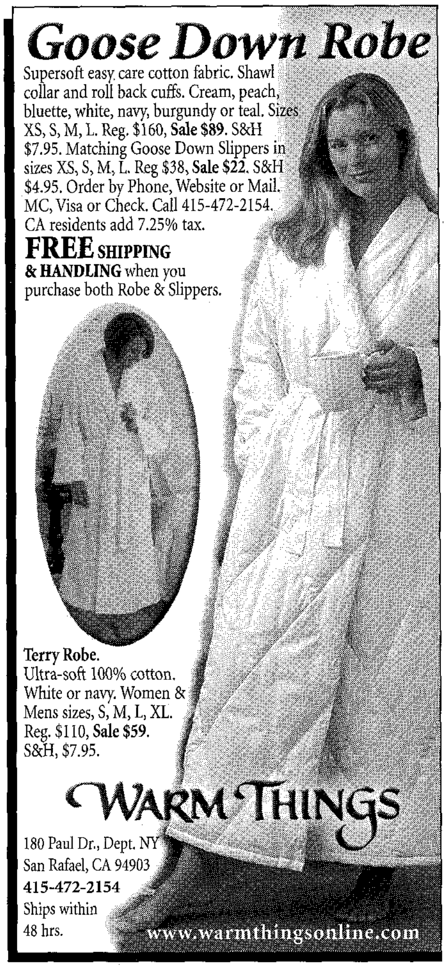
In truth, Stratemeyer's style was much like Alger's; each was of the "Maggie, for this was the name by which she was universally known" school of circumlocution. Stratemeyer took on the job and ultimately completed several of Alger's unfinished manuscripts for posthumous publication. (Alger died in 1899.) Then, in the late eighteen-nineties, Gilbert Patten began publishing his stories about Frank Merriwell, America's first fictional schoolboy hero. The success of the Merriwell dime novels is hard to conceive of today: they sold a hundred and twenty-five million copies over two decades. Stratemeyer, who had given Patten his start at *Good News*, decided that he could improve on the invention. The result, in 1899, was "The Rover Boys"—the schoolboy exploits of three wisecracking brothers named Tom, Dick, and Sam. It was an immediate hit.

Stratemeyer's timing was superb. The spread of primary education had spawned a host of independent young readers, and juvenile fiction was on the verge of becoming hugely popular. The dime novel, which had emerged in 1860, had created an appetite among children for more exciting fare than Sunday-school moralism. What Stratemeyer brought to this burgeoning market was not literary brilliance; the early Rover Boys books are crudely written at best. But he had two essential gifts: a knack for coming up with ideas, and organizational genius. As Henry Ford was revolutionizing the auto industry, Stratemeyer was revolutionizing the way children's books were produced. The boy who had played at the printing press had learned how to put his single-mindedness to work for him.

The most daunting obstacle facing publishers at the turn of the century wasn't finding good stories but figuring out how to package and distribute them. Advertising was relatively uncommon, and, in any case, children didn't read the newspaper. Salesmen travelled around the country, selling books from publishers' lists, but this system was highly inefficient.

New printing techniques had made it easier to manufacture good-looking books for less than ever before. Most "quality" hardcover juvenile fiction cost a dollar or a dollar twenty-five, but it was still primarily instructional. The most famous of these was the Rollo series, about a boy who travelled through Europe with his uncle, learning the virtue of honesty. For excitement, people had the Deadwood Dicks and the Lone Star Lizzies, low-end dime novels aimed at working-class men and read on the sly by boys—and some girls—everywhere. (Publishers assumed that girls would happily read boys' books, but not vice versa.)

In 1906, Stratemeyer had his first big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idea. The Rover Boys had sold tens of thousands of copies, but Stratemeyer had hopes for more. He went to a publishing firm with a radical proposal: his new series, "The Motor Boys" (the Rover Boys with more speed), would cost fifty cents but, with its cloth hardbound covers, look like it cost twice as much. The "fifty-center" would bridge the gap between the nineteenth century's moralistic tradition and the dime novel's frontier adventures. Because the fifty-center was a hardback, unlike the dime novel, it seemed respectable to parents. And it was within range of a boy's allowance, or his wheedling skills.

At first, the publishers worried about the scant profit margin—probably three to five cents per book. But Stratemeyer thought that the books would make up in volume for the diminished profit margin per unit. He was right. The Motor Boys series quickly became "the biggest and best selling series for boys ever published," according to a publisher's blurb. When Stratemeyer repackaged the Rover Boys series in the same format, it, too, grew into a bona-fide phenomenon, selling more than six million copies by 1920. Years after Stratemeyer's death, boys were still writing to say things like "I think you write the best books ever. You know how to put that touch in them that gets boys. . . . I will always try to imitate the Rovers as much as I can."

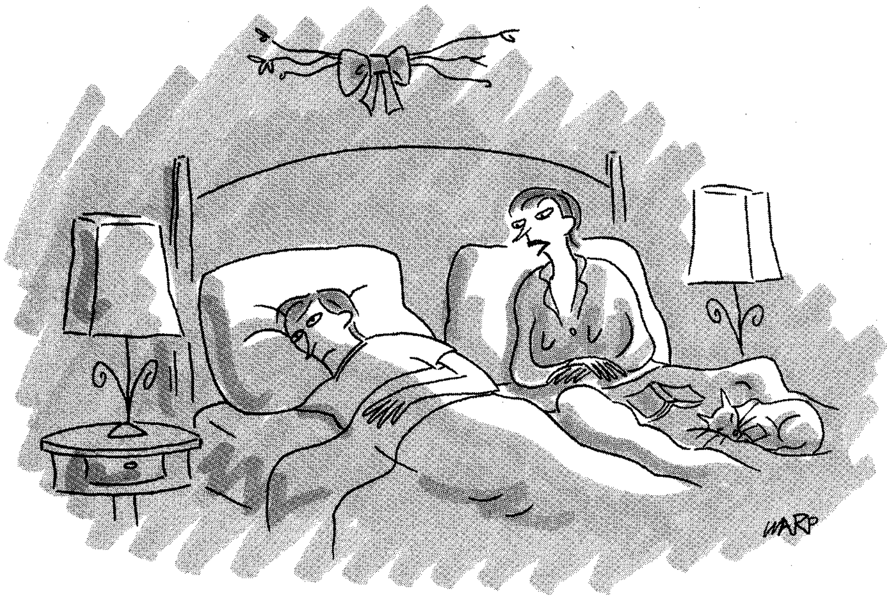
The fifty-cent books had an advantage over their more expensive, single-volume counterparts: you could release a "breeder" set of three at once—a strategy that Stratemeyer had pioneered with the Rover Boys—to test the waters, and, if the set did well, you had immediately generated an audience for the sequels. Sequels to one-off books, in contrast, tended to sell relatively poorly. By the time a fifty-cent series reached ten volumes, it was considered successful; it had captured enough faithful readers to bring in good money for writer and publisher alike.

Stratemeyer could not keep up with the demand for his stories. This prompted his second big idea: he would form a literary syndicate, which would produce books assembly-line style. From his days of working at *Good News*, he was acquainted with the best juvenile writers, and knew that "any one of them could have built up a 70,000-word novel from a comma, if required," as one such writer put it. By the time the Stratemeyer Syndicate was incorporated, in 1910, he was putting out ten or so juvenile series by a dozen writers under pseudonyms, and had more series in development.

Stratemeyer would come up with a three-page plot for each book, describing locale, characters, time frame, and a basic story outline. He mailed this to a writer, who, for a fee ranging from fifty dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars, would write the thing up and—*slam-bang!*—send it back within a month. Stratemeyer checked the manuscripts for discrepancies, made sure that each book had exactly fifty jokes, and cut or expanded as needed. (Each series had a uniform length; the standard was twenty-five chapters.) He replaced the verb "said" with "exclaimed," "cried," "chorused," and so forth, and made sure that cliffhangers punctuated the end of each chapter—usually framed as a question or an exclamation. Each series was published under a pseudonym that Stratemeyer owned. As *Fortune* later noted, it was good business for children to become attached to a name, but it would be bad business for that name to leave the syndicate with the ghostwriter.

There were a few missteps in the early years. In 1906, G. Waldo Browne, an enthusiastic contract writer, wrote Stratemeyer that he had completed the first book of the "Young Builders" series that Stratemeyer had commissioned, and excitedly outlined his ideas for forthcoming volumes, including "The Young Mechanics: How They Earned the Money to Build a School House," "The Young Mill Owners: How They Lifted the Mortgage from the Old Red Mill," and "The Young Manufacturers: How They Won the Great Financial Battle." Alas, Browne was informed, he had not quite "hit the nail" with Stratemeyer.

Through the first years of the century, Stratemeyer and his publishers engaged in an epic publicity effort that included buying up lists of children's names and addresses, circulating a catalogue of books, and seizing every chance to cross-promote his books. Each series volume, for instance, contained a paragraph plugging the volume preceding it and the volume to come, known as the "throw-ahead." The sheer number of books that Stratemeyer produced meant that he had more leverage with publishers (he worked with several, and would move from one to another when dissatisfied) than the aver-



"I found a porno movie in your drawer. I guess that means you're curious about sex."

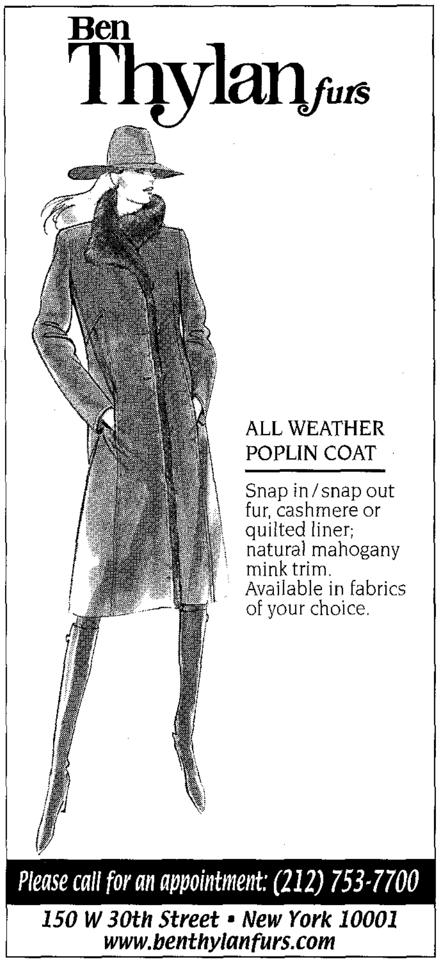
• •

age author, and could better orchestrate his distribution efforts among their salesmen. He pushed cost-averse publishers to invest in a higher number of illustrations per book, and in better covers. And he kept looking for ways to expand his readership. In 1910, the formation of the Boy Scouts of America meant an open line to Stratemeyer's core audience. Immediately, he began a series about Boy Scouts, to the dismay of Scoutmasters, who complained, according to the *Fortune* reporter, that boys were turning up their noses at "mundane" tasks like tracking woodchucks.

None of Stratemeyer's innovations would have mattered had he not known what kids wanted to read about—"that touch in them that gets boys." The Stratemeyer fifty-center was an adventure story aimed at children between the ages of ten and sixteen; it assumed that kids, like adults, were captivated by the new technology of the twentieth century, and, generally, tried to keep up with trends in adult fiction. Stratemeyer had, in his own prankish way, the muscle memory of children's enthusiasm for novelty. "The trouble is that very few adults get next to the heart of a boy when choosing something for him to read," he wrote in a letter to a publisher in 1901. "A wide awake lad has no patience with that which is namby-pamby, or with that which he puts down as a 'study book' in disguise. He demands real flesh and blood heroes who do something."

Stratemeyer's heroes—among them the Motor Boys, the Outdoor Girls (the first girls' series, Dorothy Dale, was introduced in 1908), the Motion Picture Chums, Tom Swift, and the Bobbsey Twins—dashed about in six-cylinder racing cars or jets or balloons. "Swift by name and swift by nature" was Tom Swift's motto. Most strikingly, Stratemeyer abandoned the model of self-improvement that informed both Alger's and Patten's best-sellers. His children were already perfect—solidly middle-class "Übermenschen," as one syndicate partner later termed them. "Manly" and "wide awake," they succeeded at whatever they turned their hand to and enjoyed utter freedom (in contrast to "firmly guarded" nineteenth-century types), typically exposing the schemes of ne'er-do-wells hoping to siphon away the fortune of an innocent orphan. Stratemeyer understood that twentieth-century children wanted a fantasy posing as reality. As Patten aptly put it, the new model was a story about "the boy that every kid would like to be. Not, mind you, the boy that every kid ought to be. That was the Horatio Alger idea."

Stratemeyer was a micromanager. During the syndicate's golden years, Stratemeyer, who lived in Newark with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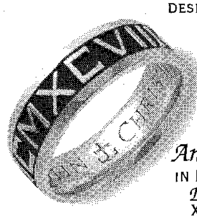
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his wife and two daughters, would arrive in his Manhattan office at nine every morning, dictate two chapters, and then fire off a series of letters to publishers. No detail was too minor to escape his attention; once, while preoccupied with an important business deal, he noticed that a publisher had sent him a cover on which a Japanese life preserver bore an English name printed in tiny type, and immediately sent off a letter requiring a correction. He repeatedly accused his publishers of laziness and indifference to the success of his books, yet he had that particular gift for caustic woundedness that made other people want to do more for him. At the end of the most cutting of letters, he would sign his name in a spidery fashion, as if to suggest that his native enthusiasm had been dealt a great blow. In an early letter to W. F. Gregory, an editor at Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, he practiced this to great effect:

> Dear Mr. Gregory,
>
> I received yesterday the package of books and have looked the two volumes over with interest.
>
> I think "The Fort in the Wilderness" is exceedingly good. . . . I wish I could say as much for "Dave Porter" but I cannot. To me the pictures are very poor and will do the book more harm than good. Every one of them lacks life and action. The race on the ice is tame and the knock-down blow in the gym simply awful. And what life is there in the automobile scene? I suggested lots of good things—the feast, the "rough house," the boys on the run-away trolley, the serio-comic initiations, etc., but none were used. Some day when I feel rich I am going to ask you to put in two or three new pictures at my expense.

We don't know if Stratemeyer ever felt rich, but certainly by 1920 he *was* rich. His books had sold in the tens of millions of copies. His writers were still struggling to make a living—they knew that the syndicate could dispose of them at any time—but he was enjoying the fruits that come to the chairman of any successful company.

In 1926, ninety-eight per cent of the boys and girls surveyed in a poll published by the American Library Association listed a Stratemeyer book as their favorite, and another survey showed that the Tom Swift books, which the syndicate launched in 1910, were at the top of the list. Thirty-one series were in full swing. Yet Stratemeyer still wasn't content. He had noticed the growing popularity in the twenties of adult detective fiction and of pulp magazines like *Black Mask*, which was founded by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. As the journalist Carol Billman points out in "The Secret of the Stratemeyer Syndicate," Stratemeyer saw that this detective fiction, grafted onto an adventure story, might appeal to children. In 1926, the year that S. S. Van Dine's "The Benson Murder Case" introduced Philo Vance to the world, Stratemeyer wrote the outline for the first three volumes of a series that proved more popular than any that had come before: the Hardy Boys.

If the Hardy Boys emerged at roughly the same time as hardboiled detective fiction, they were also a distinct counterpoint to it. Where private dicks like Sam Spade were wise, urban, cynical, hard-drinking, and suspicious of "dames," Frank and Joe Hardy were innocent, suburban, fresh-faced, and clean-living. They have an amiable, distant relationship with women; their mother packs a delectable picnic lunch, and no one seems to notice when her name changes briefly, in mid-series, from Laura to Mildred. Iola Morton and Callie Shaw—Frank and Joe's "special friends"—turn up primarily to be saved from danger and to praise the boys. ("Oh, I really think Frank and Joe are too wonderful for anything!")

As Marilyn S. Greenwald tells it in a new biography, "The Secret of the Hardy Boys" (Ohio; $32.95), Stratemeyer found the Hardys' first ghostwriter, the young Canadian newspaperman Leslie McFarlane, through a classified ad in a trade paper. Stratemeyer sent him outlines, cautioning McFarlane to remember that these books were less flashy than their cheaper counterparts: "You perhaps understand our cloth books go in a different field from the paper volumes and the stories are not quite so melodramatic." The books were to be two hundred and sixteen pages and twenty-five chapters. For the first one, "The Tower Treasure," McFarlane would be paid a lump sum of a hundred and twenty-five dollars—a

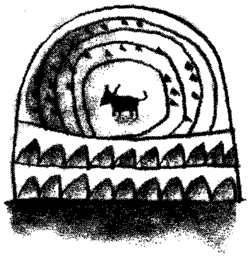

figure that required Stratemeyer to sell sixty-two hundred and fifty books in order to make a profit, assuming that the royalties were around two cents a book. As for McFarlane, he later wrote, "I greeted Frank and Joe Hardy with positive rapture. . . . There was, after all, the chance to contribute a little style."

Stratemeyer's initial Hardy Boys outlines were two pages long, and set the breezy tone for the books. The first began:

> Joe and Frank Hardy are on their motorcycles on an errand for their father, Fenton Hardy, the famous detective. It is Saturday, a holiday from the Bayport High School which they attend, springtime. . . .
>
> The shore road, the rocks below—the racing auto—will it hit them? Narrow escape—anger of a middle-aged man who ran car and anger of boys. "A road hog," they say.

A cast of characters sent to McFarlane dictated that the boys' Aunt Gertrude be "peppery and dictatorial" and that the mother, Laura, be a "sweet singer." Frank is dark, Joe blond. The boys are to have a barn with a gym; Fenton Hardy is equipped with a James Bond-worthy library full of dossiers on jewel thieves and an extensive wardrobe of disguises. (These more fanciful plot elements dropped away in later volumes.)

In 1930, Stratemeyer decided to follow up with a girl detective, whom he called Nancy Drew. The women's movement of the time had energized girls' fiction, creating an audience for female characters with spunk (in contrast to Stratemeyer's early girl heroines, like Honey Bunch, who "knew exactly how to do a washing for she had watched the laundress many times"). Stratemeyer had signed up a young college graduate named Mildred Wirt, and he sent her the outline of "The Secret of the Old Clock." Wirt went on to write twenty-three of the first thirty Nancy Drews. From the start, the series sold better than any other Stratemeyer series, overturning the conventional publishing wisdom that boys' series outperformed girls'.

Wirt gave the early volumes a "New Woman" flavor, but the core of Nancy's appeal is similar to the Hardys'. The mode is adventure with a flourish of mystery. The plot is furthered by coincidence. Nancy discovers "clues" everywhere: A tire tread? "A clue!" A ransom note with a fire-dragon crest? "It may be a clue," Nancy cries. Needless to say, these "clues" don't function as a puzzle that the enterprising reader can piece together for herself, as they do in Sherlock Holmes or Encyclopedia Brown mysteries. Instead, they are reassurances that order reigns behind the scenes. Nancy later happens to walk into a store in Chinatown and discovers that the store *sells notepaper with a fire-dragon crest.* Happily, the owner recalls not only that Nancy's suspect had been in the store several months earlier but also his name and build. The message is confidence-inspiring: The world is rife with crooks, but it is negotiable, and fundamentally rational. Hard work pays off. The damned remain damned—unless they repent—and the wronged (long-lost maharajas' sons, heirs to candlemakers' fortunes) are restored to their rightful life at the intersection of High and Elm, among the rangy Colonials and the tall trees.

Nancy was Stratemeyer's final creation, and she lived far longer than he did. In May of 1930, the year that Nancy made her début, Stratemeyer fell ill with pneumonia. While he was sick, he had a dream that he was a character in one of his own baseball series. He died of a heart attack shortly thereafter.

Even as Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys were invading children's bookshelves, there was one place you couldn't find them: the library. The Stratemeyer Syndicate came under attack from educators and librarians from the start. As early as 1914, Franklin K. Mathiews, the chief librarian for the Boy Scouts of America, published a damning article, "Blowing Out the Boy's Brains," about series fiction. "Parents who buy such books think they do their boys no harm. The fact is, however, that the harm done is simply incalculable," he argued. The series books would "debauch and vitiate" a child's imagination.

Early on, librarians condemned the syndicate's series as tawdry, sensationalist work taking children away from books of moral or instructional value. Decades later, some educators began to argue that the books were a stepping-stone to more sophisticated literature, a way to get kids reading in the first place. (Television was now the real problem.) In either case, librarians seemed uncomfortable with the idea of reading as pure entertainment. Nancy Drew was long banned from many public libraries.

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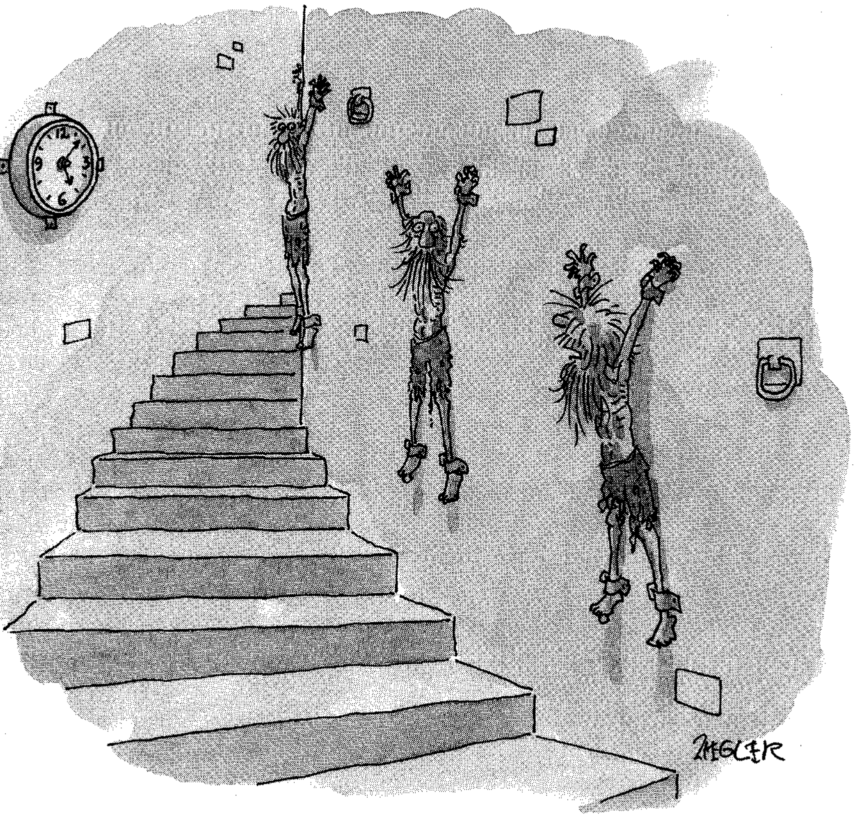
didn't help matters. Mathiews made much of the assembly-line process: "The public will, I am sure, be interested in knowing just how most of the books that sell for from twenty-five to fifty cents, are not written, but manufactured," he pronounced scathingly. "There is usually one man who is as resourceful as a Balzac so far as ideas and plots for stories are concerned. He cannot, though, develop them all, so he employs a number of men who write for him."

Mathiews assumed, rightly, that the very word "manufactured" would make people squirm with distaste. But Stratemeyer's assembly-line method surely made his series better, not worse. The rapid rate at which the syndicate was producing fiction allowed Stratemeyer to learn from his mistakes more swiftly, making his series more sophisticated than many of the series penned by individual authors. Furthermore, when it came to refining a catchy story, two heads often proved to be better than one.

Stratemeyer realized that the way to move books was to keep them constant. The "manufactured" nature of the series was curiously reassuring to kids, who felt that there was an endless supply of goods they knew and liked coming their way. Children, of course, love repetition, as any parent who's had to watch "Finding Nemo" ten times knows. But so do adults. The hardest thing about selling what economists call "experience goods"—like books or movies—is persuading people to try something they can't be sure they'll like. That's why a handful of brand-name fiction writers (often writing books with continuing characters) dominate the best-seller lists and the shelves of airport bookstores: in some way they're a known quantity. As the Stratemeyer Syndicate grew, a snowball effect could be seen: the more books that appeared in any given series, the more children bought them, confident that supply would not run out.

Though collaborative effort doesn't seem strange to us when it comes to making television shows or movies, even today we resist it when the resulting narrative is bound between hard covers. Yet Stratemeyer's books really were meant to be simply another form of mass entertainment. His closest peer wasn't another writer—say, L. Frank Baum—but his near-contemporary Irving Thalberg, the "boy wonder" movie producer who worked at Universal and M-G-M in the nineteen-twenties and helped pioneer the studio system. Like Stratemeyer,



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Why did Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys survive when their peers did not? As the social historian John G. Cawelti has noted, some formulas are more enduring (and instructive) than others. A "good" formula creates an integral fantasy world, one that is both entirely like and entirely unlike the culture that produced it. The most lasting formulas not only reveal something about the culture that shaped them but in turn shape the culture that comes after them. (Consider the profound influence of the Western on the American psyche.) If Alger's rags-to-riches stories didn't last, it was essentially because they were too literal—too specific an expression of working-class ambitions of the eighteen-seventies and eighties.

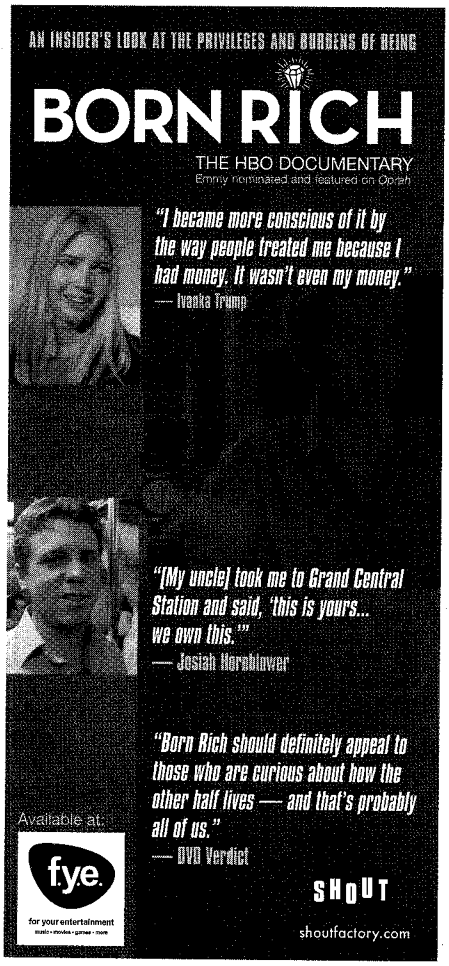
The Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew endured, in part, because they avoided overt adult moralizing, and because they were more complex than their juvenile forebears. Generally, multiple plots unfold at once, and the connection among them becomes clear only at the book's end. The mystery formula elegantly embodies children's two conflicting impulses: the search for order and security, and the appetite for novelty and risk-taking. Consider the ritualized cliffhanger at the end of each chapter, which represents order and excitement at the same time—"Nancy flew from the saddle and hit the ground so hard she blacked out!"

The series also survived because they were rewritten over time. In 1930, the syndicate was inherited by Stratemeyer's daughters, Edna Stratemeyer and Harriet Stratemeyer Adams. The daughters shut down the Manhattan office and opened one in East Orange, New Jersey, where they worked at rolltop desks throughout the Depression. They dramatically reduced the number of series in production: in 1935, fourteen series were circulating; in 1940, nine; by 1980, when the syndicate was in its final years, only four. But these four accounted for nearly six million dollars in sales. Edna retired after a decade, but Harriet had inherited her father's single-mindedness, and took over the bulk of the writing of the Nancy Drew series herself, remaining at the syndicate until her death, in 1982.

Harriet's primary inspiration was to update the most promising of the existing properties—the Bobbsey Twins, the Hardy Boys, and Nancy Drew. She sent out all the extant volumes for reëvaluation. Some needed complete rewrites; others only a deft touch-up. In 1959, the new Nancy Drews began rolling off the assembly line. Nancy's age, like the Hardys', was revised upward. She was now eighteen, not sixteen—the driving laws had changed—and she motored around in a convertible instead of a roadster. On the cutting-room floor lay scenes that had contained offensive stereotypes of blacks, Jews, and other ethnic groups. And the books were shorter—twenty chapters instead of twenty-five. It is these versions, not the originals, that most people today have read. The collaborative project was complete: what Stratemeyer had conceived, and ghostwriters had executed, had been streamlined and improved upon by Harriet.

Ultimately, Edward Stratemeyer was a conventional-minded businessman with a radical idea that would not have been radical in any other industry. It was to give his customers, who happened to be children, what they wanted, not what he thought they should want—and to make a product that was better than his competitors'. He understood, as George Orwell later wrote, that there was such a thing as the "good bad book"—one that "has no literary pretensions but remains readable when more serious productions have perished."

As Nancy has aged, children's-book publishing has become more sensitive to psychological "issues," and Nancy's quick-footed efficiency is now thought to be intimidating for young readers. And so, in "Nancy Drew Girl Detective," the new Simon & Schuster series, Nancy relates her adventures in the first person, acknowledges her flaws, and shows herself to be a more empathetic and inclusive soul than the old Nancy. But if I were sitting by the pool again, in search of distraction, I would pick the old Stratemeyer formula over the new one. Stratemeyer understood, in the end, that children want their heroes to have an air of mystery. A young reader isn't trying to discover the ways in which she's ordinary; she's trying to discover just how to banish the shadows so that the afternoon lasts a little longer. ♦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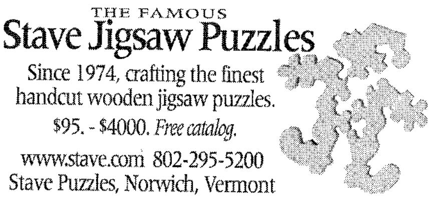
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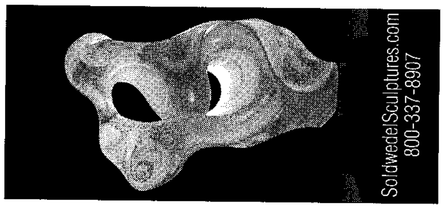
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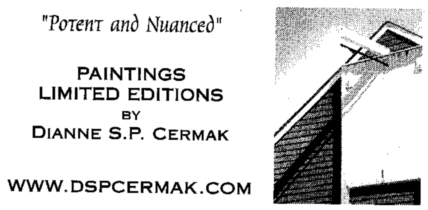
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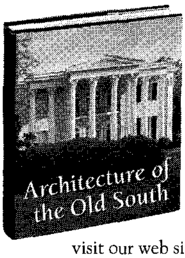

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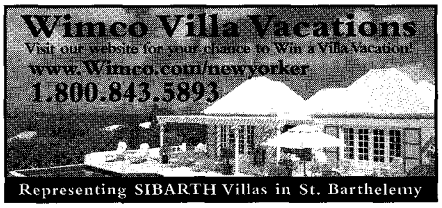
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BOOKS

MASTERPIECES FOR SALE

How Lord Duveen turned millionaires into art lovers.

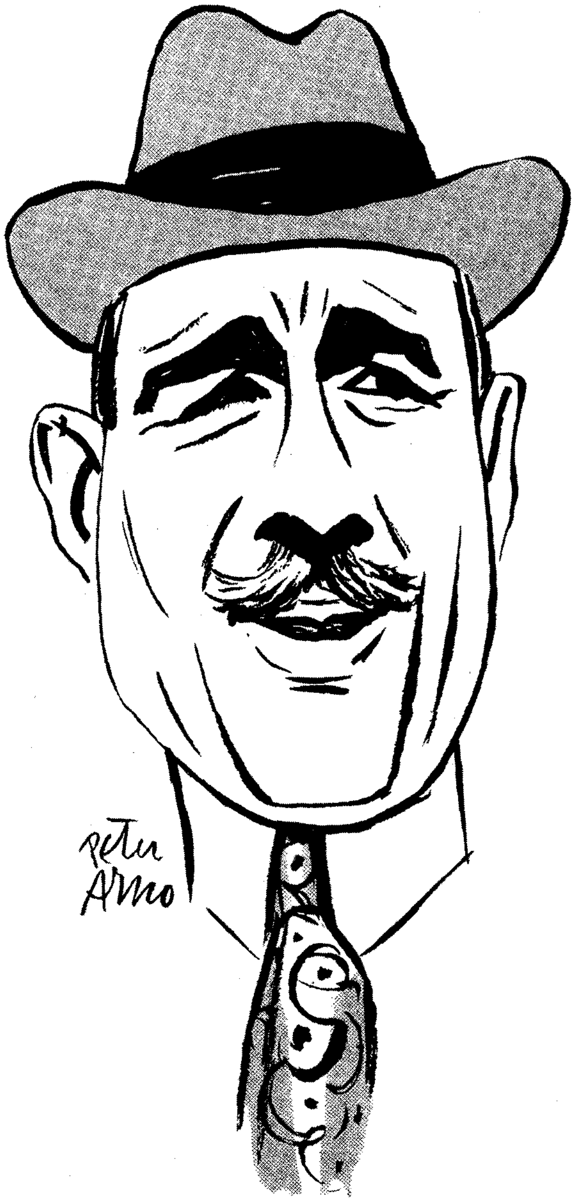
BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

The English art dealer Joseph Duveen sold hundreds of Old Masters, for soaring prices, to American multimillionaires between the early years of the twentieth century and 1939, when he died, at the age of sixty-nine. Today, those works distinguish some of our greatest museums, notably the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., which opened in 1941 as a posthumous gift to the nation from the financier Andrew W. Mellon. Duveen's favorite architect, John Russell Pope, designed it, and Duveen clients—Mellon, Samuel H. Kress, the estate of Peter A. B. Widener—filled it with "Duveens," as canny visitors could tell at a glance. (The dealer's aggressive restorers gave old paintings a signature sheen of high-gloss varnish.) New York's Frick Collection is another, earlier Duveen co-production. Besides providing the decorator and, again, the architect (Thomas Hastings), he took a personal hand in outfitting the mansion's rococo "Fragonard Room." That wonderful chamber inclines me, for one, to forgive the man who created it almost anything. Reading "Duveen: A Life in Art" (Knopf; $35), a new biography by Meryle Secrest, puts that gratitude to the test. A tale of high achievement and compulsive flimflam—"the feints, subterfuges, and stratagems, the deceits, intrigues, and double dealings," in Secrest's words, of the trade that Duveen perfected—provokes nagging thoughts about the history of art values, of every sort, in the United States.

One of those values is entertainment. For sheer fun, Secrest's fat biography, which draws on masses of recently unsealed documents, cannot compete with a thin, rather sketchy study, titled "Duveen," which was written by the playwright S. N. Behrman and published in 1951, and is now back in print. The Behrman first appeared, in installments, in this magazine; Edmund Wilson deemed it "the best profile *The New Yorker* has ever printed." Written with lambent wit, in cascades of sparkling anecdote, Behrman's book remains the most enjoyable literary treatment of the art world since the Goncourt brothers' regular patrols of the Parisian scene. Secrest—the skilled biographer of, among others, Frank Lloyd Wright, Salvador Dali, Leonard Bernstein, and the magus of Renaissance art scholarship, Bernard Berenson, known to his world as B.B., who reappears as a major, shady character in her present book—praises Behrman's work as "irresistible," which is the perfect word both for it and for Duveen, who was to the reluctances of wary moguls what fire is to tissue paper. But she is understandably touchy in her attitude toward the earlier author.

Secrest leaves many of Behrman's exciting tales oddly unmentioned, but she casts doubt on one of the choicest. Alas, Duveen may not have first met the reclusive Mellon, until then the devoted customer of a rival dealer, in a London hotel elevator in 1921—a stealth encounter, according to Behrman, entailing spies and split-second timing—after which Duveen led Mellon on an impromptu stroll through the wonders of England's National Gallery. Citing Duveen's longtime right-hand man, Edward Fowles, Secrest dates the meeting to a visit Mellon made in 1913 to Duveen's palatial New York headquarters, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, a building modelled on the eighteenth-century Naval Ministry on the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. Elevator or no elevator, Duveen's pursuit of Mellon involved strenuous espionage, even after he became a client. (A Duveen employee crowed that, during the years that Mellon was Treasury Secretary, "the contents of his wastebasket reached the train to New York in the time it took the Secretary to walk home from the office.") Secrest also attacks as "simplistic" Behrman's much quoted line "Duveen . . . noticed that Europe had plenty of art and America had plenty of money." She notes that the Europeans needed plenty of money, owing, in part, to the fact that cheap food from the United States and elsewhere had wrecked the profits of European agriculture. She writes, "Nothing would have persuaded titled Europeans, and particularly the British landed aristocracy, to part with their family heirlooms had there not been a catastrophic change of fortune in the final years of the nineteenth century." But the translation of art from aristocratic cynosure into capitalist commodity was fated, in any event, and Duveen was bound to make the most of every opportunity to advance it.

Secrest's Duveen is still essentially Behrman's, though etched in lines both finer and fainter than those of the playwright's bravura crayon: a hyper-sophisticated but remarkably uncomplicated being, as functionally efficient as a cheetah. He had a long, large face with blue eyes, a florid complexion, full lips, and a natty mustache; even in black-and-white photographs, he glows like a proud child. His character resists the psychological penetration that distinguishes Secrest's biographies: he had no interesting weaknesses, unless chain-smoking and fast cars count, and his only quirks seem to have been studied enhancements of his hypnotic salesmanship. (A typically operatic encomium of works he had sold to Mellon caused the collector to remark, "Lord Duveen, my pictures never look so marvellous as when you are here.") His relationship with his successful father may have been Oedipal—he took over the family business—but in terms of a triumphal march at noon, rather than a darkling struggle. His introduction to his quiet wife, Elsie Salamon, a tobacco heiress—they met in London in 1899, at a party for his planned marriage to another woman—exhausts Secrest's account of romance in Duveen's life; and no incidental gossip embroiders that event. (They had one child, Dolly, who became a munificent London socialite.) He was wholly absorbed in commerce. Did he love art? He certainly loved loving it. His raptures inspired flinty men, many of them old and sad atop their heaped wealth, with visions of vicarious immortality—their names forever associated with those of artistic geniuses. His adventures in trade are picaresque, and Secrest charts them in detail that is fatiguing at times but cumulatively monumental.

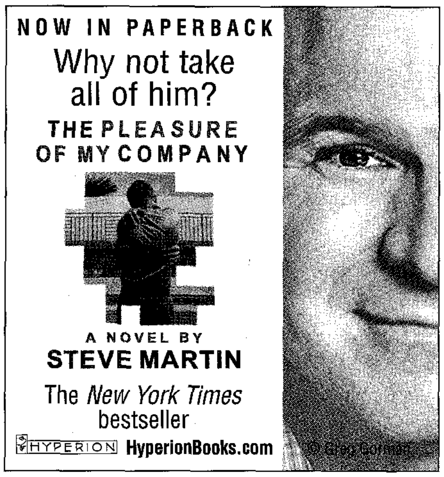


Joseph Duveen, drawn for The New Yorker in 1928.

PETER ARNO, 4/21/1928

Duveen bought at the top of markets and drove them ever skyward. Obsessed with matching prices to the scale of his American customers' resources, he despised bargains. Behrman recounts a case of reverse haggling in which an indignant Duveen browbeat an English lady into accepting, for a family portrait, more of his money than she had sought. However, he disliked buying at auction, which limited his potential profit by publicizing what he paid. (He made exceptions, especially when he planned to pay a sum so large that it would hoist a benchmark for future transactions.) He repeatedly reminded collectors that it was easy to get paintings that cost fifty thousand dollars apiece, but finding one for a quarter of a million took doing. When he bought a work, he seems to have known in advance to whom he would sell it, and for how much. His financial dealings, in securities and elaborate credit arrangements (such as borrowing money from Mellon to buy paintings that he would then sell, at a fancy markup, to Mellon), were works of art in themselves. A happy consequence of Duveen's price inflation was the flood of great art that, rather than be allowed to ravage an estate with inheritance taxes, entered American museums upon their new owners' demise. Behrman wrote of the Depression years, which also terminated an era of huge houses with abundant wall space, "Duveen had pegged the art market so high that no man was now rich enough to live with Duveens or to die with them."

Joseph Duveen was born the first of fifteen children in 1869 in Hull, England, above his parents' thriving antique shop. His father, Joel, was a Dutch immigrant from a Sephardic family with a long tradition of dealing in objects of art and décor; his mother, Rosetta, was the shrewd sister of one of his English associates. Secrest debunks a legend, in Behrman, that Joel's mother, a blacksmith's wife and a collector of inexpensive delftware, had launched his career by sending the lad to peddle the blue-and-white ceramics in England, where they promptly became fashionable and lucrative: Joel did start poor in England, but with ample business connections; and his mother may not have collected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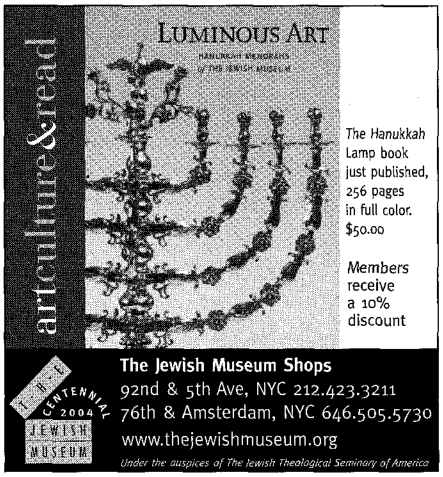
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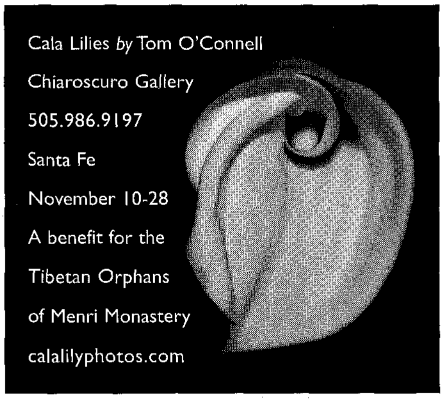
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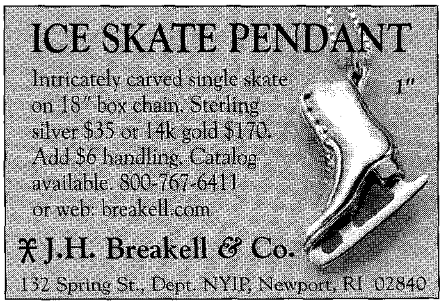
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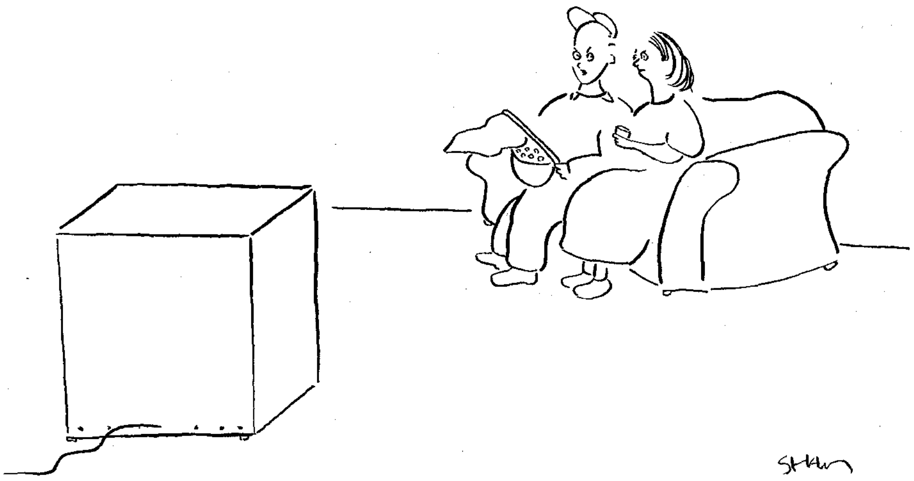
anything. Dealing in choice old furniture, tapestries, Chinese porcelain, and silver, among other things, though rarely paintings, Joel set a precedent for his son by using means fair and foul, including hotel spies, to discover the vulnerabilities of potential sellers and buyers. He opened a spectacularly illuminated store on London's gaslit Oxford Street which became known as "the Duveen Lighthouse." Joel expanded his operations to New York through his affable brother Henoch, known to all as Uncle Henry, who wrote home in 1877, "I like Amerika very much. It is a first class money making country, it is a fine rich country, it beats England in everything, you will be astonished what it is like, it is A one." In 1882, Henry gained the friendship of the Duveens' first great American client, the department-store king Benjamin Altman; later he snared J. P. Morgan and Widener. Joel's services to the Royal Family—he provided decorative panoply in Westminster Abbey for Edward VII's coronation—earned him a knighthood. Several of his sons followed him into the purveying of precious objects and deluxe services. One did a great deal more than that.

By 1900, Joseph Duveen, at the age of thirty-one, was effectively the head of the family firm, which by that time was also established in Paris. He developed his competitive wiles within the family, through imposing his will on Uncle Henry, among other elders, and elbowing or buying out restive siblings. (His head start owed to more than primogeniture: his father forced him, alone among his sons, to leave school in his teens for full-time work.) Taking his father's business methods to giddy extremes, Duveen invaded the lush but treacherously speculative field of Old Masters, then dominated by Agnew's, in London, and by Knoedler & Company, in New York—firms he routinely outsmarted for the rest of his life. He acquired, as a consultant, the museum director and art critic Wilhelm von Bode, of Berlin, whose special knowledge of Rembrandt served the dealer well. Duveen bought and sold more than two dozen Rembrandts, a few of them iffy. The unassailable "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," now a pride of the Metropolitan, he sold three times (twice to the same man). He bought up whole collections from European nobles and businessmen for millions of dollars, on credit, initiating an ostensible rush toward bankruptcy that, ulcerating his financial advisers, twirled away from the brink, time and again. At the end of his life, he was still selling paintings and decorative objects from his first wholesale purchases. According to Behrman, and uncontested by Secrest, the high-living Duveen, at his death, was out of debt and left fifteen million dollars in the bank, an inventory worth ten million, and a business that, like the market in Old Masters, promptly declined for want of his interventions. (The prices of paintings by Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, and other English masters have never fully bounced back.)

Already knighted, Duveen became a peer, Baron Duveen of Millbank, in 1933, as a reward for services to England. (His long cultivation of a non-collecting politician, Ramsay MacDonald, the first Labour Prime Minister, helped.) The honor came despite sore feelings about Duveen's systematic export of national treasures, especially Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy," which he sold to his California client H. E. Huntington in 1921. Millbank is the neighborhood of the Tate Gallery—now Tate Britain—which Duveen, employing John Russell Pope, expanded and remodelled in flamboyant fashion; the building's monumental sculpture halls, in limestone and green marble, can rather humiliate all but the strongest art works that inhabit them. Another of his benefactions—financing the reinstallation of the Elgin marbles, at the British Museum—did him less credit. It involved a brutal overcleaning of the originally polychrome sculptures, spurred by his lust to make them perfectly white, which reduced them to the energetic marshmallows we see today. (So dire was the subsequent scandal that plans for the 1939 opening of the installation, at which the King was to officiate, were cancelled.) As a trustee of London's National Gallery, Duveen infuriated its director, Kenneth Clark—the art historian and his erstwhile friend—by attempting to sabotage the museum's quest for a suite of panels by Sassetta.



“They should make the election best of seven.”

• •

Offers to the owner of the works went unanswered. Clark discovered, because Duveen bragged of it, that the dealer had bribed the collector's butler to intercept the museum's letters and telegrams. Why? Secrest adduces an egomaniacal wish “to demonstrate that nothing would be done without his permission, or commission.” Clark deemed this behavior “a bit thick” and made sure that Duveen was not reëlected to the board.

Duveen was rarely in doubt about the glory of his stock, or about the squalor of that on offer from his competitors. When sued for reckless aspersions—according to Behrman, he remarked “I sniff fresh paint!” upon inspecting a collector's non-Duveen—he relished the ensuing courtroom dramatics, win or lose. He usually won, because he was often right and always clever. (His firm's gravest defeat came in a smuggling case—targeting Uncle Henry—that was brought by the United States government in 1910; the Duveens quickly swung a loan, arranged by J. P. Morgan, to pay the judgment of $1.2 million.) Duveen was a first-rate connoisseur in some areas of taste, such as the art and design of the French eighteenth century, but chronically an amateur in others. To cover himself in the most crucial of these, the Italian Renaissance, he employed Bernard Berenson for thirty years, starting in 1906. For most of that time, Duveen paid Berenson a commission (up to twenty-five per cent of the profits) on sales of B.B.-authenticated Fra Angelicos, Bellinis, and so on through the alphabet of cashable brand names to Titian and Verrocchio. (Other authorities were called upon to warrant Duveen's dealings in non-Italian blue chips, from Bouts to Vermeer; “I will not baptize outside my parish,” Berenson held.) Scores of Berenson's attributions for Duveen, which he routinely made on the sole evidence of black-and-white photographs from his home in Italy, have wobbled, over the years, and several have collapsed. A portrait at the National Gallery, which Berenson had authenticated as a Domenico Veneziano, now bears the melancholy attribution “Florentine, fifteenth century.”

Duveen met Berenson in London in 1906, when the latter was already internationally celebrated for bringing order—and intellectual glamour—to Italian Renaissance art, which had sunk into a chaos of fanciful attributions, deteriorated and heavily repainted works, robust cottage industries in the production of fakes, and general befuddlement. Berenson's life is told in Secrest's superb “Being Bernard Berenson” (1979), which now is out of print but shouldn't be. Berenson's is one of the great stories of modern self-invention: an impoverished Lithuanian shtetl Jew, born Bernhard Valvrojenski, who remade himself, through genius bolstered by dissimulation, including the adoption of fashionable anti-Semitic attitudes, into the beau ideal of an expatriate New England gentleman and polymath. (Du-

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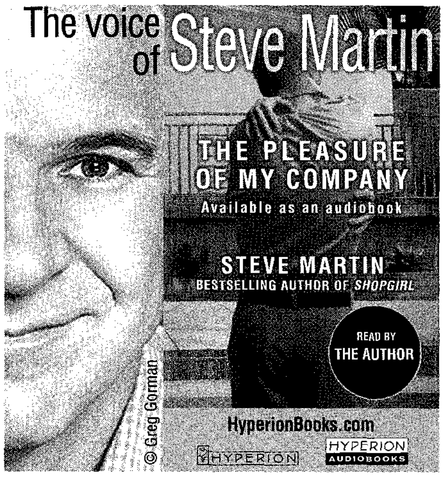

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veen seems never to have been ruffled by anti-Semitism, which may well have struck him as one among the many human vanities he could exploit. He always at least pretended to relish being the butt of others' jokes, especially in England. With Americans, he found it effective to play the grandee.) Berenson never meant to be an art expert, he complained. His ambitions for himself, as a force for high culture, were so grand that he could never quite define or direct them. He became by default the steward and slave of his Tuscan villa, I Tatti, which he furnished with art and a stupendous library, and left to his alma mater, Harvard. A money pit, I Tatti had been bought, in 1907, partly with money he made in the service of the Boston heiress Isabella Stewart Gardner, whose lavish, rather recondite collection he midwifed. It then bound him to Duveen, whom he held in fastidious contempt.

Trouble arose between the two men when the scholar indulged in impertinent gestures of independence and the dealer forcefully reminded him of how his bread was buttered. On one occasion, expecting a yelling match over a favor that Berenson had done for another dealer, Duveen, who had summoned Berenson to his Paris apartment, had the doors muffled with mattresses. Prudently, as it turned out, Berenson insisted that they talk at Duveen's offices instead. Secrest writes, "This defused the situation, and the meeting went smoothly, because, Fowles said, they needed each other." The odd-couple piquancy of the relationship explains itself. Its historic significance is less obvious, but vast. Secrest makes a colorful set piece of the duo's rupture. This came about in 1937, over Berenson's insistence on certifying the so-called Allendale "Nativity," a Venetian masterpiece that Duveen had bought with Mellon in mind, as an early Titian rather than an exceedingly rare, and far more valuable, Giorgione. Upon Mellon's death, the painting went to Samuel Kress. (For many years, it was installed during the Christmas season in a window of Kress's New York department store.) Now known as "The Adoration of the Shepherds," the work hangs in the National Gallery, its authorship by Giorgione (whose student Titian may have had some hand in it) generally acknowledged. There is a dank whiff of neurosis in Berenson's impulse finally to stand against his patron and tormentor—in error. Behrman wrote, "Neither Duveen nor Berenson was ever quite the same after the breakup. Duveen never recovered from the separation; Berenson never recovered from the association." Duveen, who kept secret a five-year, losing struggle with cancer, concentrated on channelling Duveens to the National Gallery in Washington, and on planning a grand, Pope-designed house for himself in London. Berenson survived until 1959 as "the sage of I Tatti," a fading legend.

The most important legacy of their collaboration has been its toxic effect on the intellectual culture of art: it accelerated a divorce of connoisseurship from criticism. Duveen subsumed fine discrimination to the legitimatization of wealth, a function that, augmented by modern forensic technologies, it continues to perform. Fine analysis gradually retreated to academia, where, in recent decades, contrarian schools of art history, from the Marxist to the deconstructionist, have toiled to discount aesthetic judgment in the study of art. Thus, when people hear the word "beauty" in reference to paintings, some reach for their wallets and others draw their rhetorical sidearms. Like the modern yoking of art and money, and on account of it, this schism in scholarship was inevitable; but nothing foreordained the scale of Duveen's transmogrifications. What I'll call Duveenism elevated the Old Masters into an empyrean of "priceless" merit that continues to addle our common sense of what art is and what role it might play in our lives. To see those works of hand and mind in their living, spiritually potent relation to the present, we must overcome a vertigo of riches like that induced by the crated treasures of Xanadu in "Citizen Kane." Like Orson Welles's wisecracking reporters, many people defensively shrug and turn away. ♦

DEPARTMENT OF NOTORIETY

From the Los Angeles Times.

The poet William Blake was incorrectly referred to as Robert Blake in a column in Sports on Sunday about Northern California surfer Dale Webster.

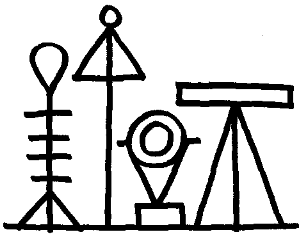
BRIEFLY NOTED

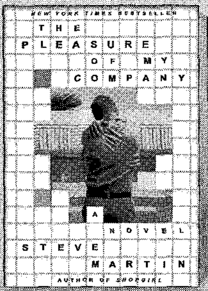
The Darling, *by Russell Banks (HarperCollins; $25.95).* Hannah Musgrave, the protagonist of this novel about naïve political idealism, is something of a guerrilla Zelig, reliably popping up at crucial moments of radical political history—marching for civil rights in the South, protesting at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, making bombs for the Weathermen. Hannah narrates the story of her underground life, first in hiding in Massachusetts, then working as a lab technician in Liberia, where she later marries a cabinet minister. Despite husband, lovers, and children, her emotional life centers on her lab animals, chimpanzees that she preciously calls "dreamers." Although the story is exciting, and the evocation of Liberia lush and menacing, the novel is burdened by Hannah's protracted disquisitions on such matters as the folly of self-righteousness. Banks also has a weakness for coy prescience; Hannah's mother, in an encounter with John Kerry in the late nineteen-seventies, notes his "presidential potential."

Shade, *by Neil Jordan (Bloomsbury; $24.95).* Jordan is best known as the director of "The Crying Game" and other films, but he started out as a fiction writer. His fourth novel is set on the banks of the River Boyne, in Ireland, and opens, in 1950, with a murder. The victim is Nina Hardy, a middle-aged actress, who has returned from America to live in the riverside mansion where she and her half brother grew up. The murderer (revealed at the outset) is a childhood friend who, along with his sister, lived on the opposite bank of the river. The first half of the novel tells the story of the quartet's childhood friendship, an idyll that ends when the boys go off to fight in the First World War and Nina runs away to join an acting troupe. Jordan's writing is atmospheric and filled with memorable images, but the second half of the novel, building toward the murder, sometimes feels perfunctory.

John James Audubon, *by Richard Rhodes (Knopf; $30).* In 1838, when Audubon completed "The Birds of America," a monumental work whose flagstone-like pages require two people to turn them, he estimated that its production had cost him a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, the equivalent of two million dollars today. He raised the money himself, tramping through America and England in search of sponsors, and leaving his family behind for years at a time. His spur was humiliation: French by birth, he had gone bankrupt on the Kentucky frontier, and he decided that his gift for drawing and his affinity for birds could restore his dignity and fortune. Rhodes occasionally lingers too long on his subject's publishing difficulties (a pet peeve of many authors), but he conveys both the singular glories of the early American wilderness—a sycamore tree crowded with nine thousand swallows—and the solitary desperation of Audubon's labors.

Lucrezia Borgia, *by Sarah Bradford (Viking; $27.95).* Historians who have attempted to rescue Lucrezia Borgia from her legend as a poisoner who slept with both her father, Pope Alexander VI, and her brother, Cesare Borgia, have mostly described her as a pawn. Indeed, before she was twenty-one she was twice married off to men who were disposed of once their political usefulness expired. (The first had to declare himself impotent and grant her a divorce; the second was strangled in his bed.) Bradford sees Lucrezia neither as a helpless victim nor a femme fatale but as a resourceful individual—an able administrator, a genuinely religious woman, and the equal in political skill, if not in brutality, of her notorious male relatives. When the family of her third husband balked at alliance with a woman described as the "greatest whore there ever was in Rome," she used all her craft and charm to win them over—by, among other things, making her pious prospective father-in-law a gift of several nuns.

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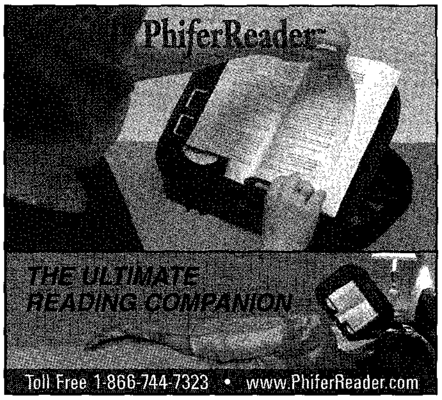
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THE THEATRE

THE FURY AND THE JURY

Women, and men, make themselves heard.

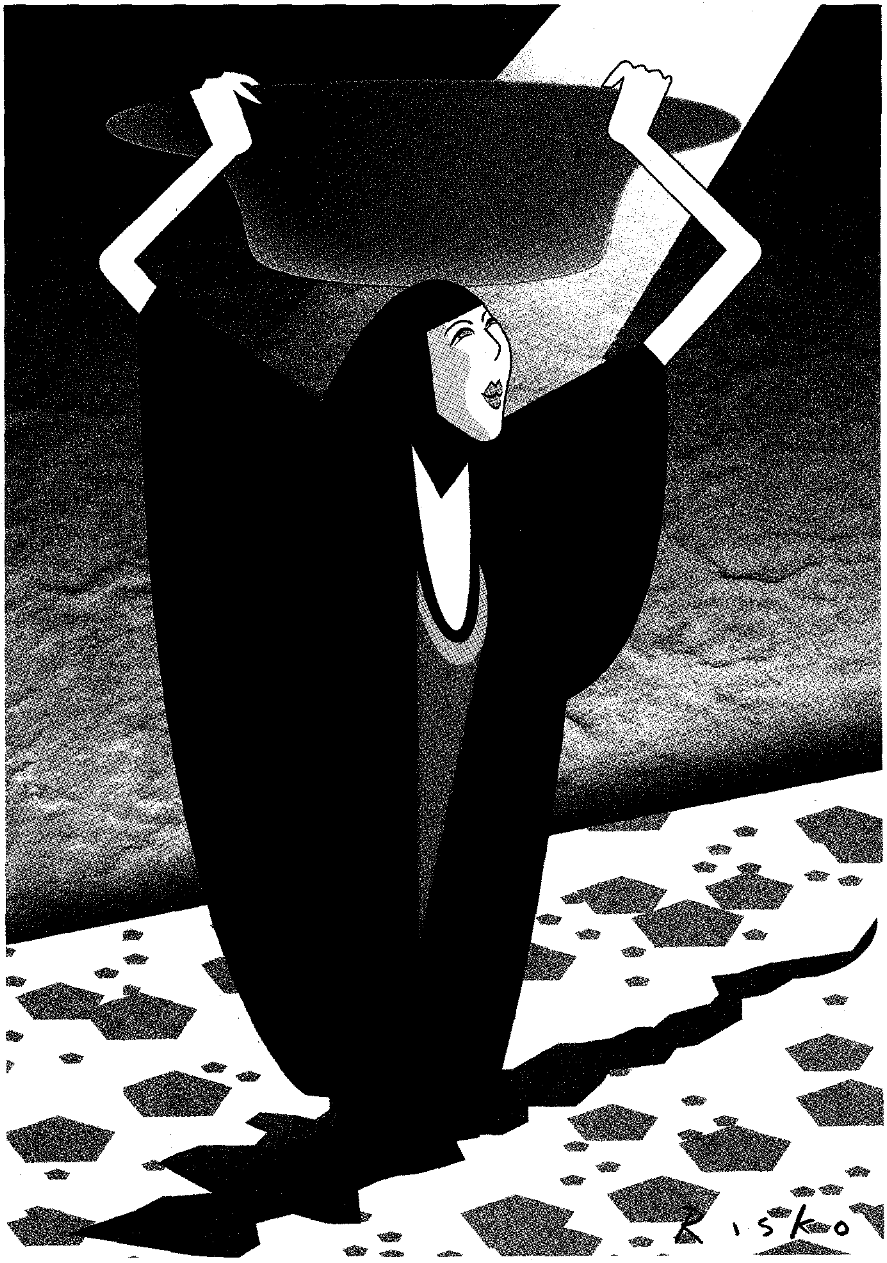
BY JOHN LAHR

The first Gulf War came to us via satellite and without words. The road to Basra—the totem of that military cakewalk—was a silent spectacle of incineration. Now, in the second Gulf adventure, Americans can hear the war, but the wall of silence around the female experience of carnage remains more or less intact. War and tyranny dehumanize the enemy; silence is part of that process. To inflict pain, physical or psychic, turns us away from the world; we stop thinking and feeling. In "9 Parts of Desire" (at the Manhattan Ensemble Theatre), Heather Raffo's remarkable one-woman show, which bears witness to Iraqi women's political oppression, an expatriate named Hooda explains that, in the case of Saddam's henchmen, "their way, I promise you—their way it's to torture the people close to you." She adds, "One woman I was with, they bring her baby, three months old baby, outside the cell, they put this woman's baby in a bag with starving cats. They tape-record the sound of this and of her rape and they play it for her husband in his cell." She asks, "How could these people have liberated themselves?"

As Freud knew, when you can focus only on pain your thinking is wrecked. For more than a generation under Saddam, Iraqis lived in a state of permanent paranoia, which left them passive and mute. "Iraqis know they don't open their mouth, not even for the dentist," the artist Layal, who was a collaborator, and who survived by painting nudes and doing portraits of Saddam, says. The very act of giving voice to feelings is a liberation to Amal, a fat Bedouin woman who tells of her hapless love life. "This is most free moment of my life. Really I mean this," she says, after admitting, "I have never talked this before. Nobody here knows this thing about me. I keep in my heart only."

"9 Parts of Desire," directed by Joanna Settle, is an example of how art can remake the world and eloquently name pain. Based on research and dozens of interviews conducted on four continents over eleven years (Raffo portrays nine women in the course of the evening), the play brings news of the psychic life of the brutalized and allows us to think about the unthinkable. Raffo, an American whose father is an expatriate Iraqi, exists in that liminal zone between two cultures—a culture that sees itself in charge of the narrative of history and one that has seen its history wiped out. In a thrilling moment, Raffo, speaking as the play's only American character, chants the words "I love you" and then lists the names of the forty-five members of her own extended Iraqi family, beginning with Behnam, Rehbab, Ammar, Bashar, and continuing until all are pronounced into our world.

As a performer, Raffo is deft and vivacious; her writing, like her playing, is marked by wit and by a scrupulous attention to the details of character.



Heather Raffo as Mulaya, the mourner, in her one-woman show, "9 Parts of Desire."

Among the many felicities of the narrative is her ability to change not just character but tempo, which gives the play its particular thought-provoking wallop. The shifts—mystical to secular, old age to youth, Iraqi to American—keep an audience at attention and at arm's length. For instance, in the middle of a rant against the war Raffo, as the American woman, stops to observe, "I should get out, get something to—eat—I'm fat. I should go to the gym and run. . . . Anyway, I can watch it at the gym. People work out to the war. On three channels."

The play, which manages to avoid the polemical, begins in prayer. The Mulaya—a professional mourner whose improvised verse about the dead is meant, according to the stage directions, "to bring the women to a crying frenzy"—enters, dropping old shoes into a stream. "Today the river must eat," she says. She goes on, "This river is the color of worn soles." Her lyrical invocation elevates the water to a metaphor not just of the lost promise of the Garden of Eden ("Where is anything they said there would be?") but of the emotional abdications of all women ("Underneath my country there is no paradise of martyrs only water, a great dark sea of desire, and I will feed it my worn sole"). Too often, a savage world has turned men into savages—brutes, betrayers, rapists—or into physical absences. A doctor whose husband lost his legs admits that she can't even look at him. "He's my death sentence," she says. Male mayhem haunts the narratives like the disappointment in the epigram—taken from the teachings of the seventh-century imam Ali ibn Abu Talib—that are the source of Raffo's title: "God created sexual desire in ten parts; then he gave nine parts to women and one part to men."

Of the many atrocities that the women report, the most compelling is the spiritual mutation of Layal, whose collaboration with Saddam's regime leaves her internally empty and morally bankrupt. She is beyond shame or pity. In her time, she has been shot by her husband for having an affair ("We never spoke about it"); a girlfriend, she tells us, was covered in honey and devoured by Dobermans in front of Saddam's son Uday, whom she had foolishly identified as her rapist. "Here my work is well known, hardly anyone will paint nudes," she says. "But this is us. Our bodies—isn't it deserted in a void, and we are looking for something always. I think it's the light." Her way of dealing with self-loathing is to merge with the women she paints. "Always I paint them as me," she says. "I paint my body but herself inside me." Layal surrenders to her models; she also surrenders to her masters. "Always I run to them crying, begging, take care of me, they love me to run to them begging, so they can have me," she says of her perverse sadomasochistic game with the regime. "If I am not afraid, then there is no feeling." She adds, "I have been raped and raped and raped and raped, and I want more because they see me, they know me as I am, and that is freedom." If she is nihilistic about herself, she also voices a chilling poetic prophecy about America's destiny. "You have our war inside of you like a burden, like an orphan," she says. "And we tether you to something so old you cannot see it. We have you chained to the desert, to your blood."

ROBERT RISKO

"To pay attention, this is our endless and proper work," the poet Mary Oliver has written. Certainly, "9 Parts of Desire" is a triumph of meticulous observation. "Twelve Angry Men" (written by Reginald Rose in 1954 and revived at the Roundabout's American Airlines Theatre) makes a drama out of a jury's inattention. Before the twelve good men and true file into sweltering New York Jury Room 2-A to deliberate the fate of a sixteen-year-old delinquent who is accused of stabbing his father to death in a family row, the audience overhears the judge's advice: "One man is dead. The life of another is at stake. . . . If there is a reasonable doubt—then you must bring me a verdict of 'not guilty.' . . . Your verdict must be unanimous." So, even before the play begins, the audience knows that what it's going to watch is that crudest of dramas: a battle. The evening, which is an earnest argument against the dangers of the death penalty, is most interesting in demonstrating the dilemma of people's unwillingness to think. Again and again, the jurors appeal to the irrational. "I'm sick and tired of facts," Juror 10 (Peter Friedman) says. "You twist 'em any way you like. Know

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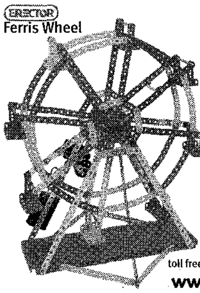

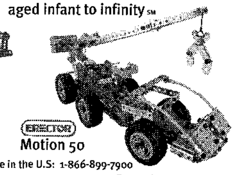

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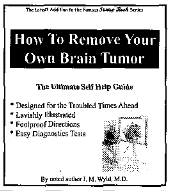

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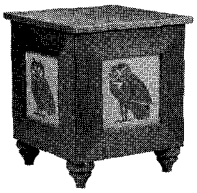

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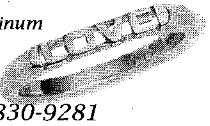

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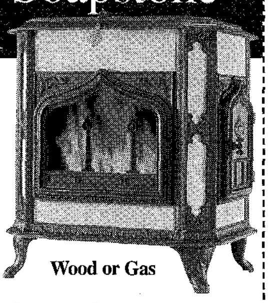

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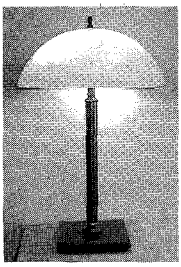

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what I mean?" Juror 9 (the excellent Tom Aldredge) counters, "That's exactly the point this gentleman has been making." He's referring to Juror 8 (Boyd Gaines), an architect who is the spoke in the wheels of rough justice. He argues not that the boy is innocent but that he isn't sure that he's guilty. As the vote is intermittently taken, under his sweet reason the opening 11–1 count for execution evaporates like the Yankees' lead over Boston in the playoffs: 8–4, 6–6, 3–9 against. The play is devoted to the premise that faith is nice but doubt gets you an education.

In the argy-bargy—the cast bounces up and down from the long table like Mexican jumping beans—the bellicosity of Juror 3 (the outstanding Philip Bosco), a hectoring father who projects his paternal disappointment into a passion to send the troubled teen-ager to his death, dominates the proceedings. At one point, he and Juror 8 nearly come to blows. "I'll kill him, I'll kill him," Bosco says, lunging at Gaines and echoing a phrase supposedly uttered by the defendant. Boyd answers calmly, "You don't really mean you'll kill me, do you"—scoring yet another point. In Scott Ellis's production, the fisticuffs come with a lot of corny "hold me back" staging. Reginald Rose, who died in 2002, was primarily a TV writer; he wrote a skillful play with a wash of psychology and no subtext to speak of. He succeeded in making a case for skepticism, but the production doesn't throw off enough nuance to make a case for the play's revival. Surely the Roundabout, which has a good record in reviving American dramas, can find more artful and challenging plays from the treasure chest of commercial theatre (George Kelly's "The Show Off," Lillian Hellman's "Another Part of the Forest," S. J. Perelman's "The Beauty Part," Arthur Kopit's "Indians," to name four) that have literary as well as theatrical merit. Here what passes for eloquence is speechifying with a distinctly Edward R. Murrow ring to it. "Nine of us now feel that the defendant is innocent, but we're just gambling on probabilities," Juror 8 says. He goes on, "No one can really know. But we have a reasonable doubt, and this is a safeguard which has enormous value in our system." Thank you, and good night. ♦

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MUSICAL EVENTS

AMERICA, THE BALEFUL

Sounds of protest in New York's downtown music scene.

BY ALEX ROSS

The darkest, grandest noise of the musical season so far—the fanfare to an angry American autumn—was Michael Gordon's film symphony "Decasia," as played by fifty-five furiously committed students from the Manhattan School of Music, at St. Ann's Warehouse, in Brooklyn. The performance took place back in September, but the experience is still burned in my mind. Gordon, one of the founding members of the New York-based Bang on a Can collective, created "Decasia" in 2001, in collaboration with the filmmaker Bill Morrison, the director Bob McGrath, and the visual designer Laurie Olinder. The idea was to create a contemporary equivalent of Disney's "Fantasia," a dream procession of image and sound. Morrison assembled the film portion from ancient, decaying footage that he found in various archives. The images are stitched together in seemingly random order, yet they tell a hallucinatory tale. Camels trundle across a desert, children stampede through a nunnery, a man in a fez performs a dervish dance, parachutists descend from the sky. As the nitrate stock disintegrates, the images melt and shatter.

Gordon's score weds the hypnotic aura of minimalism to the detuned snarl of highbrow punk. It packs a punch on CD, but it needs a live performance to unveil all its power. At St. Ann's, the orchestra was arrayed on scaffolding around the audience, in order to highlight Gordon's spatial effects: bass instruments in the back tuned to the given pitch; instruments on one side tuned an eighth-tone above; those on the other side an eighth-tone below. Also, the music demands to be played at maximum volume so that it can acquire the proper monumental presence. With chattering figures building into great washes of sound, the score is a feat of symphonic minimalism akin to John Adams's "Harmonielehre," except that the façade of grandeur is as unstable as the images in Morrison's collage.

In one hair-raising passage, four trombones slide up and down intervals of a minor third, beginning on E-flat minor, the unofficial key of death. Glissando trombones were a signature motif in twentieth-century music: they roared happily in the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's "Livery Stable Blues," and more darkly in Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth." Gordon's trombones have both a festive and a sinister air, embodying the ambiguity of the work. Even as "Decasia" celebrates raw sound, it summons an atmosphere of dread. Too many of its images resemble Cold War footage of structures vaporizing in nuclear tests. Why, then, are you left with a visceral thrill? Perhaps it's the joy of surviving what looks and sounds like the end of the world.

Outlandish sounds have a way of showing up decades later in the mainstream.

LAURIE ROSENWALD

A month later, the experimental theatre La MaMa presented Sounds Like Now, a four-day festival of composers associated with New York's venerable downtown scene. All manner of unearthly, post-John Cagean noises were heard, making "Decasia" seem like "Dance of the Hours." Programs were long, some more than three hours. Minutes passed while new gizmos were plugged in and laptops booted up. There were, inevitably, spells of time-stopping tedium. When one composer's modest set of burbling ideas had gone on twenty minutes too long, I began to feel the sort of silent-scream frustration that grips air passengers at the end of a hellish flight: the plane's at the gate, you're crouched under the overhead baggage compartment, but some unseen delay in first class prevents you from escaping. Of course, this being a crowd filled with the old guard of New York bohemia, listeners generally played it cool, nodding to a nonexistent beat.

History instructs us to pay close heed to the musical avant-garde, for the

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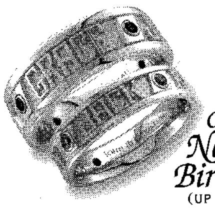
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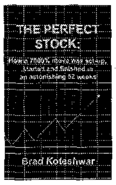
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squawks and bleeps that Unabomber-looking composers unleash in depopulated lofts have a way of showing up twenty years later in the mainstream. Sounds Like Now convened many giants of American experimental music—the descendants of such lone wolves as Cowell, Partch, Cage, and Nancarrow. Alvin Lucier, whose 1970 spoken-word composition "I Am Sitting in a Room" is an iconic work of electronic music, offered up icy arrays of oscillating tones, and also tapped pencils over containers of various sizes. The untouchably far-out composer Robert Ashley gave us "Empire," a scene from his opera "Atalanta," which mixes family memories with a history of tomato soup. Pauline Oliveros created an achingly beautiful soundscape with the Deep Listening Band. Phill Niblock was represented by "Hurdy Hurry" and "Sethwork," in which gyrating masses of tone seemed to be emanating from the listener's own brain. (No, I wasn't stoned.)

Downtown composers generally spurn bourgeois conceptions of narrative, but a little sense of arrival never hurt anyone. Roscoe Mitchell and Muhal Richard Abrams achieved it in their jazz improvisation with the drummer Tani Tabbal: at the climax, Mitchell played steel-girder tones on the saxophone while Abrams and Tabbal spun a spiderweb of piano figuration and cymbal washes. David First and Tom Hamilton, who organized Sounds Like Now, caught a similar wave of energy in "Two Party System," pairing long-held drones with rapid, flippy-dippy patterns. Kyle Gann's pieces for Disklavier piano—"Texarkana," "Bud Ran Back Out," and "Unquiet Night"—were an oasis of crystalline chords and jitterbugging polyrhythms. And Morton Subotnick's "Until Spring Revisited," at the end of the festival, sent everyone home happy: the chief pioneer of synthesizer composition tapped madly on a laptop, generating swarms of pointillistic sound that coalesced into shining major triads. The wilderness of noise was bought up and drilled dry decades ago, but the plainest chords still have the power to surprise.

There was a fair amount of political commentary during the Sounds Like Now festival, spouting variously from the left, the far left, and beyond the fringe. If any avant-gardists raised hell for Bush this fall, I didn't hear about it—although I admittedly made no effort to find them. The composer-pianist "Blue" Gene Tyranny set the tone by dedicating a melancholy, bluesy fantasia on "America, the Beautiful" to Ray Charles and John Kerry. Tyranny repeated this piece at the remaining five concerts—I couldn't attend the fifth in the series—and each time he was joined by a new player, until the tune disappeared into a rage of improvisation.

Meanwhile, up at Merkin Hall, Phil Kline offered two pieces entitled "Rumsfeld Songs" and "Zippo Songs," as part of a concert presented by John Schaefer's "New Sounds" show on WNYC. (The cycle is also available on Cantaloupe Music, the same label that released "Decasia.") The notion of making music out of Donald Rumsfeld's press conferences, which include such T. S. Eliot-like ruminations as "As we know, there are known knowns," sounds like a throwaway joke, but Kline, a composer with a keen ear for speech rhythms, delivers a cunning portrait of a bureaucrat's soul. The music is fey and detached, leaning on the raised fourth degree of the Lydian scale, which supplies a lighter-than-air quality. By some arcane alchemy, Kline draws clean melodic lines from such unpromising material as Rumsfeld's analysis of the looting of Baghdad: "It's the same picture of some person walking out of some building with a vase." I caught myself singing this the other day, to my alarm.

The "Zippo Songs" show the underside of Rumsfeld's flippancy. In Vietnam, soldiers etched mordant sayings on Zippo lighters. Kline collected twenty-six of them into one of the most brutally frank song cycles ever penned. The texts range from the caustic ("If you got this off my dead ass, I hope it brings you all the luck it brought me") to the mystic ("You've never lived until you've nearly died"). The detachment between music and subject works differently than in the Rumsfeld series: the soldiers' voices seem to be floating in from the beyond, as, no doubt, many of them are. When you hear all the songs in sequence—at Merkin Hall, Theo Bleckmann sang with unpolished grace—you can't mistake Kline's agenda. Yet the music has too much psychedelic mystery to be characterized as mere hectoring from the left. As the composer-monologuist Chris Mann said at one point during Sounds Like Now, "I'm pretty sure that music itself votes Republican." ♦

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DANCING

NEW HEIGHTS

An A.B.T. dancer defies a ballet convention.

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

People talk about what they call the perfect ballet body—long legs, long neck, high arches, pretty face—but most of history's great classical dancers haven't shown up with such an endowment. Vaslav Nijinsky, in the words of one of his colleagues, looked like a "factory worker." Margot Fonteyn had feet that her primary choreographer, Frederick Ashton, compared to pats of butter. Part of the pleasure of watching these people was seeing them overcome such handicaps. Nevertheless, for men, at least, there is one physical characteristic that does pose serious difficulties, and that is short stature. The first problem here is finding the man a partner. A female dancer, if she is, say, five feet seven, will typically rise to six feet on point. If her partner is also five feet seven, that will make her a lot taller than he is and thus violate ballet's he-supports-her convention. But there is a subtler drama going on as well. All other things being equal, people seem to regard shorter men as less authoritative. (In most twentieth-century American Presidential elections, the taller man won the race.) Furthermore, short dancers, perhaps because their center of gravity is lower, tend to be darting and quick—cute, in a word. Hence they are often relegated to the so-called demi-caractère parts (jester, faun, Mercutio), as opposed to the role of the danseur noble, the big lunk who moves more slowly, runs the kingdom, and gets the girl.

This situation has not sat well with certain dancers. As a ballet student in Leningrad, Mikhail Baryshnikov was tormented by his failure to grow as tall as his classmates. "I thought I would end up as a Joker or a Harlequin somewhere," he told an interviewer. He slept on a wooden plank, so as not to sink into a mattress and thus impede any elongation that might occur in the night. It didn't pan out; he reached only five feet seven. But by dint of skill and ambition and finding petite partners—and also by defecting to the West, where casting is more flexible than in Russia—he managed to become a danseur noble, a hero of the classics. He thus set an example for others, notably the Argentine dancer Julio Bocca, who came after him at A.B.T. Now, presumably inspired by Baryshnikov and Bocca, there is another short man at A.B.T. who dances tall: Herman Cornejo. He is five feet six and not unusually handsome. (He looks like a regular person, but with an overbite.) To my knowledge, he is the most technically accomplished male ballet dancer in the United States.

Like Bocca, Cornejo is an Argentine, trained at the excellent Teatro Colón, in Buenos Aires. He and his older sister, Erica, children of a career officer in the Argentine Air Force, were raised in a suburb of the capital, and got up at 4 A.M. every morning to make a seven-thirty class at the Colón. At sixteen, Cornejo went to the Moscow ballet competition, and was the youngest person ever to win a gold medal there. At seventeen, he auditioned for A.B.T., and got in. (So did Erica, who is currently a soloist with the company.) Four years later, he became a principal dancer. He is now twenty-four, and a complete artist.

The first, the most obvious, thing that must be pointed out about Cornejo is his virtuosity. He can perform five pirouettes and finish in a perfect *attitude*. (That means spinning five revolutions on one leg and then—without securing your balance other than by putting your heel down—sticking the other leg out, angled in an elegant way, and stopping on a dime.) He can do a pirouette-split-leap combination four times in a row without breaking a sweat. His jump is like something out of a Warner Bros. cartoon. Poof! He is in the air—high, high—and he comes down when he wants to. His speed is altogether abnormal. He can get from one position into the next when others are still thinking about making

Herman Cornejo's most obvious gift is his virtuosity. Photograph by Ruven Afanador.

the transition. None of his colleagues, if they value their reputation, should ever do a unison dance with him.

But what is most remarkable about him is his clarity. Many young male dancers, particularly since Nureyev and Baryshnikov started the craze for male bravura, push the "show" steps as far as they possibly can; that is, until they are practically falling on the floor. Cornejo does not do this. He must certainly be pushing—he gets so far—but he never, ever sacrifices form. As a result, he gives you more steps, more ballet for the buck. This is true even when he is in the air, the hardest place to hold a shape, because gravity is working against you. You, but not him.

Virtuosity is often loved just for itself, and it should be. How wonderful, to see such fancy things! But the great gift of an advanced ballet technique is that, by freeing you from worry about whether you're going to be able to do the step, it allows you to go to the next level—thinking, acting. For Cornejo, I believe that this breakthrough came in 2002, when he played important demi-caractère roles in two celebrated Frederick Ashton ballets: "The Dream" (a version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"), in which he was Puck, and "La Fille Mal Gardée," in which he was Alain, a silly rich boy who is expected by his father to marry the heiress of the neighboring farm, and who is not going to get her. Both roles can be played just for laughs and adorableness; they have been, many times. Not by Cornejo. When his Alain first appears in "Fille," he performs a triple air turn, which (Ashton seems to be telling us) means that Alain is no fool, but merely a child, with a right to our respect. Cornejo, aside from executing this killer step perfectly, gives it that meaning. In "The Dream" (which you can get on a "Dance in America" DVD), his Puck has about twenty ways of bending—out of elegance, out of subservience, out of tree-branch avoidance—and as he moves among Bottom and his pals, during the rehearsal of their hopeless little play, he seems to tell us that he doesn't scorn or pity them. They are just mortals, and he is an immortal. The whole meaning of the ballet—silvered, free fairy life, as opposed to messy regular life—leaps into being at that moment.

This doesn't look like acting, though. It looks like enjoyment. Cornejo, by his own account, is a shy man. Kevin McKenzie, the artistic director of A.B.T., told *Dance Magazine* that when Cornejo goes onstage it's "like Clark Kent stepping into a phone booth." But the touching fact about Cornejo's onstage extroversion is that he is always modest at the same time. A lot of the roles he has been given—Puck, Alain, the gypsy dancer in "Don Quixote"—are often danced just one way: sprightly, doltish, swarthy, respectively, with the dancer meanwhile signalling to the audience, "See how sprightly, doltish, etc., I am." That one-note-ness and that strutting are a danger for any demi-caractère dancer, including Cornejo. (He was a little too smiley, a little look-at-me-doing-a-gigue, in Balanchine's "Mozartiana" last season.) But for the most part he eschews the cliché. In "Don Quixote," he didn't seem to know that gypsies are supposed to be swarthy. He just performed like a man who was proud of his dancing. Relatedly, he has a certain natural dignity, a way of holding himself that says, "I am a Latin male." In a recent "Swan Lake," he did the Neapolitan dance and then stood to the side, in the throne room, while the next national dance, the mazurka, took the stage. And you couldn't look at the mazurka. All you could see was him, standing there like something carved by Praxiteles: serene and noble.

Which raises the question of his casting. Contemporary choreographers—for example, Trey McIntyre in this season's new "Pretty Good Year"—have given him starring roles, but in A.B.T.'s classical repertory, which is a lot of its repertory, he has been confined to demi-caractère roles. Kevin McKenzie, to his credit, has tried to extend Cornejo's range. Last spring, he cast him as the

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lead, Franz, in "Coppélia," and Cornejo made everything he could—callousness, sympathy, fidelity, fickleness—out of this cheerful lout. Also last season, in the company's new production of "Raymonda," a big, splashy three-acter, he was given the role of Abderakhman, the sinister Saracen knight who tries to win the heroine away from her Christian betrothed. In view of Cornejo's height, this was a stretch, and he managed it like a champ, brandishing his scimitar dashingly, dying fabulously. Raymonda, you figured, would have something to think about on cold nights in the castle with her virtuous Christian husband. McKenzie, too, now had something to think about. Cornejo, it turns out, is sexy.

The company hasn't done much about that yet. This season, for Cornejo, it brought back "The Spectre of the Rose," which Michel Fokine created for Nijinsky in 1911, and he made this rather creepy little number, which traded heavily on Nijinsky's famous androgyny, into a more objective business. He was a rose, not a fin-de-siècle malady. Next year, we are told, he will be given "Petrouchka,"another 1911 Fokine/Nijinsky ballet, and a devilishly hard acting assignment, which hasn't been done well in years. I can think of other pieces that the company should revive for him: Ashton's "Les Patineurs," where he would bring down the house as the showoff Blue Boy, and also Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son," which would draw so well on his youth and artlessness. But in none of these ballets is the hero a man; he is a puppet, a flower, a boy.

Cornejo has said that he'd like to play the lead in the classics, and he should. Specifically, he should do Romeo, and also Albrecht in "Giselle" and James in "La Sylphide"—all young men with complicated inner lives. We should be allowed to see him in love, and in conflict. But for this he needs a new partner, someone with the same potential range. (He normally dances with Xiomara Reyes, who truly is a demi-caractère dancer and, on point, is rather taller than he is.) There are plenty of short women in ballet. A.B.T. should go find one, and release Cornejo into lead dancing. The danseur noble has more choices than the demi-caractère dancer, and Cornejo should be given those choices. ♦

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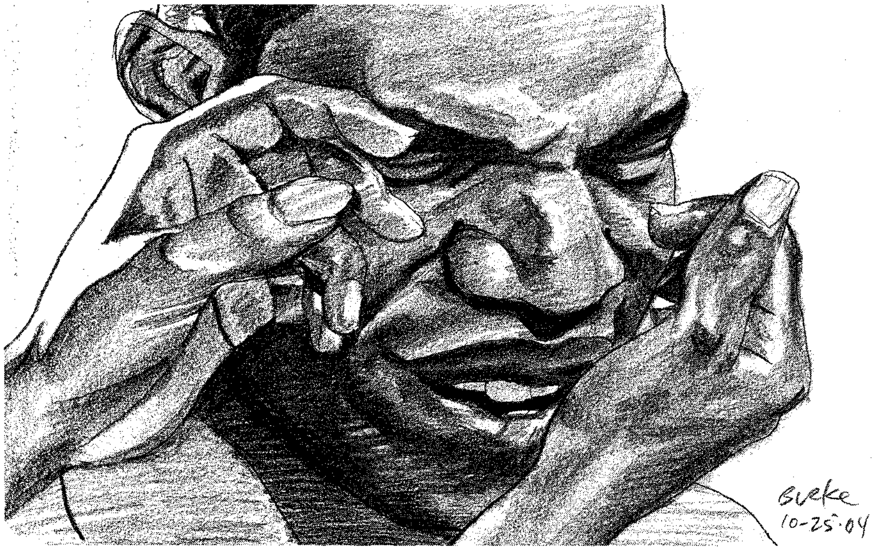
THE CURRENT CINEMA

NIGHT AND DAY

"Ray" and "Birth."

BY DAVID DENBY

Swaying from side to side at the piano, his back arched almost to the point of snapping, his head reaching for unseen lights, Jamie Foxx, as Ray Charles in "Ray," seems pulled upward to the heavens and downward to the keys at the same time. Watching this vibrantly intelligent and tough-minded bio-pic, which was written by James L. White and Taylor Hackford and directed by Hackford, we can't always make out how much of Charles's full-body attack at the piano is spasmodic and involuntary and how much is a consciously chosen style. But that's all right—we don't need to know. This movie tells us a lot about Ray Charles, who died earlier this year, at the age of seventy-three, but it doesn't tell us everything. Though properly awed by Charles's talent, "Ray" refuses to get chummy or possessive; it allows the man more than a few dark corners.

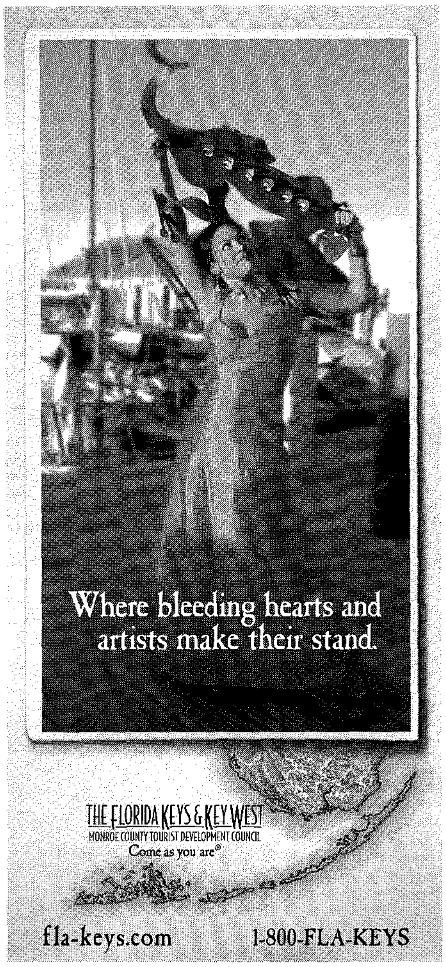


Jamie Foxx plays Ray Charles in Taylor Hackford's new movie.

PHILIP BURKE

The movie picks up Charles's story in the late forties, when he's a tense, wary, ambitious but imitative teen-age musician, and carries him through his musical discoveries and his personal pleasures and torments until 1964, when he's both a world-famous artist and a miserable heroin addict. The episode of Ray kicking the drug, with overhead shots of him rolling around in agony, is all too reminiscent of inspirational movies from the fifties like "I Want to Live!" The rest of "Ray" is infinitely better. The sepia-tinted club scenes are redolent of bourbon and cigarettes, mentholated gents' rooms, and the exhausted exhilaration of very late nights. We hear the musicians' muttered jokes and complaints, their sexual banter with women who stay after the last set, and we know that the excitement of performing is real, and that the frustration of obscurity is as painful as an empty stomach. A musician's life on the road has never been conveyed with such acrid and enticing detail. In this world, in which everyone seems to have an angle, Charles survives by cunning and by the hyper-cultivation of his hearing and touch. And he's a charmer. Fleshy young women in silk dresses step forward to let him stroke their wrists and forearms. That was the way he decided if they were "pretty" enough to go to bed with.

The movie depicts him as a not very nice man, but it also makes it clear that he wouldn't have become so extraordinary a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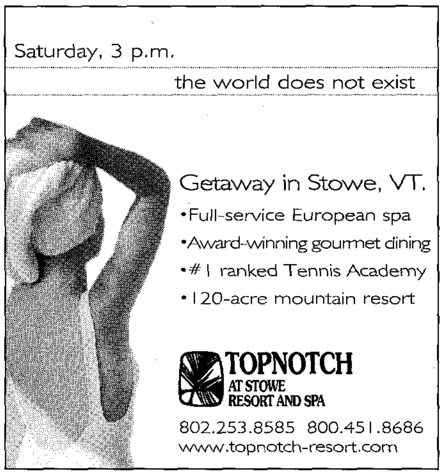
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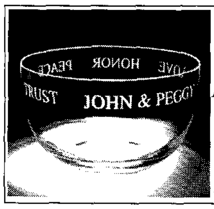

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success if he had been a more equable fellow. The flashbacks to his childhood on a Florida dirt farm, photographed in supersaturated colors, with orange-red earth and dark-green grass (that, presumably, was the way he remembered color from the days before he went blind, at eight), don't ease into anything like nostalgia. When young Ray trips and falls, his determined mother (Sharon Warren) helps him only so much—in the future, she wants him to demand the respect owed to a man, not settle for the pity offered to a "cripple." He grows into a hard-shelled, hidden, and devious man and artist, a dauntless money-maker always afraid (not unjustifiably) that someone is stealing from him. He lies to women, whose adoration he requires, and shows little gratitude to friends and associates, dismissing them when he no longer needs them. Taylor Hackford struggled for seventeen years to get this movie made, and during that time he consulted with Charles, and then he screened the finished film for him, so the complex and manipulative man onscreen is apparently a portrayal that Charles accepted, even desired.

Jamie Foxx revels in Charles's strength as well as his talent. He lip-synchs the songs but speaks in Charles's nervous, off-rhythm way, saving up words and then expelling them in a way that no one wanted to argue with. An actor's most expressive tool is his eyes, but Foxx acts behind dark glasses or with his eyes shut, and he doesn't shrink from an element of the grotesque in Charles's stiff-gaited walk. Sometimes, when his Charles gets angry, people recoil for a second; they need a moment's reassurance that he's still human. There's something demonic about this guy, an insatiable energy that fuelled his personal life as well as such innovations as his insistence on driving soul and country sounds into the beats of R. & B. For many older people in the audience, the sound of Ray Charles's impassioned music is inseparable from memories of dating, dancing, lovemaking, and loss. "Ray" has the bold good grace to honor the enraptured kids they once were and the sterner but still hungry grownups they have become.

"Birth" is a dismayingly skillful exercise in high-style creepiness—an oddball wraith of a movie made with stunning craft. In the opening shot, the camera, from above, tracks a man jogging through Central Park on a silent, gray, snowy day, and from that point on we are held by the bleakly elegant scenes of New York in winter and the measured poise of the picture's mood. The film's British director, Jonathan Glazer, used a jumpy camera and shock cuts in his first film, the crime thriller "Sexy Beast," which turned out to be sexy fun—it had a merry, snarling life to it. But "Birth" is hushed and ominous, with many suggestions of the uncanny. Nicole Kidman, her hair cropped close, her body mannequin skinny and dressed in flesh tones, is Anna, a Fifth Avenue heiress whose husband, Sean, died of a heart attack in the Park when Anna was twenty-five. Ten years later, just as she is about to marry a good-natured man (Danny Huston) who has patiently wooed her (she is still in mourning), a ten-year-old boy shows up and announces that he is Sean reborn. The boy (Cameron Bright) has a steady, unnerving gaze and a pointed chin; he never smiles. Cameron Bright's face is a fright; it's one of those glowering demon-child masks from the "Damien: Omen II" era of horror movies. Yet the boy's self-assurance, as well as his knowledge of details of Sean and Anna's life together, amazes and captivates Anna. By degrees, she falls in love with Sean II. She's convinced that he's her dead husband in a new body.

Glazer, his cinematographer, Harris Savides, and his production designer, Kevin Thompson, sustain the winter-fairy-tale atmosphere. The slablike walls of the apartment-building lobby look like the interior of an austerely beautiful castle. In an enormous apartment above, Anna's mother, played by Lauren Bacall, with lips tightly pressed together, reigns over the extended family that lives with her like a haughty queen dominating a court of royals and hangers-on. (Glazer has suggested that he and his screenwriters, Jean-Claude Carrière and Milo Addica, conceived of the boy as a mysterious prince who enters and casts a spell on the court.) The movie is so handsomely designed that, for a while, we go along with Anna's enthrallment, but eventually the physical realities intrude in an alarmingly literal way. As Nicole Kidman sits naked in her bath, the boy takes off his clothes and climbs in with her. The camera and editing carefully conceal any view of his genitals. For that, many thanks, but by this time it's difficult for us to conceal our embarrassment. Later, in a coffee shop, they discuss sex and who's going to bring home the bacon.

What's going on out there? This is the third Hollywood movie in the past six months in which a beautiful woman falls in love with a boy who reminds her of someone else. Kim Basinger's character, thinking of her dead son, bedded a sixteen-year-old in "The Door in the Floor," and, in the current "P.S.," Laura Linney has an affair with Topher Grace (who has at least attained shaving age), a graduate student who reminds her of an ex-boyfriend. Whose fantasies are these? "P.S." is based on a novel by a woman, but all three movies were made by men. As written, the Anna character isn't very bright, and Kidman plays her open-mouthed, as if in a trance. The movie is supposed to be about delayed grief and the will to believe, but what is it that Anna believes in? This boy will not grow up to look like her husband, and he has no life—no words, no ideas—of his own. If Anna is meant to be a clinical case, she can't, without severe irony, be a romantic heroine at the same time.

After diddling with the fancy of reincarnation, the moviemakers, in the end, offer a real-world explanation for all the strange goings on. The explanation, however, is thrown out carelessly, and it's neither convincing nor exciting. The movie is misconceived, and I don't know who is going to be more offended by it: women, children, parents, or dead husbands. Pumping up the atmosphere, Glazer has cast haunted-looking actors in supporting parts: Anne Heche, so fleshless and pale she looks like the ghost of a ghost; the sunken-eyed Peter Stormare; and the legendary stage actress Zoe Caldwell, whose craggy features are interposed meaninglessly into several scenes and who can't be blamed for not knowing how to play her part. Yet no one, I think, can quite say that "Birth" is stillborn: the movie holds its mood of romantic fatality right down to the last shot, in which Kidman, distraught in a wedding dress, stands at the edge of the Atlantic, threatening to cast herself into the sea—an extremely beautiful and upsetting image. Glazer may have a strong enough visual imagination to direct a new version of "Wuthering Heights," but this movie, taken all together, is one of the most bizarre combinations of distinguished talent and inane ideas that I've ever seen. ♦

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Volume LXXX, No. 34, November 8, 2004. The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X) is published weekly (except for six combined issues: February 16 & 23, April 19 & 26, June 14 & 21, July 12 & 19, August 9 & 16, and December 20 & 27) by The Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; William Li, associate publisher; Ronda Carnegie, advertising director; Gail Day, advertising director; Marie Wolpert, advertising director; Jamie Engel, sales development manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Bob Gruters, marketing services director; Ilene Danuff, director of integrated marketing; Douglas Chilcott, associate creative services director/promotion; L. Paul Robertson, associate creative services director/events; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director; Edward Klaris, general counsel. Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, vice-chairman; Charles H. Townsend, president and C.E.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president–human resources; John Buese, executive vice-president–chief information officer; David Orlin, senior vice-president–strategic sourcing; Robert Bennis, senior vice-president–real estate. Shared services provided by Advance Magazine Group: David B. Chemidlin, senior vice-president–general manager, shared services center. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Canada Post return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: P.O. Box 1632, Station A, Windsor, ON N9A7C9.

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THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACKBERRY

(*With apologies to Wallace Stevens*)

I
Nestled in the shadows
Of the branching bodhi tree,
The adman sits,
Thumbs upturned,
Then thumbs aflutter.
The adman and the bodhi are one.
The adman and the bodhi and the BlackBerry
Are one.

II
Her text message is lost.
His voice mail, vanished.
All data dissipates.
The BlackBerry, alone, endures.

III
At 3 A.M. the BlackBerry idles,
Perched inside its hot shoe,
Cradled and forlorn
Upon another
Nameless lover's nightstand.

IV
He, in his deck chair,
Googles through the Dardanelles.
She, in her cabin, bobs up the Bosporus,
Downloading ring tones.
Two BlackBerrys meet.
They sail along, and soon speed on
To cruise with other strangers,
Each deceiving each,
Through throbbing thumbs.

V
In the grocery, at a stoplight, on the can,
The Dreadful Speller texts her, texts her, texts her.
Oh, noodgy noodgy
BlackBerry whine.

VI
Among a thousand mighty fists,
What is the sound
Of one hand grasping
A BlackBerry?

VII
A black widow's lair: her Web.
A fisherman's snare: his Net.
A witch's poisoned fruit: her BlackBerry.

VIII
Like the twig
Jostled by the meadowlark,
The BlackBerry pulses
Phosphorescent at dusk,
Quickening to the conjurer's touch,
Then settles in for an evening
Of wi-fi boogie.

IX
She asks a thousand cogent queries,
Seeking truth
From the man six time zones nigh
At the other end
Of the BlackBerry.
GTG, he shouts,
Her screen aghast.
L8R, Luv U!

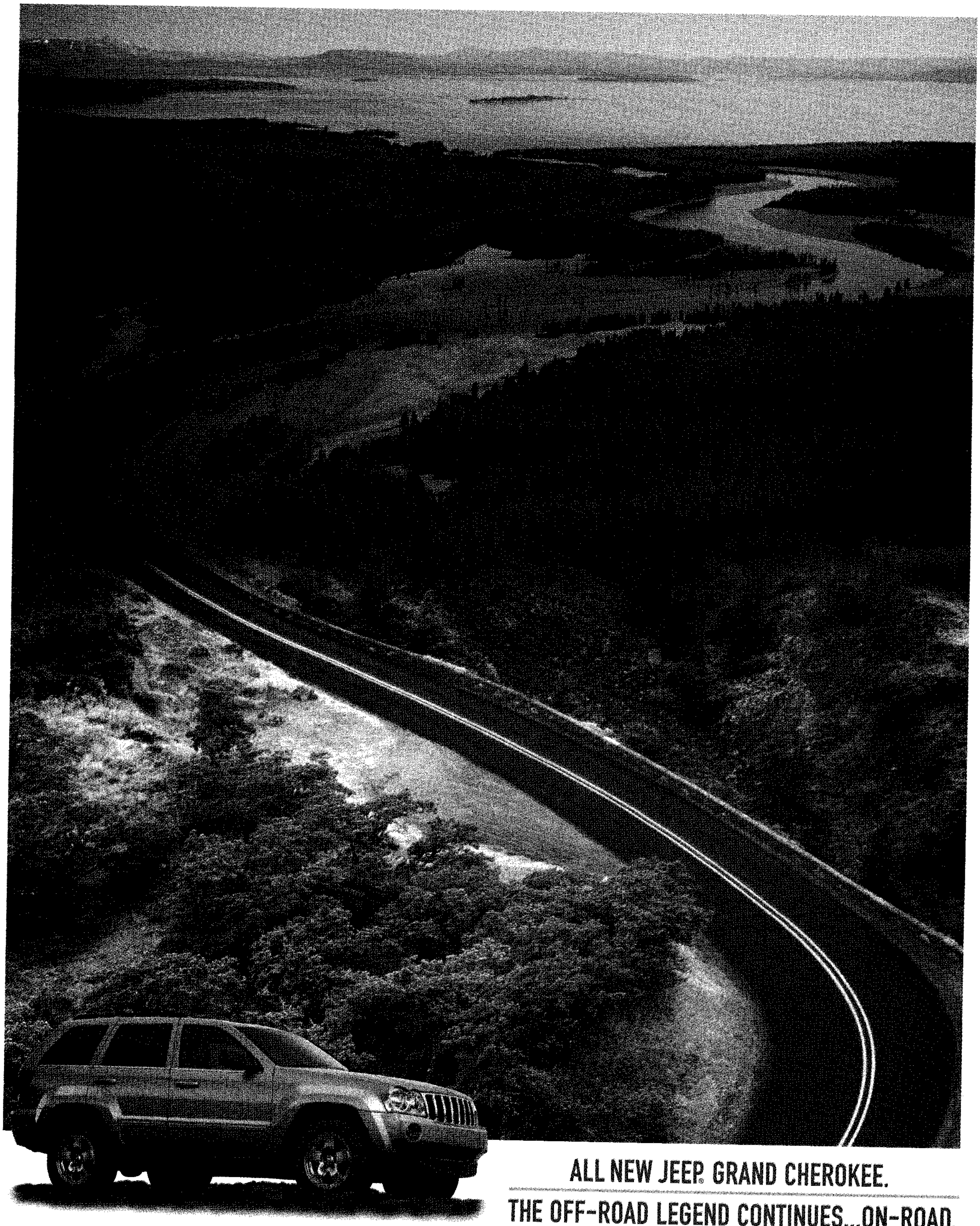
X
The prongs
Of the signal-strength icon
Are fading, fading
In the corner of his BlackBerry.
His love is covered o'er
By a sudden snowdrift,
Like a sorry line of fence posts
Deep in winter.

XI
Was it all destined thus—
That this keypad be so caressed?
What rough, aquatic beast
Trudged on land, then lost its slouch,
Then grew its thumbs opposable,
So as to molt away its days
Hunting, pecking,
Punching, jabbing
Its freakin' BlackBerry?

XII
Open. Download. Delete.
Her BlackBerry, juiced,
Flows 24/7,
Ink-black and unforgiving
As sin's in-box.
Open. Download. Delete.

XIII
Which best fills
And quenches
The silence?
The BlackBerry
On
Or the BlackBerry
Off?

—*David Friend*



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